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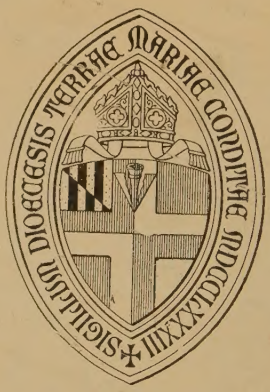

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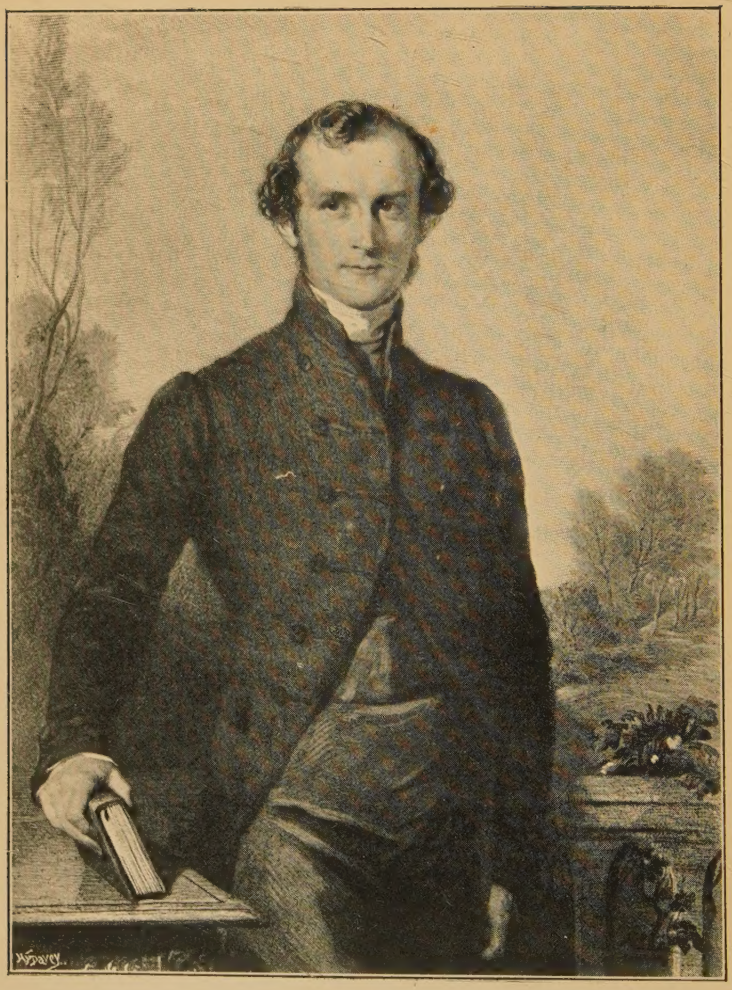

(*From a water-colour drawing by George Richmond, R.A.*)

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN

Frontispiece

The History of the Melanesian Mission

By

E. S. Armstrong

Author of "Our Lord's Life on Earth," "God's Church of Old," "John Ruskin considered as an Art Critic and Political Economist," &c. &c.

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MARYLAND DIOCESAN

PREFACE

THE following history was undertaken at the request of the families of the three first Bishops who stand out in its pages, and whose personality I have striven, however imperfectly, to set forth, feeling strongly that, here if anywhere, personal character and influence have been the corner-stone of the edifice. Mission Reports, biographies, diaries, letters, have all been fully consulted and freely used, and, in connection with the first Bishop, the notices which appeared at the time of his death from his old friends Bishop Hobhouse, Mr. Gladstone, and others. Further, for this work I have had the inestimable advantage of personal acquaintance with the four Bishops in succession; of having spent ten years in New Zealand, the home of the work during its first early days, before and after Bishop Patteson's consecration; and, later on, of having been in constant communication with Bishop John Selwyn during the period when, under him, the Mission rapidly expanded into the broad and general development which now characterizes it, giving to Melanesia something of the position which should belong to it. For it is well to remember that the field of the Mission extends over "nearly a twelfth part of the circumference of the globe. It reaches over from thirty to thirty-six degrees of latitude, and it includes a hundred islands, some larger, some smaller. . . . Almost every one of these islands has a separate language, or at least a separate dialect of its own," and some of them possess several such, highly developed, and differing at least as much as, for example, the languages of France and Spain.

PREFACE

It needs but little consideration to grasp the importance of the fact that the development of so large a section of the world should have been in the hands of the great Englishmen who have freely given themselves, their powers, their strength, and in two cases their lives for it; and not supinely left to the traders in human flesh who did so much to hamper their labour.

I wish to express my warm and deep thanks to the members of the Selwyn and Patteson families who have so continuously and greatly helped me, more especially to Mrs. John Selwyn; also to Mrs. Welchman, Miss Joy, the Rev. Dr. Codrington, former Head of the Mission, the Ven. Archdeacon Dudley, so long Secretary in New Zealand, and to the Rev. L. P. Robin, organizing Secretary in England.

E. S. ARMSTRONG.

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NOTE

Some islands constantly referred to in the following pages have two names—an English one used in the early days of the Mission, and a Melanesian one belonging to the later periods; and of this last there are sometimes two forms. They are as follows:—

English.	Melanesian.
Saddle Island	Motalava or Motlav.
Pentecost or Whitsuntide	Araga or Raga.
Aurora	Maewo.
Leper's Island	Opa.
Star Island	Merelava or Merlav.

Santa Maria known by its two districts Gaua and Lakona.

The following directions for the pronunciation of the names, strange and uncouth to English ears, which occur in this volume may be of use.

Vowels have the Italian sound; but *ä* is short and sharp as in "mat," "hat"; *ë* has the sound of the French unaccented as in the article "le."

Consonants—

b generally *mb*.
d generally *nd*.
g guttural, very soft.
ğ is *nng*, as in "finger."
j in Santa Cruz, Torres, and Ureparapara, *ch*.
m̈ is nasal.
ñ is *ng*, as in "singer."
q is a compound of *kpw*.

PART I

The Right Rev. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, D.D.

BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND

1841—1861

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

STAFF OF THE MISSION

THE RIGHT REV. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SELWYN, D.D.
BISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND

CHAPTER I

THE MELANESIAN DIOCESE

IN considering the birth and growth of the Melanesian Mission, a variation of an old proverb impresses itself forcibly on the mind: "Man's *mistake* is God's opportunity." When in 1841 the Rev. George Augustus Selwyn was consecrated Bishop of New Zealand, through some clerical error or oversight his letters patent extended his diocese from 50° south latitude to 34° *north*, thus placing under his episcopal care a wedge of the globe extending well-nigh from Antarctic to Arctic Ocean. The mistake was further emphasized by the Archbishop's commission to extend the knowledge of the Gospel to the Isles of the Pacific. The young Bishop accepted the enormous responsibility, as he did every other of his life, in humble, fearless trust; knowing that the hand which had laid it on him would support him under it. The opportunity had indeed been exactly meted out, and the aged Archbishop delivered his commission to perhaps the only man in England capable physically, intellectually, and spiritually, of duly carrying it out.

From his early boyhood George Selwyn's powers of physical endurance were quite unusual. At Eton and at Cambridge, in the water and on the river, he was ever foremost and most daring; and an amusing story of him as a private tutor tells how a little friendly banter, because he could not ride to hounds, set him literally riding *steeple* chases —*i.e.*, making across country for steeples at all hazards, and meeting with many a mishap, but surprising all his friends at the next meet by riding well up to the hounds. Indeed his natural gifts of every description were immense, from the great personal beauty and extreme fascination of manner which

won all hearts, to the high intellectual endowments and unparalleled powers of organization which enabled him to provide and arrange for his vast diocese of mixed and tangled races, of wild and unreclaimed lands; and to provide for it so wisely that at his death it was declared by the Bishop of London to be perhaps more thoroughly organized than the Church in any other of our Colonial possessions. To these gifts should be added an absolutely feminine tenderness and skill in nursing and caring for the sick and helpless, besides a great aptitude for acquiring the countless languages and dialects of his widespread diocese. So easy and positive was his superiority on all sides that, but for his innate nobility of soul, it must have proved a source of great temptation. From boyhood it had made him the object of admiration; "and this would seem to have led him early to the resolute cultivation of humility. He ever kept his eyes fixed upon his imperfections and failures. Praise was quite pain to him. His own words were always few about himself, and carefully framed for drawing away attention from himself." And this beautiful humility was with him through life to his deathbed, where, exhausted and worn out in his Master's service, his first words to his household whom he had gathered around him for the farewell Communion were: "I wish to tell you all that I have made my humble submission to God for all my sins." Indeed his humility was so deep that it is said to have marred him in the disciplinary part of his office. "What shall a sinner like me hope for, without the mercy of my Judge?" were his words when urged to punish an offending priest. His tenacity of purpose under all discouragements and delay; his tenacity of affection and remembrance of all who had once shared peril or service with him; his readiness to dispense at all cost of self-denial for his neighbour's good, and so for his Master's glory, whatever gifts he had in his power to bestow, tangible or intangible, counsel, comfort, sympathy, instruction, mirthfulness, as well as silver and gold, have been seen and felt by hundreds, and have contributed largely to his success. They sprang from his great and loving heart, and also from one of his strongest motives of action—the principle of stewardship.

With him *everything* was a talent to be traded with, at all times and in all places; in the drawing-room, at his dinner-table, in the railway carriage, on the platform, just as much as in scenes of duty or peril, or in answer to calls for help. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might"—was the law of his life; and, acting on it on his journey out to New Zealand, he spent the four months, to most people so long and dreary a waste of time and wear of temper, in mastering two things most important to his future work, viz., the Maori language and practical navigation.

"The first Sunday after his landing he preached to the natives in their own tongue, so that he seemed as one half inspired; and the importance of his being his own sailing-master on board the *Undine* and the *Southern Cross*, only those can tell who know the difficulty of getting any crew or any master to thread the coral reefs and face the perils of the Isles of the Western Pacific half a century ago. There is no saying what effects were produced by his skill and courage as a skipper. One captain of a merchant vessel said that it almost made him become a Christian and a Churchman to see the Bishop pilot his own vessel into harbour."

He had set sail with Mrs. Selwyn and their infant son in the December of 1841, and reached the mouth of Auckland harbour at midnight, May 29th, of the following year. There they lay becalmed, and the Bishop landed in his own boat, his two first acts on landing being entirely characteristic of himself and his work. He assisted in pulling his boat out of the surf; and, kneeling down on the sand, gave thanks to God. His first six years in New Zealand were employed in organizing, establishing, and consolidating the Church there, in a manner suitable alike to his white and dark children; making long yearly visitations, partly by sea, partly by land, on horseback, but chiefly on foot, walking distances reaching a thousand miles, and returning with his shoes so worn out as to be fastened to his insteps with strips of native flax; undergoing toil and labour both of mind and body, which only such an iron constitution as his could have sustained. In 1848, having systematically and firmly established matters, he felt at liberty

to turn his attention to the Melanesian portion of his diocese; and in H.M.S. *Dido* made what may be called a preliminary visit to the Islands. How he himself regarded the six years' delay which the care of New Zealand had enforced upon him may be gathered from a letter written home a little later.

"While I have been sleeping in my bed in New Zealand, these Islands—the Isle of Pines, New Caledonia, New Hebrides, New Ireland, New Britain, New Guinea, the Loyalty Islands, the Kingsmills, &c. &c.—have been riddled through and through by the whale-fishers and traders of the South Sea. That odious black slug, the bêche-de-mer, has been dragged out of its hole in every coral reef, to make black broth for Chinese Mandarins, by the unconquerable daring of English traders, while I, like a worse black slug as I am, have left the world all its field of mischief to itself. The same daring men have robbed every one of these islands of its sandal-wood, to furnish incense for the idolatrous worship of the Chinese temples, before I have taught a single islander to offer up his sacrifice of prayer to the true and only God. Even a mere Sydney speculator could induce nearly a hundred men from some of the wildest islands in the Pacific to sail in his ships to Sydney to keep his flocks and herds, before I, to whom the Chief Shepherd has given commandment to seek out His sheep that are scattered over a thousand isles, have sought out or found so much as one of those which have strayed and are lost."

On this tour the Bishop visited the more southerly of the groups, the Friendly and Navigator Isles, also landing at Anaiteum. In these the Wesleyan and London Missionary Societies were already established. A Roman Catholic Bishop had resided some time in New Caledonia, while another had lost his life at Ysabel Island. The Congregational body, too, had made attempts to carry the Faith of Christ to these distant isles; and one of them, John Williams, had been slain at Erromango in the New Hebrides. In Futuna, Fatè, and the Isle of Pines, too, native teachers had suffered for their faith, so that Christianity, in, alas, many forms, had been presented to these more southern islands. The Bishop also discovered that the natives, whom Captain Cook had found seventy years before so friendly, had been driven by the sordid and un-

scrupulous avarice of white traders to the most frightful deeds of rapine and massacre. At the Isle of Pines he met with an adventure which may be said to have formed an epoch in his Melanesian work. A glance at the map will show that the Isle of Pines (Kunie) is quite near New Caledonia. It had a peculiarly evil reputation, its inhabitants being considered to be especially treacherous and bloodthirsty. Captain Maxwell, knowing this, objected strongly to the Bishop's landing; but he was determined, and sculled himself inside the lagoon formed by the outer circle of coral reef. There, to his amazement, he saw an English schooner at anchor, with but one man on board, smoking his pipe and perfectly at ease. He expressed his astonishment to this man—Captain Paddon—who straightway explained to him the secret of his safety:—

"By kindness and fair dealing I have traded with these people for many years. They have cut many thousand feet of sandal-wood for me, and brought it on board my schooner. I never cheated them, I never treated them badly—we thoroughly understand each other."

The Bishop saw at once that what Captain Paddon had thus accomplished for gain could be as certainly done for the service of God; and it is easy to picture his rejoicing at this meeting. He ever after called Captain Paddon "my tutor."

The Islands among which this preparatory tour had been made are said to have received from the French the name of Melanesia, from the dark colouring of the natives. They belong chiefly to the coral formation, and are of volcanic origin; the upheaved igneous rock, when near the surface of the water, having been worked upon by the coral insect until the surface is reached, when some further volcanic disturbance would seem to have forced up a cone or ridge in the centre, "which, after a time, becomes clothed with a garment of tropical verdure. Those who have seen these coral islands describe them as surpassing in beauty any scenery which can be seen elsewhere. And lest the waves should beat upon them too roughly, the outworks of the coral form a reef around them, on which the

long rollers break with surf and spray, while within, between the reef and the shore, the crystal water is as still as a lake, and in its depths can be seen the variously-coloured forests of coral, alive with rainbow-hued fish darting in and out among their branches. Then the beach is composed of no sober-coloured sand or shingle, but of glittering white-powdered coral; beyond rise white coral crags, festooned with trailing creepers many hundred feet long, and convolvulus flowers measuring seven inches across; and above them, again, rises a bank of tall tropical trees—bread-fruit, almond, cocoa-nut, and bananas—which spread in a dense mass, wherever man has not thinned them, into the centre of the island; and blue parrots and other tropical birds chirp and chatter among the branches."

Such was the scenery and colouring which greeted the Bishop; but with all this loveliness came the certainty of difficulties other than those accruing from the wild character of the natives. He perceived that it would be impossible to place European teachers or missionaries on these islands. No white man could live more than a few weeks at a time in that climate, nor would it be possible in the beginning to make one island a centre for evangelisation and teaching. For these islands have inherited the curse of Babel in its fulness, each small island possessing many dialects differing so much from each other as to be virtually different languages. In writing to a friend in England the Bishop says:—

"Nothing but a special interposition of the divine power could have produced such a confusion of tongues which we find here. In islands not larger than the Isle of Wight, we find dialects so distinct that the inhabitants of the various districts hold no communication with one another. Here have I been for a fortnight working away, as I supposed, at the language of New Caledonia, by aid of a little translation of portions of Scripture made by a native teacher, sent by the London Mission from Rarotonga, and just when I have begun to see my way, and to be able to communicate a little with an Isle of Pines boy, whom I found here, I learn that this is only a dialect used in the southern extremity of the island, and not understood in the parts which I wished to attack first."

Also the antagonism and spirit of enmity between island and island, and between settlement and settlement, was so great as to render an island centre, at all events in the commencement, an impossibility. He saw at once that if wide and enduring work were to be effected it must be by taking natives from these tropical isles to New Zealand for the summer, and there instilling into them all the Christianity, order, and self-restraint possible. In the autumn, a New Zealand winter being too cold and too wet for such hot-house plants, they would be restored to their homes in health and happiness, there to spread good accounts of their treatment in the unknown land to which the great white Stranger had wafted them. The following spring they would be again called for, and with them would come others; and thus gradually would a band of native teachers, and eventually clergy, be trained to spread the truth in their own islands and among their own people. A bold and dauntless undertaking, requiring unlimited patience and perseverance, but none too bold or too dauntless for the heart and the brain which conceived it; and all, as he well knew, possible to Him with whom nothing is impossible.

Two firm and unalterable rules the Bishop laid down for the work. 1. That he would never interfere with any Christianization already undertaken by any religious body or sect whatever; so that he would never bring before the islanders the great stumbling-block of divisions among Christians who should be as brethren. 2. That in taking to them the religion of Englishmen he would in no way force upon them English methods and ways of life, except in so far as they are part of morality and godliness. The Faith of Christ is for the world, and is suitable to the *innocent* ways and habits of every part of that world, spite of all differences of climate and temperament. Hence the Loyalty Isles, which are habitable to Europeans, and had been for some time a field of the London Mission, and Anaiteum, together with a few of the more southerly New Hebrides, which had been evangelized by Scotch missionaries, as well as the Isle of Pines, which was in the hands of the Roman Catholics, were, except for

sympathy and kindness, unfailing and fully appreciated, left aside.

The Bishop's ultimate idea at this time was a central school in each group of islands, conducted by prepared native teachers, and superintended during the winter months by a clergyman from New Zealand, the native teachers themselves paying frequent visits to S. John's College, Auckland—an institution established chiefly for the benefit of the young Maories whom the Bishop wished to educate—and there continuing their own instruction and training under the influence of cultivated minds. Gradually—gradually, in the dim future, the necessity for the white priest might cease, and the Melanesian Church become an independent body, organized much on the model on which he himself had framed the institutions of the Church in New Zealand. Neither now nor ever did the Bishop wish in any way to turn Melanesia into a pseudo-English colony, infested with all the vices which the white man, alas! so often carries with him.

CHAPTER II

THE AUSTRALIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS

On August the 1st, 1849, the Bishop set sail in the *Undine*, the little schooner of twenty-two tons which had so gallantly borne him on his visitations round the perilous shores of New Zealand. "The visible outfit with which he embarked was very slender, but he went on board his little schooner with a great store of Faith, Hope, and Love in his heart, and a latent gift for inspiring confidence in the wild people he thirsted after." The *Undine* made the run to Anaiteum, 1000 miles, in ten days, spite of heavy weather and cross winds; and there was met by H.M.S. *Havannah*. The Bishop delighted in calling the *Undine* the tender of the *Havannah*, and Captain Erskine, who had the warmest admiration for him, his commanding officer. Meantime the man-of-war relied upon the "tender" not only as a pilot-boat, but also for the free and safe intercourse with the islanders which the gracious dignity and fearlessness of the "Bishop-Skipper" always obtained. On this voyage the Bishop was entirely without charts; nor, until he made his own, had he any to depend on but ancient Russian charts, and records of the Spanish voyages of the sixteenth century. The only known sailers to these parts were traders for sandal-wood and bêche-de-mer. These were but a source of danger to those who followed them, for upon them the natives avenged the blood shed by their predecessors. On the first expedition the Bishop would never allow any one to share with him the peril of landing on the unknown shores, but caused the *Undine* to stand off while he swam ashore with such presents as he could carry in his hat to propitiate the chief, and to testify to his peaceable intent. The magic charm of his presence

and absolute fearlessness was however at once apparent; and he wrote:—

"It was evident that I was free of the islands, and could walk where I pleased, or row about in the little two-oared boat of the *Undine*, with that intuitive feeling of security, which is never felt, I believe, without good reason."

He was becalmed at Anaiteum, and thus had time to write several letters to friends in England, entering fully into his plans for evangelizing the Islands; and containing, among many remarkable passages, one which testifies to his own peculiar fitness for the work.

"Few men are so entirely at their ease at sea, or so able to use every moment of time, perhaps more effectually because with less distraction than on shore. The effect of this is, that in a voyage of reasonable duration I can master the elements of a new language sufficiently to enter at once into communications, more or less, with the native people; and thus to secure a further progress every day by the removal of the first difficulty. Here then is the first step. I feel myself called upon by these natural advantages to carry the Gospel into every island which has not received it, and which, within wide limits, may be considered as affiliated in faith and hope to the New Zealand Church."

Further on he proceeds to demonstrate that if the work prospers at all a larger vessel will be needed—one of from 100 to 150 tons; not for comfort or safety, but because "I could not with any propriety crowd her with my scholars in these hot climates, as I do in the south, where for weeks together I have had a mess of sixteen in a space not so large as an Eton boy's smallest single room."

Again he says:—

"I need men of a right stamp to conduct the central organization of a system which will require an entire devotion, in a spirit of the most single-minded love, of every faculty of body and mind, to duties apparently of the humblest kind, to the most petty and wearisome details of domestic life, and to the simplest rudiments of teaching; but all sanctified by the object in view, which is to take wild and naked savages from among every untrained and lawless people, and to teach them to sit at the feet of Christ

'clothed and in their right mind.' Religion, civilization, and sound learning—all, in short, that is needful for a man, seems to be meant by these three changes—the feet of Christ; the clothing; and the right mind."

On this cruise the Bishop visited also New Caledonia, Lifu, and Nengonè, and so influenced the natives that five lads were consigned to his care, and he saw clearly that with more time at his disposal he could have filled the *Undine* with youths; but a day or two at each island was too short a time for explanation with the parents, and many nice boys were lost by his being unable to wait till they had seen their friends. Captain Erskine in his record of the cruise says:—

"It must be admitted that the enterprise undertaken by the Bishop, who would not permit an arm of any description on board his vessel, was one of no little risk; and when informed by him that he had permitted many of the Erromangans, whose hostility to white men is notorious, to come on board in Dillon's Bay, I was ready to allow that it required the perfect presence of mind and dignified bearing of Bishop Selwyn, which seemed never to fail in impressing these savages with a feeling of his superiority, to render such an act one of safety and prudence."

To his father the Bishop wrote from New Caledonia an interesting analysis of the many conflicting tongues and dialects which surrounded him, testifying to the exceedingly complicated structure of some of them. He instances this notably in the inclusive and exclusive forms of the pronoun which both Polynesians and Melanesians possess, also in the special *triplicate* pronoun for the number three, proper to the Melanesians, both things lending a force and clearness exceeding that of European languages ancient and modern. The dialect of one of the Islands—Rarotonga—he found so closely to resemble that of New Zealand that he could at once converse freely with the natives.

The *Havannah* and *Undine* parted company, Captain Erskine recording:—

"At 5 P.M. we weighed, and ran out of the roads, admiring, as we passed and waved our adieus to the *Undine*, the commanding

figure of the truly gallant Bishop of New Zealand as, steering his own little vessel, he stood surrounded by the black heads of his disciples."

On October the 1st at midnight the *Undine* anchored safely in Auckland harbour, and the Bishop and his party walked out to S. John's College in the bright moonlight, the native lads in a high state of excitement at every new object they saw—the number of houses in the town, the breadth of the roads, &c. The Bishop's own delight was reserved for Mrs. Selwyn as he roused her, rubbing his hands, and exclaiming triumphantly, "I've got them." He had accomplished in two months 3000 miles, 2000 of which — *i.e.* the journeys to-and-fro — had occupied less than twenty days.

In the May of 1850 the five pupils were successfully restored to their homes; and the same year was formed the Australasian Board of Missions, by which the Melanesian Mission was solemnly adopted by the Australian and New Zealand colonies. A new vessel, the *Border Maid*, was supplied for the work by the Churchmen of New South Wales; and the Bishop of Newcastle was commissioned to accompany his old friend the Bishop of New Zealand on his next voyage among the Islands. Accordingly, in December 1850, the *Border Maid* arrived in Auckland with four young Melanesians whom Captain Erskine had taken on board the *Havannah* at their own request; one of them had come on board, and, sitting down, had refused to move, so determined was he to learn. Two of these lads came from Erromango of evil fame, one from Bauro in the Solomon group, and the fourth from Fatè or Sandwich Island. All proved bright and intelligent.

In the following July the two Bishops started for the Islands in the *Border Maid*, taking these four Melanesians back to their homes after their summer in New Zealand. They were not allowed to idle on board; for their hammocks, which were slung in the hold, were taken down by day, and the place thus converted into a good airy schoolroom. Here lessons were carried on all through the voyage—the Bishop, the Rev. William Nihill, who had for some time been engaged with the

Melanesian scholars at S. John's College, and Mr. Nihill's young brother-in-law, Nelson Hector, being the teachers; the hours of school and work alternating as they did at S. John's. They touched first at Anaiteum, where the Bishop found two former friends—Captain Paddon, still peaceful and prosperous, and Mr. Geddie, the latter with an increasing band of scholars, one of whom he requested the Bishop to take back with him that he might learn printing. From Anaiteum they passed on to Futuna, where both the Bishops went on shore; and having found the people friendly, returned with two nice-looking, gentle-mannered boys. From Futuna they passed on to Tanna, with its grand ever-smoking volcano, "a pillar of fire by night, and a pillar of cloud by day." Here they found Umao, a little Erromango boy, taking care of a sick Englishman, who had been put ashore by his companions, covered with wounds, in such a dreadful state that they feared contagion in the ship. He had been kindly treated at Erromango, and had been sent to Tanna for the hot baths. The little boy accompanied him and tended him most carefully, though the man was always scolding and often striking him. The Bishop offered to take the man to Sydney, and Umao came with him.

At Erromango the two boys were restored, but not without some trouble and suspicion. The Bishop took them, and sent some of the dirty, ill-favoured-looking people who had come out to the vessel for the chief, to give them up in form. He was long in coming, and they saw no women about, which made the Bishop cautious. He did not land until the chiefs came down, and then he sent them off to the ship, while he conveyed the boys to their own home, about two miles inland. There he knelt down and prayed with the lads, bidding them tell their friends what they were doing, and what it meant. The boys, however, followed him back to the beach, and wept at parting from him.

At Marè or Nengonè the Bishop stayed two days, and was much pleased with the progress made. He joined in the services and visited the schools, and ultimately brought away five youths for training. Another, a young chief, desired earnestly to come, but his father would not let him, and he sat down by

the Bishop crying bitterly. At Lifu one of the first scholars, Thol, returned to them with great joy, bringing a relation with him. The first night he said the Lord's Prayer in English, and other things which the Bishop had taught him. At Mallicolo they were well received and walked about the island, and made acquaintance with a pleasing elderly man and his son, a very fine intelligent youth, whom the Bishop much wished to bring away. They found a well of good water on a hill near the shore, and next morning the Bishop returned with a party to replenish their water-casks. He had two boats and some of the sailors with him, also Nelson Hector, who, with one of the sailors, remained with the boats while the Bishop went up the hill with the rest to the spring. His quick eye, however, saw that all was not as he left it the preceding evening. Strangers were there, who were disputing with the friendly natives. One of these strangers followed them making faces, when the Bishop turned and fixed his eye upon him and motioned him to begone, whereupon he slunk back, though still following. They had filled their casks, and were walking down the hill again, when the Bishop saw a man above them throw something which fell near them, and immediately a yell was heard from below. He desired his party not to run, nor to show any fear, but to walk on with their water-casks as if regardless of all around them. The Bishop thought there might have been two hundred natives gathered together, but only a few of them evil disposed. There were certainly quite enough to have surrounded and murdered him and his little band had that been their intent As it was they did no violence; for though they threw stones and let arrows fly, none of them hit; and they are too sure marksmen to miss their aim if taken.

When they came within sight of the boats, they saw that one had pushed off towards the vessel, while the other was surrounded with natives who were brandishing their clubs with threatening gestures. Nelson Hector sat in the boat unmoved, quietly resisting their attempts to take the oars from him. Meanwhile the Bishop and his train of water-bearers made their way steadily onward to the water's edge. He said, "Go

on," and they walked on into the water, lifting their casks higher and higher as they advanced. As they approached the boat the natives around it made off, and, in a few minutes more, they were on their way to the *Border Maid*, with only one cask missing. One of the sailors had let it fall; it rolled down the hill, and the Bishop would not let him go back for it.

It had been a time of great peril to the whole party.

The Bishop of Newcastle, who had remained in the ship with the mate and one sailor, gives a very thrilling account of their share of the danger. About an hour after the boats had started, two or three canoes came off to the ship filled with huge men armed with clubs, bows, and spears. They evidently knew that few could have remained on board, and thought that they could overpower those few, take possession of the vessel, and then have the whole party in the boats at their mercy. When, however, they came close to the ship the Bishop refused to allow them to come on board, making them understand by signs that they might do it at noon, by which time he knew that the boats would have returned; after which, if they were admitted a few at a time without arms, there would be no great risk. One old man in the first canoe Bishop Tyrrell allowed to sit on the bulwarks and tell him the names of things he wanted to know; but he caught the old savage making a careful scrutiny of the ship, and then making signs to the chief, a most ferocious-looking ruffian with a formidable club, which seemed to say, "It's all right, only one or two left in the ship; let us get quietly on deck and the ship is ours, and the white men in our power;" so the treacherous old man was immediately sent down and no one else allowed to approach. By this time five or six other canoes had joined the first, and altogether there must have been at least fifty of these huge men, who for more than two hours kept close to the ship, asking again and again to come on deck; one every now and again attempting to climb on board, but always to find the good Bishop just above him gazing at him calmly, and bidding him firmly to get back into his canoe. Meantime the native boys from the other islands who were on board were in a condition of terror quite ludicrous to behold. This state of things

continued for about two hours, when the savages came to the conclusion that it was no use to wait any longer, and the canoes moved off. Then came what the Bishop of Newcastle calls "the most anxious hour he ever passed in his whole life." The two boats of the ship were lying in full view off the shore, where the water was being brought from a pool about a quarter of a mile inland, up a rocky wooded bank. The men in the canoes after a short consultation changed places, filling the two largest canoes with those who were evidently the greatest fighters; and these two canoes paddled towards the boats which were waiting, one man in each, for Bishop Selwyn to return with his party from the water. The canoes were nearing the boats—they reached them—two of the natives got into one—there was a noise and a shout from the shore—Bishop Tyrrell could not trust his eyes—when presently he saw the boats move, rowed by their own men, Bishop Selwyn himself steering the first boat!

On the morning of October the 7th the *Border Maid* returned to Auckland bringing with her thirteen dark boys, three of whom had been amongst the first five, and two among those who had returned in the preceding July; thus five of the thirteen had already been at the College for six or ten months. By the end of the half year, thanks to the assistance of Archdeacon Abraham, and the lessons he had prepared for them, the lads had all made considerable progress in reading, writing, and singing; and a few had some idea of arithmetic; but they were, generally speaking, slow at figures. Singing was a valuable civilizer and educator to them. They had good ears and good voices, and being very fond of it, willingly gave the steady attention that it required to learn the notes. Their obedience and moral conduct were satisfactory throughout. One of them, Apàle, died, alas, in the May of 1852, of a cold which settled on his chest. He was from Lifu, the cousin whom Thol brought with him on his return, a bright and lovable lad, and by his own desire was baptized on his deathbed, "the first fruits of the Church at Lifu," the Bishop himself commending him into the hands of the Lord Jesus, to whom he had brought him.

In June the Bishop embarked with the island boys and the Rev. William Nihill, whom he intended to leave at Nengonè, from whence they had quite a number of scholars with whose language Mr. Nihill was well acquainted; also Nengonè was sufficiently south to be comparatively healthy. They touched at Anaiteum, where they landed a Presbyterian missionary and his wife, and passed on to Futuna, guided as before by the Tanna volcano through the darkness of the night. There the Bishop landed with the two boys he had brought from thence. At Tanna itself they left an old chief whom they had on board, "a fine specimen of a fighting-man, with one eye knocked out and divers other scars." They touched at Erromango, where Williams had been some years before murdered; and here the Bishop took back one boy, and brought away two others. At Nengonè the four eldest boys who had been in New Zealand were baptized, the actual words of baptism being spoken by the Bishop in Nengonè. There was a large number of people present, and the service was of overwhelming heartiness, every one singing quite in tune and time with the whole strength of his voice. On this journey nineteen people of the Islands were baptized in the presence of their fellow-countrymen, among them a notable convert, the Regent of Lifu, a man of unlimited authority in the district, of which his nephew was hereditary prince; also the first convert from the Solomon Islands. The Santa Cruz group, afterwards to become so sadly famous, was visited for the first time; and the Banks group, later on to become so prosperous a mission-field, was rediscovered. On October the 8th, after this eventful and encouraging voyage, they returned to New Zealand.

Thus between 1848 and 1852 the Bishop had visited more than fifty islands in safety; and forty scholars, speaking ten different languages, had been freely entrusted to him for the summer in Auckland, and for instruction in the central schools of the diocese of New Zealand. He seems to have appealed to the hearts of these wild children of nature, at first by his innate humour, combined with thorough fearlessness; and above all, of course, by a constraining love of the souls for whom Christ died. They seemed to know instinctively that he loved them

and meant their good. At one savage place he was eyed suspiciously at first; but he brought forward one of his own boys, whom he was taking back to the Islands—and, pulling out his fat cheeks, he pointed to the lantern jaws of a little native, making them understand that he would feed up any of their children they would let him take. When they saw him poking his fingers into the hollow cheeks of one and pulling out the fat of the other, they danced and shouted with joy at the fun, and would have let him carry off dozens.

CHAPTER III

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

THE year 1853 opened sadly for the Melanesian Mission with the death of George Siapo, their best pupil, who had been one of the first five brought to Auckland by the Bishop. He was from Nengonè and of high rank, having been as a child adopted by a chief—Bula—whose father, another Bula, a great cannibal, had taken possession of a young woman whom he wished to marry and who had refused him, by the drastic method of eating her! Siapo himself had first attracted the Bishop's attention from the depths of a coral pit into which he had descended to fetch water for the white stranger. The Bishop's intuitive knowledge of physiognomy taught him that there was much in the face thus gazing up at him from below, and he resolved if possible to take the boy back with him to New Zealand. Siapo came with two of his companions. He was a tall youth, graceful and handsome, with fine features and expressive countenance. He was one of the four baptized in 1852, when he received the name of George. During his stay at Nengonè the same year, while the *Border Maid* was on her cruise among the other islands, he had a severe illness which evidently weakened his constitution, and he looked forward with dread to a return to the colder climate of New Zealand, telling the chief that he was afraid he would die there. But his friend answered: "Even if you do, it is better that you should go." And he said no more. When the *Border Maid* returned from her cruise Siapo was not only ready to go himself but wished to take with him his betrothed, Wabisane, sister of Bula, that she too might be trained to Christianity. The Bishop entirely approved, and himself constructed, from a bed quilt, garments in which Wabisane and another girl, who came as her

companion, were arrayed. They had hardly, however, reached New Zealand before Siapo's prediction began to prove itself true. Pain in the side set in, and day by day he grew weaker. He was taken to the sea-side for bathing and warmth, and at first seemed to rally a little, but it was not for long. He grew weaker and weaker, and soon could not walk or even sit up. One thing, however, never failed to interest him—the lessons to his companions that were carried on in his room. The Bishop came to see him before starting on his diocesan visitation, and, after administering to him the Holy Communion, gave him his parting blessing, feeling that this was indeed their earthly farewell. Afterwards, when the youth felt the hand of death upon him, he broke through the natural and reverent reserve of his character, and spoke freely of his trust and love of Christ and his Heavenly Father. His heart was full of his own people, and of the longing that they might all be brought to the knowledge of the truth; and almost his last words were to implore Mr. Nihill to go to Guamha, his home, and bring his brother, Wapai, to New Zealand to be taught the truth, the closing words being: "There is only one God and one home above in heaven."

Wabisane and her companion were baptized, together with three others, some time after his death, but Siapo's high tone and manly example were sadly missed among his fellow pupils.

There was much difficulty this year in returning the scholars to their homes. The *Border Maid* had been sold, as she needed expensive repairs, and gold-fields had broken out to which all the available steamers had flown; and, when a ship had been found to convey the party with the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn as far as Sydney, they encountered stormy weather and were eighteen days on the journey, besides being almost wrecked. One boy, a Mallicolo lad, died on the way. In Sydney the gold fever was raging even more fiercely than in New Zealand, and the impossibility of finding a ship detained the Bishop some time; a time, however, which he would have much enjoyed but for his anxiety about the health of his boys. The enthusiasm which he and his Melanesians

excited was immense; and Sydney Churchmen, rising to the occasion, contributed liberally to the great work. All their expenses in Sydney were paid, a ship provided for the journey, and still a large balance remained in hand. At length they started, touching at Anaiteum, Nengonè, Lifu, and Mallicolo, and reaching Auckland in September.

Little Umao, the sick sailor's nurse, died on this voyage in the Bishop's arms, his baptism having been hastened because of his illness; and the Bishop saw clearly that Auckland was too cold even in summer for such hot-house plants as the Melanesians. He therefore started again in November with the Governor, Sir George Grey, in H.M. colonial brig *Victoria*, to see whether Norfolk Island or Sunday Island would be suitable as sites for a Melanesian College. He also conveyed Mr. Nihill with his wife and child to Nengonè, which island, originally a station of the London Missionary Society, had been by them made over to the Bishop as a Church of England station; and it was hoped that the climate might prove of benefit to Mr. Nihill, whose lungs were much affected.

In the January of 1854 the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn started for England, whither the former was called by the important business of subdividing New Zealand into three Bishoprics. He availed himself of this opportunity so well to plead the cause of Melanesia that, spite of the necessities of our soldiers in the Crimea, which called for every possible effort of self-denial and charity, he was provided with a new vessel, a schooner of seventy tons, which was named the *Southern Cross*.

But the incalculable gain of that visit to England came by the divine blessing, not in the shape of ship or money, but in the form of a new worker, like-minded in zeal and love and courage to the great Bishop himself; one too to whom was to be awarded the glory of proving his fervour and devotion with his own blood—John Coleridge Patteson.

Twelve years before this, in 1841, when a boy at Eton, he had stood all through a sermon of the newly appointed Bishop of New Zealand which had penetrated his whole soul, the concluding words of which exhorted the hearers to self-sacrifice

and self-devotion. It had doubtless been stamped indelibly into the earnest and highly spiritual nature of the boy by his Confirmation and first Communion, which took place not long after, and which were followed within a few months by the sudden death of his beloved mother. He had carried weight as a boy at Eton, and he afterwards carried weight as a man at Balliol; as purity, truthfulness, and moral courage must always do in a man who is popular with a wide circle of acquaintance. He was remarkable too for his solid practical sense, and his singularly just judgment of men and things. He had already shown, during a stay in Germany, something of that marvellous "gift of tongues" which seemed to link him on to the Apostolic times, and which was to prove of such incalculable value in the modern "Babel" to which he was now devoting himself. There was likewise in his nature a sweetness, an element of harmony, destined to draw to him with the strong cords of love those soft docile temperaments with whom his "gift of tongues" placed him in touch as no one else could be. In him was realized the type of a highly cultivated man, with an exquisite relish for the advantages of civilized life, who gave up all to carry the Gospel to the heathen; of a Christian hero who had no thought of his own heroism, and who, a hero himself, followed his heroic leader under the standard of the Cross to the most distant of all countries, to the forefront of the battle with the powers of darkness, to the place where God in answer to the prayers of His Son has given Him the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession.

They set sail in March 1855, and arrived in New Zealand in the July following. On the journey Mr. Patteson had, like the Bishop, proved himself an excellent sailor, and had further followed his example by acquiring a knowledge of navigation, and by making so good an acquaintance with Maori as to be able on landing to converse familiarly with the different natives he met. Their arrival was announced at S. John's College somewhat amusingly by an old sea-captain, who sent a note stating that he was sure the Bishop had come; for he knew every vessel that had ever come into Auckland harbour,

and was sure this barque had never been there before; yet she had come in in the night, through all the intricate passages, and was rounding the heads without a pilot. He therefore concluded that the Bishop must be on board, as there was no other man that could have taken command at such a time and brought her into that harbour!

In the meantime, during the Bishop's absence, Mr. Nihill had continued in his work at Nengonè. The natives had built him a coral house with a thatched roof, and a church. Later on, however, there occurred some misunderstanding concerning the agreement between the Bishop and the London Mission. A deputation came from the latter setting Mr. Nihill aside, and claiming the island as theirs. Mr. Nihill submitted at once, knowing that nothing could be more fatal to the faith of the islanders than the sight of contentions among Christians. He did all he could to help the newcomers, giving them his translation, and assisting them with his knowledge of the language. In the June of 1855 Archdeacon Abraham sent a vessel from Auckland to bring him back with his wife and child; but Mr. Nihill had died from dysentery some months previously, and they could only return with his widow and child, who had both been well cared for since his death by the medical man attached to the London Mission.

On May the 1st, the Ascension Day of 1856, the Bishop, with Mrs. Selwyn and his new chaplain, set sail for the Islands. The Bishop hoped to obtain permission to establish the head-quarters of the Mission at Norfolk Island, and, with this object in view, directed his course to Sydney. The convict settlement at Norfolk Island had at this time been given up, and the island itself had been offered to the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, for whom, owing to their great increase in number, their original home, Pitcairn Island, was all too restricted. They made this move under the care of the Rev. George Nobbs, a man whose history was as eventful as their own. Originally a midshipman in the navy under Lord Dundonald, he had been twice taken prisoner by the Chilians, and had on both occasions escaped by the merest chance from the sentence of death. He had worked in irons

on the roads, had been through numberless strange adventures, and had at length found his way in a little craft of twenty tons' burden to Pitcairn Island, where he had established himself as a schoolmaster among the people. Some years later he visited England and there received Ordination, then returned to his flock as their pastor and guiding friend.

The Bishop's hopes, however, concerning Norfolk Island were not yet to be fulfilled. Sir William Denison, Governor-General of Australia, refused even to allow him to place a chaplain there. He dreaded the influence of the savage Melanesians on Mr. Nobbs' carefully-guarded and childlike flock, and further added that Norfolk Island was in the See of Tasmania. But the Bishop of Tasmania, who could only visit it at great inconvenience, had placed it under the care of the Bishop of New Zealand; so the matter was referred to the Colonial Secretary, and, in the meantime, Mrs. Selwyn was to be left there to assist Mr. Nobbs in preparing the entire population for Confirmation, while the Bishop made his cruise among the Islands.

Anaiteum was their first point. Here they found the Presbyterian Mission flourishing; and here they left the boxes and letters which they had brought from Auckland for the missionaries. Fatè, with its masses of forests, its tropical vegetation, its sandy beaches, undulating slopes, and upland scenery came next; but here they must needs proceed with great caution, for the people were fierce cannibals who indulged in the inhuman luxury of sending each other presents of bodies like baskets of game. They sailed to the shore, but stopped the way of the vessel when about a mile off, and all that could be done was to bring away two men who chose to come on board for the cruise, trusting that this slight taste of civilized life might make them desire more.

Espiritu Santo, with its grand mountain chain, on whose summits the clouds ever rest, running the whole length of the island, was their next stopping-place. Here Mr. Patteson made great friends, the children clustering around him, and making voyages of discovery into his clothes, which they seemed to regard as so many different skins; while he, on his side, was

immensely interested in the native manner of conveying water in aqueducts formed of split bamboos supported on cross sticks; they carried it in buckets formed of whole bamboo stuffed at the end with grass, and in cocoa-nut shells, slung by strings on sticks, six or eight together.

At Rennell Island they found Maories, who at once offered the national salutation of rubbing noses, and spent the night on board singing a song of love—*kaka*—for them. They were now full among the Solomon Islands, and their next stay was at Bauro, called by the Spaniards San Cristoval, where they landed at a place called Mata, of which Iri, an old acquaintance of the Bishop, was chief. They examined his boat-house, and beautiful canoes, all inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and passed on to his house—the council-hall—a long low building of wattles, with twenty-eight skulls on the ridge pole, two of which had been so recently added that they were not yet darkened with smoke. The Bishop spoke to them clearly, telling them that the great God hated wars and cruelty, and that such ornaments were horrible in His sight. Spite of his plain speaking, they were feasted with cocoa-nuts in the boat-house, and five lads came away with them, Iri walking up to his waist in the water, while his people crowded on the beach, to see them off.

The next island was Gera, called by the Spaniards Guadalcanar, where they found the natives gaily decked with armlets, frontlets, bracelets, and girdles of shell; also with nose-rings and plugs of wood or mother-of-pearl let into the nose. Two lads here joined them out of the twenty or thirty who made their way on board. At Malanta, the great island opposite Guadalcanar, they had much trouble to induce men to come on board. They saw few people, though they gathered from the cultivation that there must be a large population driven inland by the attacks on the coast settlements. They filled their casks at a deep river, "sea and river alike fringed with the richest foliage, birds flying, fish leaping in the perfectly still water. Such exquisite scenery! Canoes coming off, and people on shore sitting under their cocoa-nuts," but all very shy of the white man, whom they evidently had cause to dread.

They now turned their course south-east towards the smaller islands of the Santa Cruz group, finding here again perfect scenery, but natives with an evil reputation for treachery, and a great distrust of the white man. The island of Santa Cruz, which gives its name to the group, had been some three hundred years before the site of a Spanish settlement; but the leader, Mendana, died, and the Spaniards retreated, leaving, it would seem, distrust as a legacy. Now, however, they came off in crowds with all their ornaments, their marvellous headgear of coral dust, white, yellow, and red; their mouths and lips stained black with betel-nut, chattering and offering yams and taro, but making so much noise that nothing could be done beyond leaving a friendly impression. The Nengonè, Bauro, and Guadalcanar men on board were, however, much impressed with the Santa Cruz *coiffures*, and began at once making offers of exchange of jewellery.

They left the lovely place at night to sail round Volcano Island, a perfect cone about 2000 feet high, the base being still under water. Clouds, lurid and fiery, hung over the summit, and streams of fire poured constantly from the top and sides, great burning stones and masses of scoria falling down the cone, and leaping some three or four hundred feet in the air to plunge into the sea below with a splash and a roar of steam, a terrific hiss.

Nukapu was the next island, completely encircled in its coral reef; and here they found natives speaking a little Maori, but decorated after the fashion of those of Santa Cruz, to which they returned for a supply of yams and cocoa-nuts before passing on to Tubua, lovely in its encircling ring, over which the Bishop and his chaplain waded to find thirteen men on the beach; but as Mr. Patteson was entering into negotiations over cocoa-nuts and fish-hooks, the Bishop saw lads running through the bush with bows and arrows, and they hurried off.

Vanikoro was the last of the Santa Cruz group which they visited. Here two French vessels commanded by Count La Pérouse were wrecked, and the unfortunate crews devoured by sharks and by the natives. Of the latter there still remained the conclusive evidence of sixty European skulls in a temple.

They landed here but saw no one, though there must have been people not far off; for, led by a horrible odour, they turned up the ground, and found, close to a native oven lined with stones, human remains.

From Vanikoro southwards they reached the Banks group —Vanua Lava, Great Banks Island, Valua, Mota, Star Island, and Santa Maria. At Valua was no accessible landing-place. At Mota, spite of its craggy shores, full forty or fifty feet high, and its great central volcanic cone, they found a little cove, and a good beach on which many natives had assembled. They wore neither clothing nor ornaments, and their bright honest faces at once attracted Mr. Patteson, who employed himself, by way of friendly overture, while negotiations were proceeding over fruits, &c., in cramming his hair with native combs, in picking up as many words as he could, and making up the rest by a grand display of gesticulations. At Vanua Lava a large canoe came out three-quarters of a mile to meet them; but none of her crew would venture on board the *Southern Cross* till Mr. Patteson had swam out to their canoe. They were entirely unarmed, and from the first gave promise of being the tractable, hopeful race they have proved.

Bligh Island, which is plainly the cone of a submerged volcano, and also the small Torres group were visited and treated with for yams, &c., after which, passing Espiritu Santo, where the wind would not allow them to land, they came to Mallicolo, which, remembering the adventure of 1851, the Bishop approached with much caution. The boat stopped outside the breakwater reef of Port Sandwich, and numerous canoes filled with armed men, whose faces were painted, some black, some red, some yellow, came up to it. The Bishop recognised two of them, an old chief named Melanbico, and another, Nipati. He called the first by name into the boat; the second followed, in most elegant armour, his face painted red and black, his beautiful arrows tipped with deadly poison; whereupon they rowed into the harbour. There had been of late a great mortality in the island, besides much fighting, and little was done now beyond establishing friendly intercourse.

At Nengonè, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson landed with

their two Bauro scholars. The native teachers and their wives assembled with many of the people in front of the house in which Mr. Nihill had died. They talked of him with affection, and told how earnestly he had striven to bring them all to the truth; and they joyfully assisted the Bishop in putting up on his grave the wooden cross which he had brought from Auckland, and on which was carved in Nengonè: "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE."

Siapo's betrothed, Caroline Wabisane, who had married a man named Simeona, and her friend Sarah, with her husband and little child, and three other men, gladly accepted the Bishop's invitation to return to New Zealand for instruction.

At Norfolk Island, whither they returned for the Confirmation, for which Mrs. Selwyn had been preparing, the Pitcairners were much interested in the Melanesians. They offered to take the boys into their own houses and treat them as their own children; and the Bishop saw more clearly than ever that Norfolk Island was *the* place for the Missionary College; but like all great men he knew how to wait and bide his time. After the Confirmation of the whole population of Norfolk Island they returned to Auckland with their fourteen Melanesians, seven of whom came from the Solomon Islands, landing on the 13th of September. The journey had brought out another great fitness for the work in Mr. Patteson—his love and appreciation of warm climates. He settled in at once at S. John's College with the boys as his peculiar charge; and one of the Bauro lads, Kerearua, who fell ill with a sharp attack of fever, he nursed and tended himself in his own room, where he could be kept quiet and be better looked after; and so cared for, spite of the gloomy prognostications of his companion, Hirika, he recovered. The school was entirely under Mr. Patteson's care, and the boys did well in reading and writing during the seven months that they remained in New Zealand, besides making a steady advance in religious knowledge. The Nengonè party was from the outset extremely hopeful. Wadrokal with two others, and the two young women who had been baptized in 1852, were now prepared for and admitted to the Holy Communion.

They had had great advantages; for their language had already been reduced to writing, the Gospel of S. Mark translated into it, and they could all read sufficient English to take a verse all round at evening prayers, after which Mr. Patteson catechized and expounded to them in Nengonè. He considered that they could have passed as good an examination in Scripture history and simple doctrine as most middle-class young English people. One night Wadrokal came to Mr. Patteson and said—

"I have heard all kinds of words used, Faith, Repentance, Praise, Prayer, and I don't clearly understand what is the real great thing, the chief thing of all. . . . Then I read that the Pharisees knew a great deal about the law and so did the Scribes, and yet they were not good. Now I know something of the Bible, and I can write, and I fear very much, I am very much afraid, I am not good, I am not *doing* anything good."

Mr. Patteson talked to him about the comfort to be found in working, and later on put him in authority over a class of lads, which at once employed his energies and satisfied his aspirations.

But those who made their way straight to the depths of the young chaplain's heart were his Bauro and Guadalcanar lads. He says :—

"They are such dear fellows, and I trust that they already begin to know something about religion. Certain it is that they answer readily questions, and say with their mouths what amounts almost to a statement of the most important Christian truths. Of course I cannot tell what effect this may have on their hearts. They join in prayer morning and evening, they behave admirably, and really there is nothing in their conduct to find fault with. If it please God that any of them were at some future time to stay again with us, I have great hopes that they may learn enough to become teachers in their own country."

And later on he says :—

"I have quite learnt to believe that there are no 'savages' anywhere, at least among black or coloured people. I'd like to see any one call my Bauro boys savages! Why, the fellows on the reef

that have never seen a white man will wade back to the boat and catch one's arms to prevent one falling into pits among the coral, just like an old nurse looking after her child. This they did at Santa Maria, where we two [Mr. Patteson and the Bishop] swam ashore to a party of forty or fifty men, and where our visit was evidently a very agreeable one on both sides, though we did not know one syllable of the language."

The Bauro boys said: "We only know a very little about God and Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit; but we can teach our people that, and by-and-by come and live with you and learn more. Plenty of boys will come away with you this year; we shall tell them all about you and the Bishop."

Mrs. Nihill, who continued steadily to work for the cause in which her husband had died, in the meantime took charge of the two young women from Nengonè.

The daily routine among the lads was as follows. At day-break the boys got up, washed and dressed, chapel at 7.30, then breakfast, after which they were taught by Mr. Patteson how to sweep and clean their own rooms; he always shared in menial work, so that the boys might not despise it. School from 10 to 12; dinner in hall at 1.30. In the afternoon various occupations, ranging from printing to basking in the sun. At 5.30 tea again in hall. Prayers first with the Solomon Islanders and a quiet talk with them, after which followed Bible-reading and prayers with the Nengonè lads. One or two would remain on to assist Mr. Patteson in his translation until 10. The favourite amusement of the lads was throwing reeds or canes; some indulged in the more noisy fun of careering about on a donkey of independent character, upon which none could retain his seat more than two minutes. However, they all fell like cats upon their legs amid roars of laughter.

In April, as the cold weather set in, Mr. Patteson set off with them all for the Islands, the Bishop being unable to accompany them as the Church Synod was meeting in Auckland. The *Southern Cross* carried them bravely to Nengonè, where the lads were warmly welcomed, in six days, and in six more to Bauro, where they were landed in a lovely bay,

hitherto unknown to the Mission. Here, as soon as the Bishop's flag was recognized, thirty-one canoes came out to meet them, and the two chiefs, Iri and Rimaniaka, came on board with fifty-five men. The chiefs and about a dozen men were invited to spend the night on board. The chiefs lay on the floor of the inner cabin, while Mr. Patteson told them something of Christianity. He emphasized his teaching when he landed next day by pointing with horror to the skulls in Iri's house and recommending their burial, also by reproving Rimaniaka for striking his mother.

At Guadalcanar, too, there was quite a fleet of canoes to meet them, and Mr. Patteson went ashore in one to the surprise of the people, for he was the first white man who had ever landed there. A heavy sea prevented his return to the ship, and he was obliged to spend the night on the island. He slept in a two-roomed house, crowded with men sleeping, sitting, talking, and walking to and fro. They brought him a grass mat and a wooden pillow; but wet, cold, and tired as he was, he could not sleep because of the continual disturbance around him and the vermin. He got out at dawn and was able to put off to the ship at six. He found that forty-six natives had slept on board and had behaved well.

A few hours later the *Southern Cross* was in great danger of foundering. She had dropped anchor in the bay, and, in the attempt to leave it, the cable broke; the sudden jerk swung the vessel round; in consequence of a strong undercurrent she refused to obey the helm, and swung on to a reef. Fortunately the rock was small and she moved slowly, so no damage was done, but there was a moment of intense anxiety until she swung into deep water again. About four hundred and fifty natives, with five principal chiefs, had been on board that morning, and three of the chiefs could speak some Bauro tongue, so that Mr. Patteson was able to converse with them. They were full of kindness and good-will, and presented him with two pigs, numberless cocoa-nuts, and more than a ton of yams, though he had only two hatchets, a few adzes and gimlets, and some empty bottles to give in exchange.

From first to last this year had been a golden one to the Mission, spite of the temporary disappointment in connection with Norfolk Island; and it continued golden to the end; for, towards the close of the year, one of the most valuable workers the Mission has ever had presented himself to the Bishop for service in her ranks—Mr. Benjamin Thornton Dudley.

CHAPTER IV

WINTER SCHOOL AT LIFU

THE fruit of the prosperous journey of 1856 was reaped chiefly in the following year, when, in the winter, the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. Patteson and Mr. Dudley, started on his Island cruise, again taking Mrs. Selwyn with him so as to leave her at Norfolk Island, much to the happiness of the islanders. They brought away from thence five young Pitcairners to serve as boat's crew, and also to receive instruction and training. There was more time to spend on this journey, and they were able to visit islands at which they had not previously touched. Futuna was the first of these, where, as the people would not come to them, the Bishop and Mr. Patteson went ashore in the boat. As will be seen from the map, Anaiteum, Futuna, and Tanna are quite close together. The latter, possessing a still active volcano, and being also a coral island, exhibits well the process by which these islands were formed; the volcanic rocks underlying the coral which they have gradually upheaved, while the animal worked on, lower and lower, over and on the volcanic formation as the latter was upheaving it. Tanna was said to possess 10,000 inhabitants, though only thirty miles long.

Fatè and the islands about it, all comprised in the New Hebrides, came next. Of these the Bishop and Mr. Patteson visited eleven islands in three days, starting early in the morning and returning to the *Southern Cross* in the evening, taking with them three Pitcairners as crew. They thus made acquaintance with one hundred and twenty-seven people, and brought away from Mae, one of the islands, two lads, Peterè and Laurè, for a ten months' visit. These boys spoke a

language akin to Maori. Ambrym, a very lovely island, was next visited, where the women crawled up to them with their babies on their backs.

At Whitsuntide Island they rowed to the mouth of a fine river which ran into the sea, and were met by sixty people with their chief, Mankau, at their head. The Bishop describes this as "an example of a really gentlemanlike interview, ending in a traffic conducted with all the regularity of civilized life.

"Mankau first met us in the water up to his knees, and presented me with his branch of bright colours, a compliment which I acknowledged by the gift of a hatchet. Mr. Patteson and I then stepped into the water, and walked with him to the mouth of the stream. We then explained by the usual signs that we wanted water, and having learned the words for 'sit down' in Ambrym, we tried the effect of them here. The words '*mura ravanna*' were taken up and repeated, and the whole party sat quietly down upon the beach, while Mr. Patteson handed to the party in the boat as many buckets full of water as filled three casks. We then produced our stores, which, at first, disturbed the equilibrium of the party; but we soon succeeded in explaining that we wished the chief to conduct the exchanges; upon which every man came forward quietly and gave his yams and cocoa-nuts to the chief, and received the payment through him. When this was over we wrote down names, and exchanged those expressive looks which supply the want of words, and which are so effectual that, in a circle of perfect strangers, you may see every dark brow lifted up, and every dark eye glisten, when some look of ours has convinced them that we come to them as friends."

At Leper's Isle they landed at three places, and learnt names of the natives, writing them down so as to have them for future use.

At Star Island, or Merelava, three or four natives declared that they would join them in ten moons. Mr. Patteson describes himself here "standing on a rock with my two supporters, two fine young men, who will I trust go with us next time, my arms round their necks, and a fine background of some thirty or forty dark figures with bows and arrows, &c., and

two or three little rogues, perched on a point of rock above me, just within reach, asking for fish-hooks."

They saw few people at Espiritu Santo, and at Oanuta and Tikopia found a race of dull easy-tempered giants, tattooed and far lighter in colouring than the Melanesians. These people had already made acquaintances among the whalers, from whom they had learned that spirits, tobacco, and muskets were *the* things for which to trade with white men. They despised fish-hooks, and having regaled the Bishop and Mr. Patteson with a cocoa-nut each, seemed anxious to get rid of them.

They now passed on to the Banks group. At Mota they did not land, simply because the Bishop thought it would be difficult to get away from the hugging that would ensue without giving offence.

"Two hundred natives were assembled on the beach without tattoo or any other ornament or garment. The surrounding scenery was lovely; first a steep wall of coral about forty or fifty feet high, and covered with foliage, the parasites and creepers giving to the trees a regular dense roof; then the sugar-loaf peak and a back-bone running from it, towering above the coral wall, so steep that it could be seen from the beach itself, and all covered with trees, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruits, &c.; a bright coral beach, and two hundred and fifty clear, tawny-coloured forms running, jumping, bathing, swimming, chattering, and laughing."

They exchanged greetings at Valua, and discovered a beautiful harbour at Vanua Lava which the Bishop named Port Patteson, after Sir John Patteson.

The Santa Cruz group was again visited; and at Nukapu they exchanged names with the old chief Acenana, while at Santa Cruz itself swarms came out to meet them floating on planks; about two hundred and fifty people remaining on the beach eager for traffic.

At Bauro and Guadalcanar the visits were most satisfactory. Mr. Patteson landed at the former, remaining there from the Saturday till the Monday, the only Christian on the island—his first Sunday in an entirely heathen land. The chief Iri

took him to his house, one oblong room divided by a bamboo screen. He lay down in his clothes, all but his coat, and slept but little, though tired; the rats came in through the bamboo on every side, and made such a noise that he could not sleep. At daylight he sent Gariri—one of his own well-loved Bauro boys—to fetch some water, with which he shaved and washed, to the great admiration of Iri and the ladies, and of others also, who crowded together at the hole which served for door and window. He spent the Sunday in going to different settlements and villages, and had satisfactory conversations with the people, while in the evening he sat out on the beach; people gathered round him, and again there was a sort of half-preaching, half-conversing talk. At Gera or Guadalcanar thirteen people slept on board; and the next morning some hundred and sixty were on the deck at once, but the people were rather disappointed; for, remembering the danger of the last visit, they did not venture to take the vessel into the harbour.

They then turned southwards to New Caledonia, where a chief named Basset earnestly implored them for an English missionary. He himself would willingly have returned with them to New Zealand, but could not at that season, as he was planting his yams. He hoped, however, to come later. In the meantime he confided to them an orphan boy named Kanambat. Basset himself was, alas, never to visit Auckland; he was soon after sent to prison in Tahiti by the French, for refusing to receive a Roman priest.

They reached Nengonè on October the 23rd, and were joyfully welcomed by their old scholars. Wadrokal was away on an expedition; but they brought away five boys, one of whom belonged to the old set, and then passed on to Lifu, where the islanders entreated the Bishop to give them an English missionary. He, however, had none to give; but they brought away the Bishop's old scholar, the young chief John Cho, with his young wife and child, whom the Bishop had just baptized in the coral-lined chapel; and with them came also three other children. John Cho was to receive instruction to enable him to teach.

They were in great anxiety on the journey to Norfolk Island about a Guadalcanar youth, who had swallowed a piece of sugar-cane, which stuck in his throat and could not be extracted. Breathing was agony, and Mr. Patteson held him in his arms, expecting every moment to see him die. He needed constant reviving with ammonia and sal volatile, his first words as he came to being always: "I am Bishop! I am Patihana!" meaning that he changed names with them, which is the strongest token of affection that a Melanesian can give. On the third day he coughed up the piece of cane that had so distressed him, but still continued so ailing that Mr. Patteson would not leave him to go on shore at Norfolk Island, where the five Pitcairners landed and Mrs. Selwyn joined them.

On November 15th they reached Auckland after this most successful voyage. They had called at sixty-six islands, had effected eighty-one various landings, and had brought back thirty-three pupils from different islands, the greater number coming from the Solomon Islands, Bauro, and Guadalcanar. These northern groups seemed offering themselves to the work just as the Bishop found himself bound to withdraw from the southern and more habitable ones, which had been brought to the profession of Christianity by Missions outside the Church. This, however, was really fulfilling the aim of the Melanesian Mission, which was to bring to the Faith those islands which are too unhealthy for the permanent residence of Europeans. For this northern work the Banks Islands, so willing and so eager, afforded a safe harbour and convenient winter centre.

Not long after their return one of the Bauro boys died of tetanus, produced by the prick of one of his own poisoned arrows. Chloroform was freely used but in vain. He died in the Bishop's arms, unbaptized, to Mr. Patteson's intense sorrow; but, unless they were well assured of the faith of their scholars, none save babes were baptized. This boy's place was taken by William Didimang, who came from the same village. He had been amongst the first Bauro scholars, but nothing had been heard of him since he had been taken back to his island in 1853. He was away from home when the *Southern Cross* touched at Bauro in 1856, and had embarked in a trading

vessel intending to work his way to New Zealand, accompanied by the son of Iri, the chief. They had, however, been carried to China, and there Iri's son had died, so that Didimang made his way out to New Zealand alone.

In the meantime the pupils were doing well, their progress being more noticeable in matters imitative than in other branches. They learned to write more easily than to read, and they were very quick in adopting the new social usages among which they found themselves. They sat quietly at table, eating with forks and spoons, and drinking tea as if accustomed to it all their lives. They soon learned to keep their rooms and clothes neat, although in most cases their acquaintance with such things was to be numbered by days. The Loyalty Islanders were, in many ways, easier subjects to deal with than those from the north. They had come from a less relaxing climate; their soil needed effort to make it productive. Thus they had grown up in habits of labour and industry. Also, they had more or less come under the influence of the London Mission, which had been for some years established in Nengonè, and had imbibed something of the spirit of Christianity. The lads who had come straight from rampant heathenism progressed, of course, more slowly; and success with them had to be measured less by intellectual progress or fluency of expression on religious subjects than by their passage from idleness and dirt to cleanly and diligent habits. The first shows no moral effort, the second does; and one moral effort is worth much more than any amount of intellectual quickness or power of talk. These northern lads were delicate subjects, and needed delicate handling, morally and physically. They were like sensitive plants in New Zealand, and in the very height of summer had to wear corduroy trousers, blue serge shirts, woollen comforters, and warm Scotch caps, some of them a thick jersey besides; and with all these precautions they were always catching cold and getting disordered, and then could only support infantile treatment.

"The first impression produced upon one of these lads, newly brought from a heathen island, is that of wonder at the new and strange persons and practices by whom he is surrounded. He may

not make much progress in his learning—his dormant intellect will have enough to do in taking in the wonders which he sees around him. Order and discipline, steadiness and regularity, make his life very different from anything he has known before: he contrasts law with lawlessness. Having arrived at this point, it is probable that he returns to his own country. He finds that he is conscious of a want which he never knew before; he will wish to return again to New Zealand. Then his mind will enlarge—some great truth will present itself to him, the first ray of dawn in the darkness; and then, little by little, when once this truth is grasped, the mists of heathenism will gradually give way before it. To watch this process—to know by the brightening eye, the look of intelligence, the changing expression, that the heart is expanding and the mind awakening to the love of God and man—this is the blessing not seldom granted to those whose happy lot it is to live with natives of the Melanesian Islands."

Two of the Nengonè lads, Wadrokal and Harper Malo, were already standing out from the rest as likely to be shining lights to their companions and amongst the future native clergy.

An effort was now made to establish a winter school in the Loyalty group while the *Southern Cross* was on her cruise; and it was considered that in many ways Lifu would prove suitable for such an undertaking. The island had been, as we have seen, under the care of the London Mission, which had sent them Samoan teachers, but had been unable to supply a missionary. The natives had entreated the Bishop to send them one, and this plan would, at all events for some months of the year, give them what they so earnestly desired. Accordingly, in May, after touching at Nengonè, the *Southern Cross* passed on to Lifu. A number of people met them on landing and led them to the village where the young chief, Angadhohua, and many of his people were drawn up in a circle to receive them. Angadhohua bowed and touched his hat and took Mr. Patteson's hand, whispering, "We will always live together." He was sorely disappointed to find this could not be; but the Bishop explained to them his scheme for educating teachers and missionaries from each island, and invited the chief to accompany him on his cruise

and see his plan at work, proposing on his return to leave Mr. Patteson at Lifu, during the winter months, with the lads from the other islands.

Mr. Patteson slept that night in the house which they had built for the missionary they so desired, and next morning produced the books—Bible History, Prayers, Questions and Answers—that had been printed for them at S. John's. Their joy and delight were overwhelming, and the chief, Angadhohua, volunteered to accept the Bishop's invitation for the cruise. He was the supreme chief of the whole island, and that such a one should leave his people had never been permitted. There was a public meeting and much excitement over it; but John Cho came forward with tears in his eyes, saying that it was quite right and for the general good that it should be so; and five lesser chiefs were selected as his body-guard to accompany him.

They touched at Anaiteum with goods for Mr. Inglis, and took on visitors from that island to Fatè. They found Mr. Gordon well and prosperous at Erromango, and so passed on to Mae, where Peterè and Laurè were welcomed with delight, and gave such an account of New Zealand, and all they had seen and learned, that five young men and boys joined them at once, and many others later.

In the Banks Islands they were, as always, well received. At Vanua Lava they found in the interior pretty villages nestling under banyan trees, one of them provided with a guest-chamber for any visitors from the other islands. They brought away Sarawia and another boy to the winter school; from them Mr. Patteson hoped, too, to learn the language, as yet unknown, which was eventually to prove the most generally useful of all means of communication.

On May the 26th they reached Bauro, and in the afternoon the Bishop took his party of boys, nicely dressed and in full order, on shore. The chief, Iri, had to be told of his son's death in China, and his grief was most touching to witness. The men of the village broke a plank out of the son's canoe—no more use for it now! the women wailed and sang about their young chief cut off so early in a far distant

land; but the heart-stricken father sat silent and apart, with an ornament which had belonged to his son in his hand. By-and-by he joined the circle of men round Mr. Patteson, who was explaining to them why they came thus to fetch away their young men and boys. He told them that it was not to exchange fish-hooks and hatchets for yams and taro, nor to give the lads an opportunity for seeing other lands, but to teach them the knowledge of the Great Father in heaven, and of His Son Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, so that they might be happy hereafter. He told them that they were not like the beasts and birds that perish, but would one day rise and live for ever; and that to be able to live with the great God in happiness hereafter, they must leave off here fighting and hatred, stealing, lying, and impurity. A dead silence followed this putting of the choice before them, which involved the giving up the old evil habits, and the accepting a goodness which seemed to them so difficult as to be well-nigh impossible. The great majority seemed not to like such plain speaking. When, however, Mr. Patteson concluded by asking them if they would put up some house in which they might assemble for instruction, Iri, whose heart was much softened by his great loss, and who seemed only to lack energy to embrace Christianity decidedly, said that they would do so.

That same night, as Mr. Patteson lay on the floor by Iri's side, the latter said suddenly, "Do you think I shall ever see him again?" The death of his only son had brought home to his heart the great truth of the Resurrection, of which he had been told before; it had suddenly leaped into intense personal interest for him, and they talked long and earnestly about it. The next morning, when the Bishop and Mr. Patteson got into the boat, they found poor Iri and his wife already there; and they had great difficulty to prevent them from forsaking their own country and following them to Guadalcanar, where they next touched, and whence they brought away two boys for the winter school, making a total of twelve boys speaking five different languages.

They landed at Lifu on the 16th of June, and were in-

stalled in the big room built for them, which had a small room opening into it at each corner. Mr. Patteson remained there three months and three weeks. At first his position was exceedingly difficult, being entirely one of sufferance until the London Mission deputation arrived, which was to decide whether they should retain their position in the island or yield it to the Church. He adhered, however, strictly to the Bishop's rule of not introducing two forms of Christianity. At the end of July the deputation arrived and settled that, as they had no missionary for Lifu, they did not object to Mr. Patteson's working there at present; and if in another year they had no reinforcement from home they would consider the making over the island to him. From this time his way was, of course, much clearer.

The climate of Lifu during his stay there was perfect; a cloudless sky, and the trade-wind night and day rustling in the cocoa-nut trees. It was never very hot, and sometimes really cold; yet the people were by no means a healthy race; their habits were unhealthy, and their almost exclusive vegetable diet produced all manner of diseases—scrofula, tumours, &c., and the poor sufferers were much astonished and disappointed that Mr. Patteson did not heal them by miracle. Nor was the school an entire success, the boys themselves much preferring New Zealand with all its novelties of sight and sound. Another trouble was that water was scarce and fish not to be caught. His stay there was, however, of great benefit to the islanders. His school—his class of twenty-five men to whom he taught reading and writing—his services—his visitations of the sick—his tours round the island—and, perhaps more than all, the determination with which he refused to interfere in any way with the authority of the chief—all did them deep and enduring good. The people always had an inclination to appeal to the missionary as *the* great man, but Mr. Patteson declined to give directions which ought to issue from the chief, although he was once asked to do so by the chief himself. He always accorded to John Cho, and to other persons of rank, just such respect as they were accustomed to receive at the hands of their own people, and

it being a rule of the island that no one in the presence of the chiefs should ever presume to sit down higher than they, he would never do so; and once or twice when the chief had chosen to squat down on the ground among the people, he would jocularly leave the seat provided for him and place himself by the chief's side on the ground, such an example being the best practical lesson.

On September the 30th the *Southern Cross* made her appearance and Mr. Patteson took his way northwards, leaving his boys at their different islands, to the joy of their people. One of them, Wonfras, from Vanua Lava, found that his father had died during his absence and his grief was pitiful. The simple friendliness of the Banks Islanders never varied. They brought away from them four lads; and from Bauro, where Mr. Patteson's admonition of some months back had had effect, four more—two of them old scholars, two new. He repeated the lecture at Guadalcanar, its result being that crowds wished to come with them, out of which eight were chosen. Guadalcanar was more lawless than most of the other islands; the chiefs seemed to have little or no authority, and were continually fighting, so that much caution was needed there, though Mr. Patteson visited the huts and slept amongst them. The *Southern Cross* found herself becalmed for one afternoon in the triangle formed by Guadalcanar, Malanta, and Bauro, and "it was a grand sight to look along these three large mountainous islands, with their dark forests and high ridges standing against the clear sky, and to watch the changing light upon them as the sun went down, hot and fiery to the last, and the soft evening breeze came whispering over the smooth transparent sea."

Malanta would seem to be inhabited by two distinct races —the scattered people of the coast, speaking a Guadalcanar dialect, and the numerous inland race who dwell apart, protected by the tangled forest growths which separate them from the coast. These the Mission had never been able to reach. They brought away, however, one coast chief to spend the summer in New Zealand.

After again touching at Lifu and Nengonè they returned

to New Zealand with forty-five scholars and two babies, making with the crew sixty-three souls on board. Such a crowding would have been perilous to health but for the scrupulous care and cleanliness which ruled in the whole ship. The Bishop had caused it to be built with double tiers of beds, made of a frame of galvanised iron, with a piece of canvas stretched tightly over it, which could be raised or lowered at will, like the flaps of a table. They had no separate cabins; light calico curtains answered all the purpose of dividing a cabin into compartments. Part of the Bishop's and Mr. Patteson's cabin was given up at night to the three women and two babies, and was shut off by a canvas screen. The Bishop himself looked after them, washing the babies and tending the women when sick. By 7 A.M. all trace of night arrangements had vanished. The cabins looked and felt airy. Meals went on regularly, the boys living chiefly on yams, puddings, and cocoa-nuts, with plenty of excellent biscuits. The stores were kept in zinc lockers puttied down, and were distributed by the Bishop and Mr. Patteson themselves, so that nothing was wasted; and, what was more important, there were no droppings to be swept into dark corners to accumulate.

They settled down on their return; the three women and babies in separate houses, while their husbands, with thirty-nine other Melanesians, four Norfolk Islanders, Mr. Patteson and Mr. Dudley, made the daily dinner party in hall at S. John's College; and very happy did Mr. Patteson consider himself, at the head of his board with two rows of joyous merry Melanesians on either side of him. He was getting daily to love his boys and his work better and better; and his kindly regret for those whose lot was not cast among the Melanesian Islands was at once amusing and beautiful. He established the sick, of which there were always some, suffering from colds, coughs, or feverish attacks, in his own bedchamber, wrapping them up in his best rugs, and setting them in the warmest nook by the fire. He had morning and evening school daily in the large schoolroom, Mr. Dudley and Mr. Lush assisting him; but it was in his private classes in

his own room in the evening that he obtained such a wonderful influence over the hearts of his boys, his musical voice, his holy face, his gentle manners, impressing the very dullest. He was one with them; and, seeing always their best side, he drew it out, and they loved and trusted him more and more.

CHAPTER V

CONSECRATION OF JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

AND so the year 1859 passed quietly on. Mr. Patteson took his boys back to the Islands and returned for them in the spring, bringing away thirty-nine Melanesians, amongst whom were Sarawia, Wadrokal, Harper Malo, and George Simeona, whose wife, Carry, had died at Nengonè, and he himself soon followed her in New Zealand. He died with his hand in Mr. Patteson's, who was in the act of commending his soul to God. Simeona had been for two years a regular communicant. He left his little boy entirely to Mr. Patteson, the child's godfather.

This journey brought both the Bishop and Mr. Patteson to the conclusion that the best position for a winter school was Mota or Sugar Loaf Island. The dry soil, the spring of water, the wondrous fertility, the great far-spreading banyan tree, and above all the intelligence and perfect friendliness of the natives, all carried conviction to the Bishop's mind; and the plan was carried into action the following year.

In New Zealand an equally important move was being effected. The Bishop had for some time perceived that S. John's, bleak and healthy for Europeans, was by no means equally fit for the tropical Melanesians. Only by the most constant nursing and care had they been kept all alive to go back to their homes; and it was resolved that Mr. Patteson with his boys should move to a piece of ground which the Bishop had bought years before as Church property, and which was now the only piece of Church land which he had not handed over to the control of the General Synod. He had retained it with a special view to the Melanesian Mission; it consisted of one hundred and forty acres round a bay of rather

more than a quarter of a mile of sea frontage, just opposite to the entrance of Auckland harbour, and was well sheltered, being bounded on the east, south, and west by low hills which break off into sand cliffs over the sea, and are fringed with great pohutakawa trees, whose brilliant blossoms and glossy foliage lend to the Auckland Christmas our own holly colouring. Some of the wooden buildings, no longer needed at S. John's, were transported thither, and others more substantial added to them. The current expenses of the Mission had hitherto been defrayed by the Eton and Sydney Associations, together with a grant from the S. P. G. augmented by help from private donors. The additional expense of this new foundation was defrayed by two people. Sir John Patteson had become alive to the fact that his elder son, since he had become a Fellow of Merton, cost him £200 a year less than his younger, and he considered £800 to be due to him on this account; and Miss Yonge generously contributed to it the whole proceeds of "The Daisy Chain," which had been, in a great measure, suggested by characters belonging to the Melanesian Mission. The buildings formed three sides of a quadrangle—the hall, a really handsome room, being on the north side; it was built of grey scoria, almost imperishable, in collegiate style, and was able to accommodate seven at the high table and thirty-four at the long. A solid wall of the same scoria sheltered the buildings from the cold south wind, and the cliff and hill shut out the westerly; so they were left to the warm north and east breezes. The soil was very dry, and the beach was formed of the "*pipi*" bivalve, of which many cart-loads were placed under the wooden floors and around the buildings, giving so perfect a drainage that after heavy rain the soil was quite dry in a few hours. Mr. Patteson was able for the first time to absent himself for an hour from his flock without dread of any of them catching cold through lying down on a damp clay soil such as that of S. John's College. The climate indeed was almost tropical; and they lived most happily and comfortably with the lovely Auckland harbour and the mighty triple cone of Rangitoto—an extinct island volcano—before their eyes; the

smooth sea and clean dry beach just below them. The sun shone on them all day from sunrise to sunset, and the lads were able to bask in it, besides enjoying their fishing, bathing, and boating. They never ceased proclaiming the superiority of Kohimarama to S. John's. Very dear little fellows there must have been amongst these boys. Mr. Patteson talks of about seven of them scarcely too big to take on his knee and talk to about God, and Heaven, and Jesus Christ. He felt as though he had an *instinct* of love towards them, as they looked wonderingly up with their deep dark eyes and smooth glossy skins and warm soft cheeks to ask their simple questions. How their eyes glistened as he told them that most excellent of all tales—the story of Joseph; and they pushed out their heads to hear the sequel of his making himself known to his brethren, and asking once more about "the old man of whom ye spake, is he yet alive?"—a tale which Mr. Patteson could never either read or tell with a steady voice. His teachings to all the lads had developed wondrously as the languages became more and more familiar to him—Bauro, Gera, Nengonese, and Lifu, all were now his own to use as he chose and saw best for his beloved charges.

In the April of 1860 Mr. Patteson, accompanied by Mr. Dudley and Mr. Kerr, a New Zealand missionary, sailed from Auckland with his thirty-seven scholars. They touched at the various islands, leaving the different boys in their own homes, and reached Mota at the end of May, where they proceeded to set up their winter school, to the great joy of the natives, who swarmed around the *Southern Cross* to carry off the wooden frame of the Mission-house, bringing bread-fruit and yams, for which they refused any payment. Many of the people unroofed their own huts to thatch the Mission-house; quite one hundred people labouring at it, so that it was soon finished. The walls were of bamboo canes, bound together; the flooring-planks had been brought from New Zealand, and the heavy posts on which they were laid had been cut in Vanua Lava. The thatch was of cocoa-nut leaves, and quite waterproof. Mr. Dudley described the surroundings as lovely; beneath the shade of a gigantic banyan, the trunk and one long horizontal branch of which

formed two sides of a beautiful picture; the sloping bank, with its cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and other trees, and the coral beach, in the foreground; the deep, clear, blue, tropical ocean, with other of the Banks group—Valua, Matlavo, and Ureparapara—in the distance. Beds were a superfluity; they slept on the floor, which was well raised on poles over two feet from the ground. On the Wednesday in Whitsun week, after a short service, the first ever held in Mota, Mr. Ashwell and Mr. Kerr set off for New Zealand, leaving Mr. Patteson and Mr. Dudley behind with their twelve pupils. It was their last sight of the good *Southern Cross*, for on the return journey she encountered heavy weather and continuous storms, and during the night of June 23rd was wrecked off the northern coast of New Zealand, the two clergymen and crew having been three hours of the long night clinging to the rigging. No lives, however, were lost, to the Bishop's intense thankfulness.

In the meantime affairs were progressing at Mota. Mr. Patteson bought for the Mission two and a half acres of the land leading from the house to the sea, with twenty or more bread-fruit trees on it. The affair was conducted with all possible form and solemnity, Mr. Patteson writing down all the names, and bringing each one of the owners up in turn to see his name put down, and making him touch the pen as a cross was put against it. There were about a hundred and twenty of these naked owners; and when the ceremony was over, Mr. Patteson, having inquired carefully whether any one else had a claim on land or tree, said: "Now all this belongs to me;" to which they all consented. Mr. Dudley had a perfect gift for making the most of their small resources. He made a frame on which knapsacks, bags, &c., could be hung, so that only the four boxes, which served in turn as tables, desks, and chairs, remained on the floor.

The people of Mota believed in a future state; they thought that the spirits of the dead returned in the night, and smote all who met them with madness. Their chief god was Ikpat, the creator, whom they believed to have had many brothers, one of whom was the spirit of evil. Ikpat had one day sailed off, taking with him all that was good; and, when Mr. Patteson

landed with his party, they thought them to be Ikpat and his brothers returned. Then they thought their dead had come back to them, and one cried: "I see how it is. When I die I shall go to New Zealand, and come back again to Mota." In the Banks Islands the natives have a special friend, called a *pulsala*, whom they are bound to assist and supply at need with food and lodging. The Mota lads chose boys from other islands and treated them with the utmost kindness.

The S. Barnabas Day of 1860 was a notable one for Mota, for on it both the Sacraments were administered for the first time in the island. In the morning Mr. Patteson administered the Holy Communion to Mr. Dudley and four Nengonese; and in the evening came a messenger from a leading man, whose child was dying. Mr. Patteson explained to them that he was about to do a thing which they could not now understand, but which was the command of Jesus Christ the Son of God; that it would in no way heal the child's body, but that it would make his spirit to belong to God, so that if he lived he must be trained up in His service; if he died, he would go to heaven to God. Then he knelt down, and in their own language he prayed that the child might receive the fulness of the Sacrament, and that God would, according to His promise, receive it for His; and, amid the silence of all present, he baptized the sick child as it lay on its mother's lap by the name of John—the first Christian child in the Banks Islands. Again he knelt and prayed for it, and for them all; and with a few words of kindness left them as "the darkness settled down on the village, and the bright stars came out overhead." The babe died three days after, and they were beginning a great lamentation and wailing over it, when Mr. Patteson came and spoke to them of the Resurrection, and the child's blessedness. Then he prayed for them all, and thanked God for having taken the babe to Himself.

The island was just then in a troubled state. An initiation was in process into a sort of heathen freemasonry, into which the sons of well-to-do people were admitted quite early, and in which they proceeded from rank to rank gradually, each rank eating in a separate compartment of their own, into which none of lower rank might intrude under pain of heavy

punishment. The ceremonies connected with this initiation were distinctly and corruptly heathen; and Mr. Patteson would have nothing to say to those who did not openly and decidedly renounce the whole thing. But it was deeply rooted in their prejudices, and gave him much trouble, hindering the boys from coming to him. Nevertheless the people thronged to talk to him at the Mission station, and built him a school-shed at another village.

The little Mission estate was being brought into order; bananas, vines, oranges, and pine apples were being planted, and spaces being cleared between the trees so as to open up the lovely views beyond.

In July Mr. Patteson, leaving Mr. Dudley in charge of the school and station, started with Wadrokal and two Malanta men to visit the other islands. When he landed at a new place he took with him nothing but a book for writing names and new words in, which he carried in his hat to preserve it from the water when he swam ashore, as was his custom. But the exposure of these excursions, lasting sometimes days, in an open boat, the sleeping on bare boards, and the lack of all animal food, began to tell upon him; and, towards the end of July, he suffered great pain from a small tumour which had formed in his ear. The season was an unhealthy one; some of the lads were quite laid up with dysentery. All their stores of chocolate, wine, and biscuit were used up, and September passed away without any sign of the *Southern Cross*. It was most depressing; all the more so because, though the people "heard him gladly," none of them forsook their idols and superstitions. But Mr. Patteson's hope in them never failed. He wrote:—

"They know that a better teaching has been presented to them. They do not pursue their old habits with the same unthinking security. There are signs of a certain uneasiness of mind, as if a struggle was beginning in them. They have a vague consciousness, some of them, that the power is passing away from their witchcrafts, sorceries, &c., by which they unquestionably did and still do work strange effects on the credulous people."

So ground had been gained, and much experience and

insight into means, surroundings, and difficulties acquired, so that from his own judgment he was able to say:—

"The feasibility of the Bishop's old scheme is more and more apparent to me. Only I think that in taking away natives to the summer school, it must be understood that some (and they few) are taken from new islands merely to teach us some of their languages and to frank us so that we may have access in safety to their islands. Should any of them turn out well, so much the better; but it will not be well to take them with the expectation of their becoming teachers to their people. But the other section of the school will consist of young men whose behaviour we have watched during the winter in their own homes, whose professions we have had an opportunity of testing—*they* may be treated as young men on the way to become teachers eventually to their countrymen. One learns much from living among a heathen people; and only by living in our pupils' homes shall we ever know their real characters. Poor fellows! they are adepts in all kinds of deceitfulness at a very early age, and so completely in our power on board the schooner and at Kohimarama, that we know nothing of them as they are."

On October 1st, as Mr. Patteson was watching beside a dying woman, a schooner, the *Zillah*, hove in sight. She had taken the place of the lost *Southern Cross* in coming for them. A miserable substitute she proved for their good old ship; and this was all the more felt as the sickness increased much, and Mr. Dudley was disabled by a sunstroke. One of the boys died, and the remainder were just pulled through by the devoted nursing of Mr. Patteson, and some bottles of wine which the Bishop had sent. On the 26th of November they reached New Zealand with sixteen scholars.

And so they settled in to the old life at Kohimarama, which involved at first a great deal of training of the new lads in their daily domestic duties by Mr. Patteson. They were apt scholars, however, and soon advanced enough to do their work unwatched; and then he was able to devote himself, in the hours which the school did not claim, to the study and comparison of the different languages and dialects which formed so important a part of his work, and which carried him

often far on into the night, making his day a long one, for it began somewhere about 5 A.M.

But a great development was dawning over his life. He had now been working for six years devotedly and loyally under his great Bishop. With the most painstaking and conscientious effort he had steadily directed every talent, every hour, every minute of his life, to the one work he had set before him. However small or uncongenial his occupation, however hard, or dangerous, or difficult, it had been ever met in the same calm, gentle, self-possessed spirit of love and duty; and, moulded by the unaffected simplicity and humility which formed perhaps the most marked feature in his beautiful and peculiarly sensitive character, he had been gaining in depth, breadth, and power, as he had all unconsciously learnt to act more and more on his own judgment. "Fearless as a man, tender as a woman," showing both the best sides of human nature, always drawing out the good in all about him by force of sympathy, and not only taking care that nothing should be done by others that he would not do himself, but doing himself what he did not like to ask of them, God's grace had gone along with him, and had led him through every step and stage of his life to its crowning responsibility and dignity. The Bishop of New Zealand had from the first known that if the Island Mission prospered it would need a head of its own, unencumbered with the weight and cares of the parent diocese. The time had come. The Mission had increased with extraordinary rapidity, and the man was at hand fitted by his exceptional gifts of personal holiness, of sweet and winning presence, of calm and unerring judgment, of manifold powers of speech, for the work; trained too by the Bishop himself. The Home Government had been communicated with, and permission legally obtained for the step, and it was decided that John Coleridge Patteson should be consecrated first Missionary Bishop of Melanesia. He himself had strong and perhaps over-scrupulous objections as to his own fitness for the position; but, here as ever, his humility led him to submit to the judgment of his Bishop and friend; and, on the Feast of S. Matthias, 1861, he was consecrated

to the office of Bishop in the Church of Christ in S. Paul's Church, Auckland, by the Bishops of New Zealand, Wellington, and Nelson.

The service was impressive and beautiful; the young Bishop's face "meek, holy, and calm, as though all conflict was over, and he was resting in the divine strength." He was installed with all due formality in the temporary Chapel of S. Andrew's, Kohimarama.

Thus, during this opening period of the history of the Melanesian Mission, we have traced it from the first heroic visits of its great organizer, his dauntless solitary landings in the unknown Isles in 1848. We have seen his first five scholars from New Caledonia, Nengonè, and Lifu brought to New Zealand in 1849. In 1850, after the formation of the Australian Board of Missions, came four more dark lads, one of these from Bauro or San Cristoval, in the Solomon group, so difficult to reach. In 1851 the Bishops of New Zealand and Newcastle made a circuit among the Loyalty and New Hebrides groups, in which they were in great peril at Mallicolo, and brought back thirteen lads; while in 1852, during a cruise which extended to the Solomon and Santa Cruz groups, nineteen baptisms took place, including that of the Regent of Lifu and of one Solomon islander; so that in these four years the Bishop had visited more than fifty islands, and had brought away forty scholars speaking ten different languages. In 1854 came his visit to England, and his return with John Coleridge Patteson, and a new Mission vessel, the *Southern Cross*. In her they together visited the Islands, bringing back fourteen boys, of whom seven were Solomon islanders; and Mr. Patteson's reception on his return trip with these lads at Bauro and Guadalcanar may be called a veritable triumph, a perfect flotilla of canoes coming out to welcome him. He slept ashore at the latter place, the first white man to do so, while the ship was visited by 450 natives, five of them great chiefs, and forty-six sleeping on board. In the journey of 1857 they called at sixty-six islands, effected eighty-one landings, and brought away thirty-three pupils, chiefly from Bauro and Guadalcanar.

In 1858 Mr. Patteson held a winter school at Lifu; while later on they touched at a great number of islands, and brought back forty-five scholars. 1859 brought a great development to the Mission in the shape of S. Andrew's College, Kohimarama, followed in 1860 by the formation of a Mission Station at Mota for the holding of a winter school; while in 1861 the first period of the history closes with the consecration of Mr. Patteson, who had so perfectly proved his fitness for the work, as Missionary Bishop.

This period has also seen the conversion and baptism of some who were to take an important part in the Mission work, and of others equally devoted who passed away within a short time of their baptism. Among the former may be reckoned Wadrokal, Sarawia, and Harper Malo; among the latter Apàle, Siapo, and Simeona and his wife, who fell asleep in the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.

PART II

The Right Rev. JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

BISHOP OF MELANESIA

1861—1866

"I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love; and I was to them as they that take off the yoke on their jaws, and I laid meat unto them."

STAFF OF THE MISSION

Bishop

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

Priest

THE REV. LONSDALE PRITT

THOMAS KERR, ESQ., R.N.

BENJAMIN THORNTON DUDLEY, ESQ.

CHAPTER I

ESTABLISHMENT AT MOTA

IN the winter of 1861 the new Bishop made his first journey as such to his Island diocese. He had considerable trouble in procuring a vessel for the trip, and was forced to content himself with the patched-up *Dunedin*. He took with him Mr. Pritt, who had originally come to New Zealand as the Bishop of Nelson's chaplain, but who had now with his wife permanently joined the Mission, and Mr. Kerr. The latter had been master in H.M. surveying brig *Pandora*, and proved a most valuable addition to the Mission staff. The Bishop of New Zealand declared him to be his successor in his "nautical office," as Bishop Patteson was in his spiritual functions. With them also went Wadrokal and his young wife, and Tagalad, a Mota boy whom Bishop Patteson had brought back with him on a former expedition, and of whom he entertained the highest opinion and fondest hopes, declaring that "he, of all who have come into my hands absolutely stark naked and savage, gives now the greatest ground for hope and thanksgiving."

They reached Erromango in June to hear of a ghastly tragedy. A severe epidemic had set in; and the people, who seemed to have little affection for Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, the Presbyterian missionary and his wife, murdered them both. The sandal-wood traders half a mile off had hurried up, but only in time to prevent desecration of the bodies and destruction of the Mission-house. They had buried them both in one grave, over which, eighteen days after the tragedy, Bishop Patteson read the burial-service.

Mae, Tasiko, and Ambrym were touched at, and from the first two scholars were brought off; but at the last there was

a suspicious attempt to fire an arrow upon the Bishop as he swam ashore alone, "leaving for prudence sake the rest" in the boat.

At Mota there was a warm welcome, and the Mission-house was found standing safely and nearly waterproof. A smaller house was soon put up for Wadrokal and his little wife. The genial warmth, the lovely views, the picnic life were all to the Bishop's taste. Tagalad found his father dead. In his great distress the child's first words to his beloved teacher were: "Oh that the Word of God had come to Mota in old times; I should not then cry so much about him."

The daily school and the working up the station into order and beauty were left to Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr, while the Bishop renewed his old course of circulating among the villages and islands. He slept in the *gamals* or men's common rooms, hardly noticing the thirty, forty, fifty, naked fellows sleeping round him. This life, however, began to tell on his health, and his right ear again became troublesome; indeed a good deal of sickness prevailed, there being an epidemic of influenza in some of the neighbouring islands. The Mission party were for a time kept going on port and quinine. Wadrokal was attacked by ague, which he bore "like a man"; and a Lifu boy died of inflammation of the brain. He was a simple-minded, gentle fellow, son of the great enchanter, the hereditary high-priest, of Lifu.

Meantime the young Bishop was asked on one side by Tagalad's people to give them Wadrokal or some other as teacher, while on another a deputation of men and women *eating together*, the greatest proof of the uprooting of heathen customs, came to him to be taught. He saw that among them generally "the work of breaking down had been attained, that of building up" had to come. It is the second stage of missionary endeavour; and if it has not the danger of the first it is certainly more difficult, being the point at which most Missions have broken down. At Mota, for example, the people were giving up fighting, were losing faith in their old charms and contrivances for compassing the death of their enemies, and would soon be at peace throughout the whole island.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

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Then, unless their whole social and domestic life were changed, and a new character infused into them, they would become entirely idle, talk infinite scandal, and indulge in unlimited gluttony; so that, while professing to believe Christianity, their whole life would be in entire opposition to it. The practical object now, and the most difficult, was to teach them to become industrious, honest, persevering, tidy, clean, and careful with children. How was it to be done?

Suddenly appeared upon the scene H.M.S. *Cordelia*, whose commander, Captain Hume, came himself across in a boat to offer Bishop Patteson a cruise among the Solomon Islands, and any assistance he might desire; bearing also letters from the Primate assuming that he would go. There was much to be done in the Solomon group. At Ysabel, one of the islands which the Bishop had never as yet visited, there had been a disturbance. This journey further westward than he had ever been was a great gain, enabling him to acquire a considerable insight into the language, a very remarkable one, closely connected with both Polynesian and Melanesian dialects. A word or two gave him insight into the secrets of a language, its forms, affixes, and the peculiar terminations by which it was linked on to other dialects. Altogether this expedition opened up to him a large and unknown section of his scattered diocese. But the great gain which it brought to the Mission was the addition to its staff of Lieut. Tilly, R.N., whom the Bishop so interested that he offered himself as commander of the future *Southern Cross*. After returning in the *Cordelia* to England, Mr. Tilly would superintend the building of the new vessel and bring her out to New Zealand.

The Bishop got back to Mota to find Mr. Pritt recovering, but Mr. Kerr so ill that he was glad to send him, under Captain Hume's kind care, to Auckland. Three weeks later, on October the 10th, arrived Mr. Dudley in the *Sea Breeze* to take them all back; and with a goodly party of lads they set off. He thought both the Bishop and Mr. Pritt looking pale and worn, but was much struck by the advance in the island. In front of the large schoolroom, which had been built, some hundred natives gathered in the evenings, the elder ones

talking, the younger playing games, until prayer time, when all stood round and sang a hymn in Mota, and the Bishop prayed with and for them.

They passed through the New Hebrides, visiting them one by one till they came to Norfolk Island, where they found letters conveying the tidings of Sir John Patteson's death, for which indeed those brought by the *Cordelia* had already prepared the Bishop; so that, deep as was his grief, it came with no shock; also there was the exquisite comfort of knowing that his father had been granted the great joy of knowing of his son's consecration ere he was called away. At Norfolk Island, too, came to him what may well be called a great success. For Mr. Nobbs, entirely won by what he had seen of the Mission, offered to him his son Edwin, a fine lad of eighteen, for the work; and Simon Young, one of the Pitcairners, in the same way devoted his son Fisher. The Bishop insisted on delay and consideration, that the lads themselves might have time to count the cost; but he felt the whole simple-hearted population drawing more closely to the Mission.

After his return to Kohimarama, Bishop Patteson ordained deacon his first candidate, Benjamin Thornton Dudley, while the Primate ordained two Maori deacons.

The life at Kohimarama went on as before, its quiet healthy routine unbroken. The intelligence of the lads was quite remarkable. Some who had come away in October, utterly wild, never having worn an article of clothing of any sort, familiar with every kind of vice, could now write an account of a Scripture print, or answer MS. questions fairly and legibly in their own books. More than half the party, thirty in all, could read and write their own language well. The first Banks Island class was catechised much as an intelligent class in an ordinary Sunday-school would be.

On the Christmas Day of this year the Bishop baptized Mary, a girl of fourteen, whom he three days after married to Harper Malo, who had in this hope brought her to be educated. In the following March, however, she passed away, from consumption, entering peacefully and happily into her eternal rest. That Harper Malo's intelligence was quite of an unusual type

may be gathered from the fact, that a lad from Santa Maria in the Banks group was placed under his charge, and in a short time Harper, who was from Nengonè, had acquired enough of his language to be able to translate an elementary book into it.

Another remarkable lad had permanently joined the Mission on the last journey, Sarawia. He had originally been one of five boys who, in 1857, at the invitation of Bishop Selwyn, had come on board the *Southern Cross*. Three of these had not the courage to remain on board; Sarawia, and another, Wompas, stayed. Both of them, however, fled when evening prayers began, believing that they were about to be killed. Sarawia, who could not find his way on deck, remained, looking with apprehension at the worshippers, till prayers were over, when, reassured by Mr. Patteson, he and Wompas slept on board. They quite understood the invitation given them to go to New Zealand for eight months, but had no faith in the certainty of a return home. Wompas was a highly decorated person. "His coiffure was a study—the hair, matted closely together, standing high like a comb above his head, while from either side protruded two huge knobs like horns." Wompas deserted the Mission, leaving behind him, however, his remarkable head-dress, which one of the ship's crew beguiled him into exchanging for a hatchet and a red cotton night-cap, "the whole work of art having been carefully removed with razor and scissors, without injury; the night-cap served conveniently to cover up the denuded scalp." Sarawia joined Mr. Patteson's party at Lifu in the following year, and when later on he followed them to New Zealand it was found that in a quiet way he had held a class, and had taught them as far as he could what he himself had learnt. He had built himself a house of two storeys, the amazement of all Vanua Lava; he inhabited the upper storey with his wife, and used the lower for his school.

One lad from Mota had brought with him his little wife of ten years old, who in six months had learnt to read and write her own language readily.

CHAPTER II

PERIL AND SUCCESS

In June 1862 they again set sail in the *Sea Breeze*, and made a voyage which the Bishop himself considered the most remarkable of all. Not that he compared it in importance to the first expeditions of the Bishop of New Zealand, whose God-given wisdom and foresight had from the first seen and organized the plan on which they were now successfully working; but on this journey he was able not only to land at many places where, as far as he knew, no white man had set foot before, but to go inland and inspect the houses, canoes, &c., in the crowded villages. At Santa Cruz, where they had never landed, he now did so at seven different places, during which he saw about 1200 men wild, naked, armed with spears and clubs, or bows and poisoned arrows, but against him not one hand was uplifted, not one sign of ill-will was exhibited.

Six years had elapsed since Peterè and Laurè had joined them, and every year since Mae had given them scholars. The island had of itself a peculiar interest, as its language was closely connected with Maori. They had slept there and were on friendly terms with the inhabitants. On this journey the Bishop landed, with two or three others, among his old acquaintances, who as ever were painted and armed, leaving Mr. Dudley and Wadrokal in the boat. He remarked, however, after a short time something strange in the manner of the people, and he did not see Peterè, who was a chief of some importance, and was always the first to greet him. He asked for him and was told he was not well; a little while after he was told that he had died of dysentery. He went on to Peterè's village, where he found a large party lamenting and crying. He told them how grieved he was to hear of Peterè's

death, but still their manner was strange and constrained. At length an old scholar told him that Peterè had been shot by a white man in a ship. The Bishop made inquiries about the man, the ship, &c., and all excitedly told the same tale. As he returned to the boat there was a threatening rush at him from behind, when three men came from the bush and distributed *kava*, the peace-importing leaves of the pepper-tree, among the people, who at once became friendly and dispersed. Had they been strangers they would, as white men, have been slain in revenge, a sacred duty with the natives; but they had been pronounced friends, and so were safe. The Bishop returned on shore with Mr. Pritt and Mr. Kerr to show his perfect confidence—*the* thing to establish.

At Ambrym the Bishop waded to the beach and landed, walking through a throng of some three hundred people, his arm round an old man's neck who had helped him ashore and placed it there. He was able to catch a few words which served him as a basis of conversation, and was made to plant two small trees. Two boys kept close to him all the way, and he at length took their hands and so walked on. When he reached the water they still held his hands, and, so holding, waded with him and getting into the boat went with him on board. He also returned to Tikopia, the Isle of Giants. Here they refused to give him boys, but wanted him to take two full-grown men. The Bishop, however, did not choose to take two of these rough unmanageable giants, the biggest men he had ever seen, in whose hands he felt quite small and powerless. They would have been uncontrollable at Kohimarama. He landed a second time on the island, but could not prevail upon them to let him have any boys. He was rejoiced thus to have succeeded in landing there, for the place is considered dangerous by whalers.

An experience which delayed him was the before-mentioned landing at Santa Cruz, the first time this had been effected since the days of the Spaniards, and he did so several times and found the people most friendly. They showered gifts upon him, but they none of them had the courage to come away with him. One bright pretty boy took off his

shell necklace and put it round his neck, making him signs that he would come with him in eight or ten moons. The same sort of reception awaited him at Opa or Leper's Isle, a most lovely place, strangely maligned by its English name.

At Mala, in the Solomon group, two fine lads joined him; and at Santa Maria, which they had never before visited without being shot at, he walked inland wherever he pleased; the great crowds of men, armed and suspicious of each other, were all friendly to him. At Espiritu Santo a boy came off to him without his landing. At Florida Island, a place the Mission had never reached, one man out of a group of about eighty returned with him to the boat, and, without any opposition, came away with him; while Taroaniaro, a lad whom the Primate had in the old days picked up as he was paddling his canoe against a strong wind, and kept on board all night, sending him away next morning with presents, joined him, and came away with him. At Ysabel a young chief visited him with a white cockatoo perched falcon-fashion on his wrist; he presented it to the Bishop, inquiring gracefully at the same time after Captain Hume of the *Cordelia*.

During this journey, which lasted nineteen weeks, Mr. Dudley had remained at Mota with Mr. Pritt keeping the winter school. All there had gone well. The schools had prospered, and in Mota the custom of carrying weapons had been dropped. The one trouble had been that Mr. Dudley had been laid up with chronic rheumatism during the whole of his stay; Mr. Pritt had happily continued well and strong. The Bishop had meantime sailed far beyond the most distant islands previously reached, had landed over seventy times amid crowds of natives naked and armed, in places half of which had never yet been trodden by a white man. Never had an arm been raised against him, never a bow drawn or spear shaken. It seemed almost miraculous. And now, in the November of 1862, he returned with fifty-seven Melanesians and five Pitcairners, speaking twenty-four different languages, eight of which he did not know, though he could perceive they all hung on to the chain of the "great Pacific language."

The crown of joy came on the following Feast of the Cir-

cumcision, when he baptized six of the pupils who were dear to him as his own children—Sarawia, Tagalad, Qasvaraň, Woleg, Taroaniara, and Kanambat, names to be remembered in the future of the work.

Mr. Pritt was proving himself a most valuable assistant, bringing into the establishment, without any intrusion of himself, a quite superior order, punctuality, and method. He had a great knowledge of boys and how to deal with them, and a perfect genius for detail and management. He immensely reduced the expenses of the College, dispensing with all hired labour, and making it before long, as far as possible, self-supporting. The comfort was doubly felt, as Mr. Dudley had to be sent south to Canterbury to recruit his quite shattered health.

Two more valuable workers had, however, joined them—Mr. John Palmer, a student of St. John's; and Joseph Atkin, the only son of a settler, who had taken a scholarship at St. John's, and whose abilities were highly thought of.

A brilliant sort of after-glow of all this content came on the last day in February, when the new *Southern Cross*, provided by friends in England, arrived under the charge of Mr. Tilly, who gave an excellent report of her sailing-powers in every way. The Bishop thought her internal arrangements only too luxurious. It was pouring with rain when she arrived, but he could not restrain himself, and clad in shirt and trousers, he launched his boat through the heavy surf, reaching the ship wet through, but delighted to find all his expectations more than realized. She was fast, dry, and safe, and could carry a large number of scholars. All was blessed to him. His Melanesians really were everything to him: "the promise fulfilled, father, and sisters and brothers, a hundredfold—a continual halo of hope brightening all."

One little fortnight, however, and all this brightness was overclouded; the Bishop's first great trouble was upon him. Dysentery, in a most malignant form, broke out among the boys. The new *Southern Cross* was turned into a quarantine ship, and the College dining-hall into a hospital, over which the Bishop devotedly watched as priest, nurse, and loving friend.

Every possible remedy was resorted to by the medical men, but all proved of no avail. Fifty out of the fifty-two Melanesians were attacked, and six died. Only two out of the Norfolk Islanders suffered; and none of the English party were in any way touched. The Bishop never seemed the worse in health for all the hours spent in the foul atmosphere, amid the sights and scenes of suffering which wrung his heart. It seemed endless. At one time twenty-four sick to tend, after "burying two dear lads in one grave; and once after a breathless watch of two hours, while they all slept the sleep of opium, for we dared almost anything to give them some rest, stealing at night across the room to the figure wrapped so strangely in its blanket, and finding it cold and stiff, while one dying lay close by." For eighteen hours of the twenty-four he was beside them. No office was too menial and repulsive for him; and after closing the eyes of those who died, he himself washed the wasted form, and bore it, wrapped in its white winding-sheet, into the little chapel; and there, kneeling beside it, could, from the depths of his faithful heart, thank God that the trial had come in this form, and not in the falling away of any of his beloved boys. One lad, when all hope was over, he carried wrapped in his winding-sheet into the chapel, and there with choked voice and weeping eyes baptized him. On the 1st of April, the Bishop's birthday, a dear lad of ten or twelve, from the Banks Islands, named Sosaman, the last to die, passed away; and as he knelt beside him, closing his eyes in death, he was haunted by the face of the poor mother, who, unknowing the Christian hope in death, could but feel that her boy had been taken from her forever. Only the most determined self-command prevented him from entirely breaking down.

Amongst the sufferers themselves reigned a perfect patience wonderful to behold. Under all their agony, never a groan, never a murmur, never the slightest waywardness or fretfulness. Mr. Pritt and Mr. Palmer prepared the rice water and nourishing food necessary for them. Archdeacon Lloyd came from Auckland to assist; and the Primate, the best of all nurses, returned from a journey to help. But with Sosaman's death came a change. There was an alleviation in the worst symptoms.

The eyes and faces grew less haggard, and gradually, gradually, on the poor worn faces broke out again the loving, bright smile with which they were wont to greet their Bishop. Soon the hall ceased to be a hospital, and returned to its proper use; the dark cloud had passed away.

But the consequences of the epidemic had to be thought of. The six lads who had died had come from six different islands, and one was the only scholar they had ever had from Whitsuntide Island. Special care and watchfulness would be needed on the first voyage of the new *Southern Cross*.

CHAPTER III

IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES

On May the 2nd the new ship set forth, having on board as a visitor to the Mission the Rev. R. Codrington, Fellow of Wadham, whose learning and culture were a great pleasure and refreshment to the Bishop. Mr. Tilly, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Atkin were all on board; and the invalids benefited at once by the change. They touched at Norfolk Island, and from thence passed on to Mota, where, as the Bishop jumped ashore, he was met by the father of the lad whom he had baptized as he lay in his shroud. As he grasped his hand the whole weight of the trial seemed as it were by a sudden revelation to manifest itself so as entirely to overwhelm and unnerve him. The tears streamed down the Bishop's cheeks, and his voice was half choked during the meeting. The lad was about seventeen years old, and his father's pride; a girl had already been chosen as his wife. The poor fellow trembled all over, and his face was wet with tears as he said, "It is all well, Bishop; he died well. I know you did all you could, it is all well;" and the Bishop felt that his son's death might be to him, too, the means of eternal life.

In the meantime Mr. Pritt was left in charge at Mota with Mr. Palmer; the Norfolk Islanders and several old scholars remaining with them, while the Bishop spent a fortnight among the Islands, taking back his lads and bringing away fresh ones, so that he returned with some sixteen or seventeen to the school. All at Mota was doing well, the whole island at peace and undisturbed, the school large and prospering; and again he started for the New Hebrides, to return his boys and to bring back provisions in the shape of yams for the school. In another fortnight he was back again to find, alas, that dysentery

had set in, accompanied by severe influenza. Some twenty-five deaths had already occurred outside the station; and during the two or three days that he spent in going about the island there were twenty-seven more, while people were dying on all sides in a terrible condition of weakness and emaciation. Mr. Pritt was doing what he could for the sick; but how was it possible to supply nourishing food to a whole island in which no nourishing food existed. The sick were miles distant in different directions; the rain was incessant, and the ground steaming with vegetable exhalations. There was nothing for it but to take the scholars away at once from the infection; and so, explaining to the poor islanders why he so left them, the Bishop set off, returning the Solomon Islanders to their homes, and, in spite of foul weather and baffling winds, making straight for New Zealand with thirty-three Banks Islanders, one New Caledonian, and four lads from Ysabel, the most northerly of the islands yet attained. The voyage was much shorter than had been originally intended, but there was no help for it; and the perfect friendliness with which the Bishop had been received at Ambrym, where he had hardly known how they might be influenced by the death in New Zealand of one of their first lads to go, had brought him a strange comfort and assurance for the future. He felt strongly that in places where some years back no white man could have ventured he could walk inland, sleep ashore, and place himself entirely in the hands of the people, with the confidence of being among friends.

In the meantime he returned to find the Maori war in full progress, and matters generally in a very unsettled condition. Again there was a recurrence of dysentery among his boys. One died and two were with difficulty pulled through.

In the Ember week Mr. Palmer was ordained deacon; after which the Bishop himself was seized with ague, which kept him in his bed part of Christmas Day. A few days' change and holiday spent at the Primate's revived him; but the dysentery continued among the scholars, and Sir George Grey lent them his place at Kawau, an island to the north of Auckland, in the hope that the change might benefit them.

How far the Bishop employed the short time thus left him in what is ordinarily understood as rest may be gathered from the fact that he systematised and put into the printer's hands, in the four months extending from October to February, grammars of seventeen languages, besides working up eight or ten more in MS. He had collected numerals in forty quite unknown dialects, besides from 500 to 2000 or more carefully ascertained words in many dialects, all of which he was, of course, anxious to place in the hands of as many as possible for future use.

But the continued sickness had awakened a doubt as to whether New Zealand could ever be a safe residence for the tropical Melanesians, and other localities were in consideration. Also it was thought right to report to the Australian supporters of the Mission the great progress made since the formation of the Board of Missions in 1850, and Bishop Patteson undertook the work, the free and spare time of the journey bringing him the rest and refreshment he so much needed. He made at once for Adelaide, his farthest point. Here he was met at the port by the Bishop and clergy, and the Diocesan Synod assembled to greet him. His addresses excited an immense interest, and about £250 were raised for the Mission. The fertility and beauty of the place astonished him, also the luxuriance of the fruit. One bunch of grapes weighed fourteen pounds. He then proceeded to Melbourne, where he aroused an interest never before shown in Mission work, the hall being crowded, adults and children even sitting on the floor. The result here was £350. At Sydney came an even heartier response. The Churches of Australia pledged themselves to bear the annual expense of the *Southern Cross*, and a plan was concerted by a number of young clerks and officials, by which the vessel was insured, though the rate was of necessity very high. From Sydney he proceeded to Brisbane, where he met with equal success, and where a small island off the coast —Curtis Island—well wooded, well watered, healthy, and much warmer than Kohimarama, was offered to him to establish a school.

His plan in all these places was to state clearly and simply

the facts concerning the Melanesian Mission, exposing the fallacies and sophistries current concerning the incapacity of the dark races; and laying before his hearers earnestly and forcibly the duty incumbent upon them, from their very position, to communicate to their ignorant brethren the knowledge of the mercies which for centuries had been showered upon themselves. No hysterical accounts of wonderful conversions, of extraordinary results, but the simple bare facts of the heathenism at hand, and of the undoubted duty resting upon them, as the sole witnesses to the Truth among these people, to dispel its darkness. "Every human being," he urged, "is capable of being taught that which is necessary for his salvation." Of fifty scholars half might be trained as possible missionaries to their countrymen, while the other half would have fulfilled their mission in returning to their island and preparing for a friendly reception of the missionary whenever he should visit them. "I do testify to you," he said—

"that if you go the right way to work in dealing with the native races; if you treat them with entire confidence, assume the existence in them of those instincts which belong to them as human beings, and seek to elicit from them all their latent yearnings and cravings after something better than they at present possess—recognizing in them a sense and power of appreciating truth—not troubling yourself with arguments about their superstitious practices, but stating the positive truth, and trusting to that truth to win a power in their hearts—being careful of everything you do in your intercourse with them—never taking any step beyond the correctly ascertained knowledge of subjects you speak about, and being content to proceed cautiously rather than aiming to produce speedy results, you may, under God's blessing, lay the sure foundation upon which native Churches may be built in Melanesia to last for ever."

Thus, while the scholars at S. Andrew's were suffering so sorely from sickness, the Church of Australia was pledging herself to the support of the Mission. "The sickness was a transient though a very great sorrow; the adoption of the Melanesian Mission as the special Mission-work of the Church of Australia will, by the grace of God, prove a permanent source of gladness and blessing to millions in all ages."

CHAPTER IV

DEATHS OF EDWIN NOBBS AND FISHER YOUNG

SPITE of all his success in Australia, this year told hardly on the Bishop. He returned to find eight of his children taken from him by death. In fourteen months there had been fourteen deaths, two of consumption, the rest of dysentery, which, however, had touched none of the baptized and confirmed. Kareambat, the New Caledonian whom Basset had confided to the Bishop of New Zealand, was amongst those who died.

In the May of 1864 the *Southern Cross* made her usual start, the staff consisting on this expedition of Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Atkin. On the 17th Norfolk Island was reached. Thence they proceeded to Mota, where they found matters much improved as regards health, but the Mission-house had lost its roof in a gale. From Vanua Lava they obtained taro and yams, and the Sunday following they held their services during a dead calm between Ambrym and Mallicolo. At Tasiko, a landing-place well known to them, the Bishop found himself suddenly in considerable danger. He went ashore with William Qasvaraṅ to buy yams, the others remaining in the boat and keeping her off the reefs. They landed at a spot neutral to two tribes who had both brought yams to sell. One party considered that the other was getting too many hatchets; a quarrel ensued, and they straightway fired upon each other, the Bishop being between them. He did not wish to leave his steel-yard, which was fastened to a tree, behind; and while he was detaching it, and its heavy basket of yams, he was full in the midst of the arrows which were being fired, not at him, but all around him. He was thankful at last to get well out of it and back to his boat. At Opa, too, he was in peril. A man here had been shot by a

trader, some two months before, for stealing calico. The Bishop, all unconscious of this, landed, and sat amongst a crowd on the beach. Suddenly most of them jumped up and left him. He turned and saw a man coming towards him with uplifted club. He remained quietly sitting, and held out some fish-hooks, while some others seized the man by the waist and dragged him off. After waiting a little, to destroy all idea of suspicion, the Bishop made his way to the boat, and there found out, through two young men from another island, the reasons of the attempted attack. The great marvel was that any of them should have been able to discriminate between him and the manslayers: that they did so was probably owing to his being entirely unarmed and showing no suspicion.

After an inspection of Curtis Island, they passed on to Santa Cruz, a place which for the last three years the Bishop had been most desirous of visiting. His enthusiastic reception there had ever been full in his mind; and he did not believe that the islanders merited their evil reputation for cunning and treachery. He had with him in the boat three Norfolk Islanders—Edwin Nobbs, Fisher Young, and Hunt Christian; besides two Englishmen, Atkin and Pearce. All these were young men of great promise. Edwin Nobbs was the son of the clergyman at Norfolk Island—a fine tall fellow of about twenty-one, who was expected later on to succeed his father in his work. Fisher Young was some years younger, about seventeen, and had peculiarly endeared himself to his Bishop: he was deeply conscientious, truthful, and unselfish. Years before Mrs. Selwyn had singled him out as a boy remarkable in every way. He had twice been laid low by sickness, at Kohimarama and at Mota; and his parents and all his family had returned to Pitcairn, leaving him thus entirely to the Bishop and his work.

A successful landing was accomplished at two places; at the third there was a great crowd. The Bishop waded over the partially uncovered broad reef, and went into a house where he sat down for some time, after which he returned through the crowd to his boat. Some of the men swimming held fast to the boat, and the Bishop had some difficulty in

detaching their hands. There were crowds, some three or four hundred men, on the reef; and when the boat had got away some fifteen yards they began to shoot at it. He held the unshipped rudder up, hoping that as the boat was end on he might be able to shield it from any arrows that came straight; but the reef and sea were full of wild dark men, the long arrows whizzing through the air like a storm, through which the four brave lads steadfastly pulled. A moment the Bishop turned round and just saved the boat from grounding in a small bay; but, alas, that moment showed him Pearce lying across the thwarts, the long shaft of an arrow in his chest, and Edwin Nobbs with another, as it seemed, in his left eye, while around and about they flew from all quarters. Suddenly Fisher Young, who was pulling stroke oar, gave a faint scream. He was shot through the left wrist; but not a word was spoken beyond the Bishop's own: "Pull! port oars, pull on steadily." And a little later Edwin, thinking even then more of the Bishop than himself, called: "Look out, sir! Close to you." Fisher and Edwin still pulled on; Atkin had taken Pearce's oar, and Hunt took the fourth. In about twenty minutes they had reached the vessel, the canoes chasing them all the way, but they paddled quickly off on seeing the wounded. They dreaded the vengeance which would have been a duty amongst themselves.

On board came the terrible surgery. The Bishop drew the arrow out of Pearce's chest; it had run in under the skin slantwise five inches and three-quarters, entering in the middle of the chest, and proceeding in the direction of the right breast. There was no effusion of blood, and he was perfectly composed, giving directions and messages in case of his death; but he breathed with great difficulty, and groaned, making a kind of hollow sound. After laying on poultice and bandage, the Bishop proceeded to Fisher, whose wrist was shot clean through, and the upper part of the arrow broken off. He was obliged to cut deep down to extract the wooden arrow-head, and was glad of the profuse bleeding thus occasioned. He at length succeeded in catching a firm hold of the point on the lower side of the wrist, and pulled it out. The lad

trembled and shivered under the great pain; he was given brandy and poulticed. Edwin's was but a flesh wound, and Mr. Atkin had already extracted the splinter from his cheek. It was syringed, and the flow of blood was copious. The arrows were neither bone-headed or poisoned, but still, after a wound, tetanus was to be dreaded with Norfolk Islanders. The patience and composure of all were perfect and unbroken.

For a day or two all seemed well. The poultices were continued and light food given. On the Wednesday Fisher had a spasm, but it passed off, and still all seemed well till the Saturday, when he said, "I can't tell what makes my jaws feel so stiff."

Then, indeed, the Bishop's heart sank within him, and he prayed earnestly, earnestly, to God. He told the dear lad of his danger, praying beside him night and day. Soon the jaws were tight locked, and then intense grew the pain, the agony; the whole body rigid like a bar of iron; and yet, in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms, the dear lad thanked God and pressed his Bishop's hand as he prayed and comforted him with holy words. He never for one moment lost his hold on God, and his childlike unhesitating trust in His love and fatherly care supported him through all.

"Tell my father," he said, "that I was in the path of duty, he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!" And the very last night, his whole body being rigid as a bar of iron, he said faintly, "Kiss me, Bishop." He wandered much, but even then all his words were of things pure and holy. At 4 A.M. he started as if from a trance; his eyes met the Bishop's, and gradually the consciousness returned to them. "They never stop singing there, sir, do they?" he said, for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven. After a short time came the last terrible struggle, preceded by some dreadful spasms. They fanned him and bathed his head occasionally, getting a few drops of weak brandy, or wine and water, down. With his whole heart the Bishop thanked God, when at length his body fell back as though without joint, on his arm. Long drawn sighs, followed by a still sadder contraction of feature,

succeeded, and, as the commendatory prayer ascended to heaven over him, he passed away.

The same day they anchored in Port Patteson, and there the Bishop buried him in a quiet spot where, with the Primate, he had landed years before.

Edwin's jaws were some days later in stiffening, and even then the symptoms were so modified that for nine or ten days there was much hope that he, a strong handsome man of six feet in height, the pride of Norfolk Island, might be carried through it. But, alas! on September the 2nd, when the Bishop administered the Holy Communion to him and to Pearce, he could only swallow the tiniest crumb. He, too, through all his delirium, spoke but of things holy and pure, and was almost continually in prayer. On the 5th came the death struggle, which was so terrible that three could scarcely hold him. Then he, like Fisher, sank back on the Bishop's loving arm, and passed away as his soul was being commended to God. He was buried at sea.

Spite of his intense grief, in the midst of his tears, the Bishop was able to bless and praise God, who had, by the short and straight path of pain, perhaps the most painful of all forms of death, taken these beloved lads to their everlasting home. But the personal clinging longing, especially for Fisher, was keen and sharp. The lad had for some time been to him as a dearly loved son, and the yearning for a sight of his face, for the sound of his voice, was hard to bear. Another sharp pang, too, had pierced his heart. The day before Fisher Young's death one of his old scholars, William Qasvarañ, who had been with him three years, was baptized and confirmed, left him; and, led to do so by a young girl whom he wished to marry, refused to go on any further.

There was much comfort in the fact that Pearce's English constitution carried him safely through the threatening of tetanus, but his precarious condition caused them to hurry back to the colder climate of New Zealand, though five old scholars whom the Bishop had intended to take back with him were thus left behind. The Bishop returned with a spirit sadly crushed and oppressed, and the rest which came

to him at Nelson, whither he was sent to comfort the Bishop of that place under heavy sorrow, was an absolute necessity. His mind recovered its old tone; but the great brightness of his life, the brightness which had caused him to look upon the life of a missionary to the Melanesian Islands as the most enviable on earth, seemed to pass away with Fisher and Edwin.

Meantime, under the wonderful management of Mr. and Mrs. Pritt, S. Andrew's was developing immensely, and fast becoming, not only a religious, but an industrial institution. The farm-gardening grew daily more creditable, and the lads were learning to take a pride and delight in it. They were greatly economising their expenditure by keeping their own cows, for which they grew food, and by baking their own bread. They sold butter and had a grand supply of milk for the scholars, the very best food for them. About seventeen acres of land had been taken in hand and worked by Mr. Pritt, who not only seemed to know everything about household and garden work himself, but in giving the lads a reason for it, to succeed in making them do it too; and they were thus habitually filling positions more or less responsible with faithfulness, industry, and punctuality. Indeed responsibility was amongst the most important elements in the whole system. It differentiated the practical side of the establishment from that of the Jesuit Mission schools in Paraguay. For though there was no idea whatever of espionage, the discipline was just as minute, and descended quite as much into particulars as did that of the Jesuits. But the Bishop aimed especially at making his scholars self-dependent, and able to act for themselves without him; so that, whenever a lad proved fit to be trusted, he was at once placed in authority, at first over a few, then over more according to his ability. He "always endeavoured to keep before their minds in every conceivable manner, that they, and not the wonderful white race, were the instruments chosen by God to bear the Gospel to their own people." A leading principle was to banish all idea of inferiority of race. The aim from the beginning had been eventually to make the Mission wholly independent of foreign

assistance; and to that aim they were steadily if gradually working. It followed therefore that there was no distinction either with regard to the work itself or with regard to those who did it. There was no classification of higher or lower work, of work befitting a white, and work befitting a black man. To treat a Melanesian as an inferior would be eventually to make him one. To treat him as an equal, to share all work with him, to make him practically feel that there was no distinction of races, that the work which befitted a dark man also befitted a white man, would be gradually to develop in him self-respect, manliness, and conscientiousness; qualities which belong by right of creation to both races alike, but which with them could only be called forth by generous and loving treatment. The point with the Melanesians was not to turn them into Englishmen but to make them Christians; and, as a first step, to convince them that, in the sight of God who made them, and redeemed them, Englishmen and Melanesians were alike equal.

The Bishop returned from Nelson, and settled down with his small party of thirty-eight lads to what might in contradistinction be called the intellectual work of the College, in which also remarkable progress was to be traced. Looking forward a few weeks we find Wogale, a lad of about thirteen, printing and doing the entire work connected with 250 copies of a prayer which the Bishop of Nelson wanted for distribution. The Gospel of St. Luke had been printed mainly by the scholars, while George Sarawia was at work upon the Acts, composing and doing press work entirely himself.

But with Christmas came the dawn of a great change. For a regular request was made to Bishop Patteson by Sir John Young, the Governor of New South Wales, to take the Pitcairners at Norfolk Island under his supervision, thus withdrawing that opposition on the part of the Government which had prevented the original establishment there.

CHAPTER V

THE TREE FORTS

EARLY in the June of 1865 the *Southern Cross* set sail with only a limited number, however, of the boys. The Bishop left as many of them as he considered able to bear the New Zealand winter, at S. Andrew's in charge of Mr. and Mrs. Pritt, thus avoiding for them the break of discipline and regular habits which the voyage more or less entailed.

The first point was Norfolk Island, which had not been visited since the deaths of Edwin and Fisher. Mr. and Mrs. Nobbs, with the brothers and sisters, met the Bishop and kissed him; then fairly broke down, till he spoke to them calmly of those whom he so dearly loved, when they too became calm; and together they knelt and prayed. The bereaved parents felt so deeply the greatness and sanctity of the cause in which their son had died, that they offered the Bishop others of their children to be trained in the same work.

After Mr. Palmer had been installed at Mota they crossed to Port Patteson, where they found Fisher Young's grave carefully tended, fenced and weeded, and thence passed on to Santa Maria. At the north-east—Cock Sparrow Point it had been called—the boat was always shot at, but further on, at Lakona, the people were friendly, and here the Bishop landed and spent a most unpleasant night in an insufferably hot hut; but when he tried to leave it two of his old scholars advised him strongly not to do so. The bad weather had kept away many of the natives, but some three or four hundred had collected; and many wished to return with him. He took away four; three old scholars, and one new one.[1]

[1] In the meantime the Bishop had seen William Qasvaraṅ, who to his great joy promised to return to him.

Mr. Tilly and Mr. Atkin then proceeded on the journey with the Solomon Islanders, while the Bishop returned to his work at Mota. The routine here was much as of old, but the spirit of the people had altered, and was altering under the teaching and example they had had. All the island seemed to wish to go to New Zealand; and the Bishop made up his mind to take away some young girls to be trained into Christian wives for his lads.

The ship returned after a time with the news that all the more important scholars would be ready to come back after a holiday with their friends; and the Bishop, re-embarking, sailed southwards. At Mae he was received by young Peterè, whose father's death had so nearly cost his own life, a child of eight, who as chief did the honours, and announced that he should return with the Bishop to New Zealand. From Whitsuntide Island they brought away no one; and at Opa they could not land, as there had lately been an affray with a two-masted ship in which some natives had been shot. Many boys, however, came out in canoes, and wished to join them, but only two were permitted by their parents to do so; one of them, Itolè, a rather remarkable young person of fourteen; his hair, white with coral lime, in ringlets; his waist wasp-like from being compressed night and day by a cincture.

Altogether the proportion from the various islands was as usual; and Sarah, Sarawia's wife, joined them with four little girls from eight to twelve to be bred up under Mrs. Pritt's care, together with two other married couples. When they had all been collected, from the Solomon Islands and from Ysabel, they numbered sixty, including seven married couples and seven girls, the female population having possession of the after cabin at night. They sailed in company with H.M.S. *Curaçoa*, the commodore's ship, and the latter stood off while the *Southern Cross* approached Santa Cruz.

From Curtis Island the Bishop sent his ship straight on to New Zealand while he again visited Sydney, where, after a conference between the commodore, Sir William Wiseman, and the Governor, the latter formally offered the Bishop a grant

of land at Norfolk Island for the Mission, having particularly in view the benefit therefrom accruing to the Pitcairners. Sir William Wiseman also offered him a passage to Auckland in the *Curaçoa*, touching at Norfolk Island on the road. He thus found himself back in time for Christmas, his mind almost made up to accept the change to a place of which the climate would suit alike English and native constitutions, and which was so near to the Islands as greatly to diminish the loss of time and labour in carrying out the work.

The year 1866 opened with the death from low fever of a very promising lad, whom the Bishop baptized at midnight, a few hours before he died.

On the ensuing Feast of St. Matthias nine of his Melanesians were baptized by the Primate, who came over with Mrs. Selwyn for the service, which was bright and impressive, Henry Tagalad and George Sarawia in their surplices reading the lessons; the nine candidates reverent, grave, and self-possessed. The little chapel looked well with its red hangings and sandal-wood lectern; and, as the elder Bishop signed each lad with the sign of the Cross, his left hand resting on their heads, into the mind of the younger rushed in full tide the memory of the time, eight years back, when the elder had thought it wiser not to land at Mota, where now Christians served God with prayer night and day.

When the *Southern Cross* started on her next journey on May the 2nd, George and Sarah Sarawia, with twenty-five others, were left behind under the charge of Mr. and Mrs. Pritt, thus avoiding a break in their training and education. The vessel meantime proceeded to Norfolk Island, and then to the New Hebrides, where several landings were made. Mr. Palmer was later on left at Mota, and Henry Tagalad, Fisher Pantutun, and Wenlolo at Ara, an island just opposite, when the Bishop proceeded to Stephen Taroaniara's village in Bauro. It was a clear moonlight night; the people had lighted fires on the shore, and Taroaniara headed the boat to the opening in the reef, and there they landed under the great cocoa-nuts. The next place was in Ysabel Island, at a settlement called Mahaga, where a wonderful state of things prevailed. There

had been desperate warfare some years back between the people and other tribes, which had led to the almost total extinction of the people of Mahaga. When the few survivors who had escaped into the bush returned after some days, it was to find their houses burnt, their fruit trees cut down, their yam and taro grounds waste, and the headless bodies of their people lying about amid the general desolation. They therefore proceeded to build for themselves places of refuge in the tops of high trees; and the Bishop, who had a great wish to sleep in one of these wonderful places, went accordingly on shore with his three Mahagan scholars, and found a village or fort consisting of six of these habitations, perched on the boughs of enormous trees which grew out of the sides of a hill, rising on steep, almost perpendicular, coral rocks, and surrounded by a high wall of stones, in which one narrow entrance was left, approached by a fallen tree trunk, which lay over the hollow left by the clearance of the surrounding forest. From the wall a ladder led up to one of these houses, the floor of which was 94 feet from the ground on the lower side. The ladder was formed of a pole from four to six inches in diameter, to which cross pieces of wood about two feet long were lashed; the whole being steadied by double shrouds of supple-jacks, the rungs themselves being at unequal distances, and all more than a foot apart. Men, women, and children were running up and down these ladders, and walking carelessly about the bare branches above, when the Bishop and Qasvaraṅ landed. It had been raining heavily, so that the former determined not to ascend in his wet slippery shoes, declining on the score that he was "neither bird nor bat," and had no wings if he fell, though he felt somewhat ignominious, as he beheld a woman with a load on her back walking up one of the ladders as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and without in any way assisting herself with her hands. A day or two after, however, he made the ascent in company with Mr. Atkin, and took full measurements of some of these wonderful places. The floor of one whole house was twenty-three feet long, leaving room for a narrow verandah at each end; the breadth was ten feet. The floor was of bamboo matted; the roof and sides of

palm-leaf thatch. But "it proved much more agreeable to look at from below than to inhabit." The bamboo huts were low and steaming; crowded, dirty, and resonant with squalling babies. After a day and a night passed amongst them the ship seemed a palace of rest and cleanliness.

In the meantime there were often, of necessity, meetings of the opposing chiefs on board the *Southern Cross;* and though these meetings were, of course, not friendly, yet the mere fact of their occurrence was a great step towards eventual peace. Neither party liked the idea that his enemy was as friendly with the Bishop as himself. They never met on shore, but to do so peacefully on board was a great matter gained.

Savo was now visited for the first time. Here they were received by several canoes, one very beautiful; a sort of state barge with stem and stern twelve feet high, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ornamented with white shells. In it sat the head men who spoke the Ysabel language.

From Ysabel they beat up to Bauro, where, at Waño, the Bishop hired a hut for ten days for a hatchet. Here, to his great disappointment, Stephen Taroaniara left him, saying that his people wanted him back. The natives, however, were most friendly, one man bringing his child with the words, "The child of us two, Bishop." Another saying, "These cocoa-nuts are the property of us two." And better still; when he spoke to the people, their answering, "Take this boy, and this, and this boy. We see now what for you wish for lads whom you may teach; we see that you want them for a long time. Keep these lads two years."

The people thronged the hut from dawn, and crowded it all day. There was a beautiful stream close at hand for bathing; yams and fish were plentiful, and the people heard him gladly; but still the bunches of skulls hung in the large canoe houses!

At Mala they visited a new village, Saa. The friendly natives stood in the water up to their knees to hold the boat as it passed through the one opening in the coral reef from the limitless roll of the Pacific into the still water inside, the heavy seas tossing over their heads and shoulders as they did

so. Numbers here wished to join them, and they took away two nice-looking boys; one of them, Watè, afterwards Mr. Atkin's godson and own especial child, fell overboard as they were going on to Norfolk Island at the rate of ten knots an hour. It was full ten minutes before the vessel was stopped and he was recovered, but he seemed in no way the worse for his ducking. They reached the island on October 2nd with sixty-two scholars on board, including nine little girls, who were, most of them, betrothed to old pupils; and there Mr. Palmer was left, with sixteen lads, to make a trial of the winter school there.

An experiment it was called, but the Bishop's mind was virtually made up. All advantages were indubitably in favour of the move. His own estimate of these advantages places them most clearly before us, and may be briefly rendered as follows.

Norfolk Island is 600 miles nearer the Melanesian Islands than New Zealand; and not only so, but the stretch from New Zealand to Norfolk Island is, owing to the direction of the trade winds, the longest and most stormy part of the journey. In New Zealand the school is, of necessity, very limited, as only one journey to and fro with the scholars can be made in the year; whereas in Norfolk Island the number would be practically unlimited, as separate voyages could be made thither from the various groups of islands, each time bringing a party of sixty. The climate of Norfolk Island is not only suited to white and dark races, but its products include the yam, taro, sweet potato, sugar-cane, banana, almond, orange, pine-apple, coffee, and maize. Of the usual Melanesian products only cocoa-nut and bread-fruit are wanting. Also, what was far more important than it might at first sight appear, the islanders would not find there the same violent contrast between their own home life and that of the Mission in respect of dress, food, and houses. The abrupt and entire change in manner of living and in outer surroundings necessitated by the climate of New Zealand doubtless, in their minds, formed part of the moral change which they there found; and the one was likely to be cast off with the other on their return in the winter to the tropics.

When Mr. Palmer was thus left with his sixteen boys on the block of land which had already been purchased for the Mission from the Government of New South Wales, he set to work at once to fence and plant it with a view to their immediate necessities.

There still, however, remained an objection in the minds of the Pitcairners, which it was difficult to meet, though it concerned itself only with the Government. Pitcairn Island had belonged to them entirely. There was no one there between them, their self-elected magistrate, and the Queen in person. When they were invited to come to Norfolk Island they fully understood that the same state of things would prevail there; otherwise, as they afterwards declared, they would never have left their original home; and hence the chief reason of the return of so many to it. There was discontent when they found themselves directly under the Government of New South Wales; and still more when they found that means must in some way be provided of meeting Government expenses. To all this must be added, in the original instance, Sir William Denison's great objection to the Melanesians as such; in which at that time he was seconded by Mr. Nobbs. Now, however, the latter objection had more than disappeared. The Governor of New South Wales had obtained permission from the Secretary of State to sell a thousand acres of land at Norfolk Island to approved settlers, for the purpose of raising a revenue to meet the Government expenditure; and both the Governor and Mr. Nobbs were urgent that, *for the benefit of the Pitcairners*, the Melanesian Mission should become the approved settler. But still, friendly as the islanders now were to the Mission, they could not understand, and did not approve of, a thousand acres of what they persisted in considering their land being sold away from them. Bishop Patteson was entirely aware of their feeling on the subject, but of course it could not be helped. The business was with the New South Wales Government, and was carried out and concluded with it.

During this second period of the history of the Mission, the period of Bishop Patteson's Episcopate at Kohimarama, great success, great development, great joy, and great sorrow swept over it.

Islands which had never been before touched at were visited, as well as many new places and villages in already well-known islands. Amongst the former were Ysabel, the most northerly point yet reached; the justly dreaded Santa Cruz, where the Bishop landed safely in 1862 amid armed crowds at seven different places; Anudha; and Florida Island: while among the latter were Lakona, Mahaga, Savo, Waïo, and Saa. The great prosperity of the winter school at Mota, the entire friendliness of the Banks Islands generally, brought them into the most prominent position in the work; so that, though the hold was in no way relaxed over the Solomon and southerly groups, the Banks became an island centre of operations more and more effective. The Bishop could leave his staff at Mota working away at the ever-increasing station and school, while he travelled to and fro, north and south, to various islands, taking back old scholars and bringing away fresh ones.

The staff was immensely strengthened during this period by the addition of two naval officers, Mr. Tilly and Mr. Kerr; the former of whom brought out and took command of the new *Southern Cross*, thus relieving the Bishop of all purely nautical cares; of Mr. Pritt, former chaplain of the Bishop of Nelson, who proved himself most admirable alike in administration and in practical details; of Mr. Atkin and Mr. Palmer. On the journey of 1861 the staff was also joined by two young Pitcairners, Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, and immediately on his return the Bishop held his first ordination of the Rev. B. T. Dudley.

The journey of 1862, which extended right through the Islands, yielded sixty-two scholars; some coming unasked from places never before visited. It was immediately followed by the baptism of six lads, and by the arrival of the new *Southern Cross*.

Soon succeeded the first great trouble of the Mission, the

outbreak of dysentery at S. Andrew's, in which fifty-two lads were attacked, and six died.

The voyage of 1863 was joined by the Rev. R. Codrington, who was in the future to prove a strong tower to the work. It was much shortened by the recurrence of dysentery at Mota, which forced the Bishop to set his face homewards with only thirty-eight scholars. This small party, however, enabled him to devote some time during the close of this year and the opening of the next to philological and grammatical work amongst the countless languages and dialects opening up around him, such as only he was ever likely to be capable of.

The year 1864 was marked by his tour among the Australian capitals which eventually led to the establishment of the Mission at Norfolk Island. The journey of that year was successfully accomplished through the New Hebrides and Banks Islands; but at Santa Cruz, though the Bishop himself was allowed to land in perfect security, the boat was, on their return, fired at by crowds following them in canoes; and three youths were struck, Pearce, Edwin Nobbs, and Fisher Young, the two latter, the promising young Pitcairners, eventually dying of the tetanus induced by their wounds.

During this year the progress at Kohimarama made great strides; spiritually and intellectually under the Bishop—some of the lads joining to their Christian excellence and perfect trustworthiness great skill in printing; materially and industrially under Mr. Pritt—their gardening and farming being quite remarkable.

The cruise of 1865 was wide and prosperous, extending itself from Ysabel and the northerly Solomons right down through the Islands, and bringing in scholars from all directions, sixty-eight, including seven girls and seven married couples. It closed on the Bishop's part with a visit to Sydney in the *Curaçoa*, where a grant of one thousand acres in Norfolk Island was offered to him for the Mission.

The year 1866 opened with the baptism of nine Melanesians. On the ensuing journey, while Mr. Palmer was in charge at Mota, the Bishop spent much time among the Solomon Islands, where the eagerness of the people was great. They

brought away sixty-two scholars, including nine girls, chiefly from these northern groups. On the way back Mr. Palmer was left at Norfolk Island to prepare for the establishment of the Mission there.

The most remarkable of those who during this period were gathered in, and who lived to take their part in the work to which they were called, were Stephen Taroaniara, William Qasvaraü, Woleg, Kanambat, Wogale, and Watè, while several were baptized but to pass on to their eternal home. Amongst these may be particularly mentioned Sosaman, and the lad baptized in his winding-sheet during the epidemic. Nor must the first martyrs which the Melanesian Church yielded to Christ be omitted—Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, who glorified Him in their agonizing deaths as they had in their pure and devoted lives.

PART III

The Right Rev. JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

BISHOP OF MELANESIA

1867—1871

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

STAFF OF THE MISSION

Bishop

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON

Priests

THE REV. JOHN PALMER

THE REV. ROBERT HENRY CODRINGTON, M.A.

J. ATKIN, ESQ.

C. B. BROOKE, ESQ.

C. BICE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I

S. BARNABAS, NORFOLK ISLAND

THE move to Norfolk Island was now the chief thought, and all arrangements were pressing forward towards it. The missionary staff had sustained a great loss in Mr. Pritt, who had received an appointment on the Waikato. The Bishop knew that this would be amongst the consequences of the move; for Mr. Pritt had long been ailing, and the Mission work had lately been more than he could well bear. He and Mrs. Pritt had so perfectly organized matters that their absence was not felt as might have been expected. Their work was permanent, and remained with the Mission when they personally had left it. Sarah Sarawia, who had been well trained by Mrs. Pritt, was to act as Matron.

On March 7th arrived from England Mr. Codrington, bringing with him Mr. Bice, a young Augustinian. The former was an incalculable acquisition, alike to the work and to the Bishop, who in making this last move was cutting himself off from every one who had in any way supplied the place of the home he had for ever left; from everything that savoured of education and culture. The loss of what is termed "society" was alike a gain and a relief to him; but the intellectual tone and flavour, which was always to be found with the Primate and his inner circle of friends in Auckland, was not a thing to be so lightly passed over, even for the sake of the Mission, nay, perhaps, *because* of the Mission. Mr. Codrington therefore brought with him just that one thing which would otherwise have been wanting at Norfolk Island. Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke were also to accompany them. The two latter started first, and a little later on—on April 29th—arrived the Bishop with Mr. Cod-

rington and Mr. Bice. He was surprised to find what Mr. Palmer and his sixteen boys had accomplished in the way of preparation, and was enchanted with the loveliness of the place, but he could only now enjoy it for a few days.

On May the 8th the *Southern Cross* started on her usual island voyage, some of the scholars returning in her, but twenty remaining behind.

At Mota there had again been fighting; but an incident occurred which showed clearly that Christian teaching and influence were extending among those who had not openly embraced Christianity. A native, well conducted, but apparently entirely a heathen, was wounded by a poisoned arrow as he was defending his village. Tetanus had set in, and the Bishop went, of course, to see him. He perceived at once that the teaching which had for some time surrounded the poor man had sunk into his heart. He listened earnestly to all that the Bishop said, showing a simple faith in the Gospel story, saying that he wished to know and think about the world to come. He spoke of the Blessed Lord as of a living Person close beside him, and besought Him in his own simple, heartfelt words: "Help me, wake me, make my heart light, take away the darkness. I wish for you; I want to go to you; I don't want to think about this world."

The next day the Bishop took with him George Sarawia and left him there. The tetanus progressed slowly, and, as it did so, Natunqoe's faith and hold on the life beyond increased. His continual cry was, "*Nan we Maros i Vaesu*" (I wish for the Saviour), and by the name of "Marosvaesu" the Bishop baptized him; and by it all those around him at once called him. He died a day or two after, the spasms at times severe, but to the end, as he lay on a mat on the ground torn with convulsions, expressing his hope that he was going to his Saviour, with whom he would be at rest, and listening earnestly to the Bishop's prayers.

Meantime the Bishop was acting as pacifier between the opposing parties. One of the men on the other side had been killed, two more were wounded, and a general conflagration might well have ensued. George Sarawia was becoming

daily more efficient as a teacher. His simple earnestness and unobtrusive faith were making themselves felt among his fellows. In him Bishop Selwyn's ultimate aim was fulfilling itself, and being at one with the islanders in his ways of thought, mode of life, eating, &c., he could get at them in ways impossible to a European. What perhaps was of even more importance was that he seemed to avoid the jealousy usually inspired by any one who was, as the others considered, a favourite with the Bishop.

The men's club, peculiar to the Banks Islands, was still in full force. The rites and ceremonies connected with it were kept entirely secret from all but the initiated. Only those who had gazed at the sacred symbol were admitted to the *Salagoro*, into which no woman or child might enter. Nowhere could a man eat with any woman, wife, sister, or grown daughter. This secrecy was one of the chief hindrances in getting at the people, and it was difficult to see how to deal with it. Sarawia, however, seemed in a fair way of solving the question; for he came to the Bishop with a plan of his own, of which he had already spoken to his fellow-countrymen at Norfolk Island, and which amounted to a request to buy some land near the station on which he and others might settle and form a Christian village, to which all the Christians scattered in the group could come and live their own native lives, but giving up all that was distinctively heathen. It was exactly what the Bishop had been longing to do and had not seen his way to. He had been urgent among the people, showing them some of the most evident effects of Christianity on the natural relations of life; that of man to woman, parent to child. They listened earnestly, saying: "Every word is true! How foolish we are!" and, after his more directly religious instruction, some twenty-five or thirty of the men would meet in Robert Pantutun's house and question him on what they had heard. He would read with them, and these little meetings ended in prayer. George Sarawia's plan would knit all such separate endeavours together, and give them the strength of unity. So about ten acres were chosen, between two villages. The land itself belonged to sixteen different

owners; and each tree, cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, &c., had to be bought separately. The people behaved admirably over the sale, those who had boys in the Mission wishing to refuse the payment, which, however, the Bishop was determined to give. George Sarawia was, of course, to be head of this Christian village, of which the Bishop would be visitor.

By this time the Mota climate was beginning to make itself felt; and, as soon as the *Southern Cross* returned from the Solomon Islands, they started north, touching at Vanua Lava; and, putting up a stone carved by John Adams over Fisher Young's grave, they turned back to the New Hebrides.

At Opa they were most warmly welcomed; and, for the first time, the Bishop slept on shore, as he did at Whitsuntide Island. At Espiritu Santo also their greeting was effusive; but at Santa Cruz nothing was to be done. The people clamoured for iron, and cared for naught else. Savo was visited, and Mr. Brooke was left at Florida to make a beginning. He stayed there four days and brought away three old pupils and four new ones.

From Bauro, which had formerly yielded so many to the Mission, only Stephen Taroaniara came this time; but it was great joy to see the desertion which had caused so much pain cancelled.

They returned in August to Norfolk Island with thirty-seven scholars, including seven betrothed girls. The Bishop did not wish to encumber himself with a large party until matters were more settled in the new quarters.

The station had already been worked into wonderful order. It had been called S. Barnabas, because the site had been chosen on S. Barnabas Day in the preceding year; and the Bishop liked the name, which connected it with the Eton Gathering. It was about three miles from the Pitcairn settlement; Mount Pitt, the greatest point of elevation in the island, about 1000 feet high, immediately facing it. The establishment consisted of two houses with broad verandahs, from which the ground sloped away for some 200 yards or more to a stream, on the other side of which it rose again beautifully wooded with many kinds of trees, chiefly great Norfolk pines;

and above and beyond this again the eye travelled on to the slopes of Mount Pitt. The whole scene was calm, sweet, peaceful, well befitting the message of peace which it was to spread abroad. At the end of the Bishop's house was the chapel, which was entered from his rooms, and through the outer porch. In the other house were settled the Mission staff and scholars. The work in connection with the whole was still going on energetically; the buildings, farm, and garden rapidly developing. The Bishop had brought cattle from Auckland. Indeed he had already sunk £1000 of his own private property upon it, it being of vital importance to render it self-supporting.

The chapel was always open; and thither the lads came for their own prayers, finding a privacy which was impossible in the dormitory; and in the evening it became a habit with them to apply to their Bishop for help and counsel on any subject which troubled them. Also, after Evensong on the day before the celebration of Holy Communion, the communicants were prepared for the next day's solemn service. In fact, now the Bishop had time and opportunity to bring on his more intelligent and earnest scholars. In ordinary school work he particularly undertook the Solomon Islanders, in whose language he alone was at home, and for whom he had always a particular affection. To himself, spite of continual labour and anxiety, the life, unbroken by the outer calls of English surroundings which must of necessity occur in New Zealand, was sweet and restful. He now began to read S. John's Gospel in Mota with a class of fifteen, to whom, of course, he expounded as he went on. He had finished the translation of the entire Gospel into Mota, and was busy on the Collects and Gospels. Mr. Brooke was training a class of singers so that the chants could be sung.

In November Walter Hotaswol, an old scholar from Motlav, who was dying of consumption, was, with eleven other Melanesians, admitted to the Holy Communion. He had been baptized for years, and had been carefully prepared for the great privilege. Three others were to follow on the ensuing Sunday.

This November, too, comes the Bishop's first allusion to the traffic in labour, which was soon to exert so great and evil an influence. He had heard from a sea captain that a kind of semi-legalized slave trade had been organized between the Melanesian Islands and the white settlers in Fiji. These latter were daily becoming more numerous, and were converting the Fijis into vast sugar plantations. The labour on these plantations was an absolute impossibility to white men, and more and more dark ones—islanders—were ever in requisition. It was pretty well the old story of the slave trade in America; and, though apparently harmless in its infancy, must in the end, if acquiesced in, lead to similar atrocities. None knew better than the Bishop the impossibility of making comprehensible contracts between white men of any class and the Melanesian Islanders; and he foresaw that the attempt must be disastrous.

The year closed with three ordinations: Mr. Palmer as priest; Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke as deacons. The service was held in the Norfolk Island church, Mr. Codrington preaching; and all the confirmed congregation, including fourteen Melanesians, received the Holy Communion.

It was altogether a bright and a happy Christmas, with the lovely chapel decorations, the sweet Mota hymns, and the joyous feast. The Bishop's heart was full of thankfulness; for he looked forward to the approaching ordination of George Sarawia, who would be followed later on by others—Henry Tagalad, Fisher and Robert Pantutun, Edward Wogale, Sarawia's brother—all *excellent*, everything that he could wish; besides many younger coming forward. Such men would in a certain sense do better work among the islanders than any Englishman could. They were one with them in all purely national matters, and came nearer to them than could any white man. There was between them that mutual understanding which enabled them to bring home the teaching in a practical and intelligible form; and with them, moreover, there could be no possible attempt to anglicize. Eight of the Banks Islanders had been with the Mission now eighteen months, and had volunteered to stay eighteen more. In the following

year, too, Sarawia was to be established in full charge of the school at Mota. But this happy development did not as yet extend beyond the Banks Islands. In the other groups, in which the Mission had not been able to establish itself, so to speak, as it had at Mota, there was not the same hold over the people. The Mission staff was gladly received and greeted as friends in most of them; but this feeling depended much on the trade and excitement connected with the Mission visit. There was no real abandonment of heathenism; that must wait for the establishment of a missionary amongst them.

CHAPTER II

THE LABOUR TRADE IN MELANESIA

On the Feast of the Epiphany, 1868, died Walter Hotaswol, who had been a frequent and most devout communicant during the closing weeks of his life. In the same January were baptized nine scholars, one of them a girl; and fourteen more were to follow shortly after. The Ambrym and Mahaga boys, too, were promising well, though not, of course, to be classed with the Mota lads, of whom the Bishop concisely said: "They *think*."

But by the close of Lent trouble had laid its grasp on the Mission. Typhus, which seems to have been brought in a vessel that touched at the island, had broken out among the Pitcairners. A regular quarantine was established at once, only the Bishop visiting the sick and dying, and carrying them comforts. But before Easter it had broken out at the Mission, and the large, well-ventilated room at the back of the Bishop's own was turned into a hospital. This room was divided by a partition into two: one was appropriated to the sick, the other to the sickening. The Bishop, Mr. Codrington, and Mr. Palmer shared the nursing, the latter preparing all the delicacies and restoratives necessary. Of the many who caught the disease, four died, two of them twins from Merelava; one, Barasu, from Ysabel, was baptized during his illness.

The Mission meantime continued cheery and active through all; and the farm and cattle were doing famously, while the timber was being prepared for the large hall. By June the hospital was empty. But the epidemic had left bright traces; for it had greatly deepened the religious feeling of the scholars, and the Bishop had full time to develop and strengthen such growing faith; for, to avoid the danger of carrying infection to

the islands, where it would have been so deadly, the cruise among them was abandoned for that year.

One of those most influenced by the sickness was Stephen Taroaniara, who earnestly asked—

"Bishop, why is it that now I think as I never thought before? You know I used to be willing to learn, but I was easily led away on my own island. . . . I feel quite different. I like and wish for things I never really used to care for. What is it?"

And in reply to the Bishop's question, "What do you think it is?" the good fellow said—

"I think—but it is so great—I think it is the Spirit of God in my heart."

He was baptized on July the 18th.

On the 1st there had been a double wedding among the scholars; two lads, Fisher and Benjamin, were married to Charlotte and Marion, two of their girls. The service, and indeed the whole day, had been made as bright and joyous as possible for the whole school. Mr. Codrington and Mr. Bice had decorated the chapel for the occasion, and the 100th Psalm was capitally chanted as a processional. The Bishop gave presents to every scholar. There were races, in socks and otherwise, cricket, a great tea, and after Evensong a native dance by a big bonfire. Then, at tea, hot coffee and biscuits, followed by a congratulatory speech from the Bishop. The solemnity and deep feeling underlying all struck the lads much, and taught them something of what Christian marriage meant; a great step with a Melanesian, with whom the lesson of purity is the last and most difficult to learn.

The Bishop had arranged a system of Psalms, reading, and singing for the daily services, to suit each day of the week; so that the great doctrines of the Resurrection and gift of the Spirit, the Nativity, Manifestation, Betrayal, Ascension, Crucifixion, and Burial were, week by week, brought before their minds on the appropriate days; accompanied by about forty Psalms and twelve hymns befitting the subject, the latter of which were soon known by heart.

Meanwhile he who had first sown the good seed in these islands, Bishop Selwyn, was leaving New Zealand for Lichfield,

whither he had been called; and, in September, arrived the *Southern Cross* to carry Bishop Patteson to the General Synod, which had been convoked in Auckland to organize matters for the change. Mr. Palmer, who was to be married in Auckland, accompanied him, and was there married by him to Miss Ashwell before he returned to Norfolk Island for the Ember week—a memorable one, for on the ensuing Festival of S. Thomas was ordained the first Melanesian deacon, George Sarawia, and with him Charles Bice of S. Augustine's.

The day was sunshiny and warm, and the ordination service was at eleven, Mr. Codrington presenting the candidates, speaking Mota for one, English for the other. The whole service, excepting the special parts connected with Mr. Bice, was, like the sermon, in Mota. How full the Bishop's heart was of wondering awe and thankfulness only He knew who had called him to this apostleship among the Gentiles.

The Christmas, four days after, came as the crown of rejoicing to this happiness. It opened with the Angel's Song in Mota at 12.5 A.M., at the Bishop's door, sung in the clear moonlight by Mr. Bice and some twenty Melanesians. Then at 7 the celebration in the chapel, all radiant with evergreens, arums, pomegranates, oleanders, and lilies; six clergymen and fifteen other communicants. And, after the bright, joyful Matins and Hymns, games, races, cricket, and a big feast, the whole ending up, after Evensong, with native dances and snapdragon.

And yet this bright Christmas was followed by a sad Epiphany. One of the most promising lads, a communicant of nearly three years' standing, fell into that sin which it is so difficult to bring before these heathen-born lads in its true light. The Bishop had perceived a change in him, had feared for him and warned him, offering to marry him at once; but he replied that he and his betrothed were too young. And so, placing himself with his eyes open in temptation, he fell. His penitence was deep and full. Any punishment he was ready to submit to; only he implored not to be sent away for ever; that, he said, he could not bear. He could neither eat nor sleep. A day the Bishop left him to feel the full weight of

what he had done; and then, seeing the depth of his penitence, he spoke words of comfort to him, reminding him of the Blessed Lord's pitiful love in appearing first to the Magdalene and S. Peter; and when he took his hand as of old, the poor fellow broke down and cried like a child.

A council of all the male communicants was held; and the Bishop asked the opinion of the elder lads as to how the offender should be treated, leaving them alone to consider the matter. After some discussion they gave as their judgment: that in hall he should not eat at what might be called the high table, that he should not teach in school, and should not come into chapel. This was just what had been intended, but the sentence came with far greater weight from the lad's peers.

For three weeks he did not enter into the chapel, and then was solemnly though simply re-admitted with the imposition of the Bishop's hands. "His fright and terror, his misery and deep sorrow," quite replaced him in his position among the best scholars.

In the end of January there was a Confirmation; and, in the evening, thirteen, three of whom were girls, were baptized. On the following Easter the penitent was re-admitted to Communion. There were thirty communicants in the little chapel, twenty-one of whom were Melanesians, and with six of them it was their first Communion. Amongst these last was Stephen Taroaniara, the only one from the Solomon Islands.

The cruise this year was to be a very thorough one to make up for its intermission in the previous year. It was looked forward to with some anxiety, for the reports of the labour traffic were daily becoming more serious. The settlers in Fiji and in Queensland were becoming engaged in it. It was declared to be legally conducted, and under the regulation of the Consul at Ovalau; and, doubtless, the *settlers* were anxious that the natives should be fairly and honestly dealt with; but the premium offered for an able-bodied labourer was quite sufficient to overcome any scruples that the *traders* might have; and every one connected with the Mission knew well that they were entirely unacquainted with the languages of the Islands; that they had absolutely no means, even if they had

the will, of making terms with the natives, who must perforce be taken away in entire ignorance of what was expected of them, and under quite false pretences. The latter were beginning to be flagrant. They declared in the Banks Islands that the Bishop had sent them, as he was ill himself, and could not come; that he was in Sydney, and had broken his leg in getting into his boat, and wished them to come to him. In the other groups had occurred cases of actual kidnapping. In no case did the natives know anything about the service or labour to which they were being decoyed. They had no idea that they would have to work hard; and *any* regular steady work is hard to Melanesians. It was of course easy to pass laws concerning the treatment of the natives on the sugar plantations, their food, pay, and time of service; but no Government could control the masters of the vessels engaged in the trade, and the whole thing was a discredit to those who in any way sanctioned it. In many islands were old scholars of the Mission who spoke a little English, and whom the traders made use of as interpreters; and, doubtless, in many cases, men were taken off without coercion, or even very much persuasion; but they none of them knew what they were being taken for, and the trade must end in disaster on all sides.

The Bishop and his party started on the yearly voyage on June 24th, leaving Mr. Atkin with Watè, his especial child, Taroaniara, and two other Christian lads at Waño, in Bauro, where the Bishop had stayed two years before. Dysentery had made sad ravages in the neighbourhood, but he worked on with those whom he found, and effected a reconciliation between Waño and Haani, another village with which there had been fighting. The people held a reconciliation feast, sang in honour of Stephen Taroaniara, and the peace-making ceremonies were many and curious.

Mr. Brooke was left at Florida, while the Bishop cruised among the islands, returning to fetch them and their scholars before proceeding to Mota. Here they were greeted with great joy, the people running through the rain and surf to land some goats which they had brought, and also to unload the vessel of the new Mission-house. The Bishop and five others then

crossed to Ara, where the people had begun to fear they were dead, and came longing to hear of their children at Norfolk Island.

They walked round the island and found that one village had had a fight with a boat's crew from Sydney; they were determined their men should not go; but in parts there was a sensible diminution of the population. Indeed, about one hundred people had been taken from the islands of Valua, Ara, and Motlav; but Mota, owing apparently to its high wall of encircling coral, and its inconvenient harbour, had been left alone.

They returned to Mota, where they found the new station house set up, and there spent a fortnight all together, after which the three clergymen departed with their scholars for Norfolk Island, leaving the Bishop behind. He had installed himself at the new station, which they had called Kohimarama, after the old one in New Zealand. The house was 48 feet by 18, with a broad verandah on two sides, affording plenty of room for all present needs. The verandah not only made a perfect sitting-room and lounging place, but was most convenient for classes when the large room was full. About twenty lads lived at the station, and about forty came daily to school. Early in October Mr. Bice arrived in the schooner, bringing with him a small harmonium for the new Kohimarama. It caused an intense excitement, such crowds thronging to hear it that Mr. Bice was nearly squeezed to death. "He played nearly all day to successive throngs of men; but when the women arrived, they made such a clatter that he was fain to close the instrument."

Meantime the Bishop had been conducting a matrimonial market. The custom in the Islands was to buy young girls at an early age for their sons; and, taking advantage of this, he declared that he wished to train up wives for his "sons," and appropriated to the Mission suitable girls. It was a very important matter, being the best way to introduce Christian family life among the people. Unbleached calico clothing had to be made for these young women, the Bishop cutting out the garments, and his scholars making them up; and "it was an

odd sight to see the Bishop on the beach with the group of girls around him, and a number of garments over his arms. As each bride was brought by her friends, she was clothed and added to the group."

They returned to Norfolk Island after a cruise of nineteen weeks, bringing with them sixty-two Melanesians, thirty of whom came from the Solomon Islands, and fourteen girls. There were now 134 scholars at S. Barnabas, ten or twelve of whom acted as teachers under the six clergy. The new hall was finished and was a great success, being so large that the entire party could sit in the aisles without in any way occupying the centre.

In the end of November there was a triple wedding; the bridegrooms, Robert Pantutun, William Qasvaraŋ, and Marsden Sawa, all old scholars and communicants. It was, as all such weddings were, a great festival; the chapel brilliant with flowers, the wedding party in gay attire; all the scholars in their new clothes, with flowers in their hair. The rings were made out of sixpences or threepenny bits. The marriage service was in Mota, and opened with a processional hymn. The day was a full holiday, with plenty of feasting, fun, and games; and closed with native dances, a speech from the Bishop, and mighty cheers for the brides and bridegrooms.

The penitent was also married, but that wedding was markedly unlike the others;—no decorations, no feast, no holiday. The poor little bride was far more to be pitied than blamed. She had come, only two years before, straight from a heathen standpoint of woman's utter slavery to man in that and in every other respect, and it was impossible to consider her fault as very great. There was every hope that their very real penitence would bring much strength to both.

CHAPTER III

INTERNAL MANAGEMENT OF MISSION

IT may be well, before going any further, to give a glance at the internal and external conditions of S. Barnabas at this period. Mr. Pritt had left the imprint of his organization and method upon both so as to affect them permanently, and impart to them a wonderful efficiency. Mota had become the general language of both chapel and school; its connection, more or less close with all the Melanesian tongues, made it at once easy to all the newcomers. So the whole daily service, with the exception of the Collect for the day, was in Mota. The Psalms were chanted, and the hymns sung in parts by the whole congregation, all in perfect tune and time. The swing and unison, the reverence and attention, were unfailing. Immediately after service came breakfast, at which all fared alike, and which in its turn was followed by school for an hour and a half; after which came, for the men and boys, work on the farm. All worked cheerfully and merrily with good will and heartiness, as members of one household and family; for the system was on the old brotherly model, and not on the modern regimental order. Dinner was at one. In the afternoon more work; and, in the evening, after the six o'clock tea, again class, sometimes a singing class. The discipline was perfect, and with it the happiness and content which must perforce reign where harmony was so entire and unbroken.

The scholars in the senior classes made notes for their own use on the Scripture lessons; and some of these were quite remarkable for their closeness, conciseness, and often even philosophical grasp.

In the evening small groups of the elder boys would often make their way shyly, silently, into the Bishop's room, where

he sat occupied with his own work, but which, like that of a father, was always open to them, his children. There to him, as they would to no other, they would little by little tell their difficulties, explain their feelings, and ask for help; and they never asked in vain.

Saturday was a whole holiday, and as such was thoroughly appreciated by all. Fishing, games, &c., were the order of the day.

The lads were acquiring a great love and taste for gardening under Mr. Codrington, who gave them seeds and cuttings; and they spent much of their spare time in preparing their small gardens, which usually were shared between two or three, often from different islands.

The play-time was from 3.30 P.M. to 6 P.M., but out of this came the driving in the cows, the milking, the caring for the horses and cattle. There were about twelve head cooks, who chose their own helpers; and these, as well as all the rest, excepting the milkers, took their work in turn, a week in each turn. The milkers, whose work was permanent, were paid for it. It was considered the hardest work, as it called them away from their games and gardening on Saturdays as well as work days.

Such was the condition of things at the central college; and at Mota was arising and fast developing what may be called a branch establishment, which was rapidly influencing the population around it; while in other islands, notably at Bauro in San Cristoval, and at Florida, the same system was being gradually developed.

In the opening of February the Bishop was attacked by some severe internal inflammation which involved much pain as well as danger. Mr. Nobbs, who had considerable medical knowledge, brought him through the worst part of the attack; but he continued feeble and ailing. His clergy and boys watched and cared for him day and night; but he was confined to his own room until April, and then could only prepare some candidates for Baptism and Confirmation, whom he baptized and confirmed on Easter Day; then, shortly after, instead of sending the *Southern Cross*, when she arrived, on her yearly

journey, he himself, accompanied by Mr. Bice, returned in her to New Zealand. There, under the medical skill of Dr. Goldsboro', and the tender nursing of Sir William and Lady Martin, he slowly mended. But the ailment was discovered to be chronic; though not, if carefully treated, mortal, but forbidding active exertion; and likely, in case of any sudden jar, to prove fatal. In the meantime he declared himself to be actually enjoying the enforced rest with his dear friends; and to one so pure and holy the nearness of death doubtless brought a closer sense of the presence of Him who had conquered death and under whose overshadowing wings his soul found a sweetness and peace which no mere freedom from pain or exuberance of health could bestow. Lady Martin said that—

"His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel while he spoke of these things, and of the love and kindness he had received."

But the anxiety connected with the labour-trade, which was ever on the increase, pressed on him more and more. The islanders were beginning to understand that the labour vessels were in no way connected with the Bishop. They fought shy of them, and the trade was carried on by fouler means. The natives were cajoled on board and thrust under hatches, or else the canoes were overturned in the water, and the struggling men picked up; they were then sold in entire ignorance of their destination, and without any promise of being returned home. So many were thus carried off that many islands were left almost destitute of able-bodied men, and were in danger of famine. The planters, wishing to do the best for their labourers, desired that their wives might be brought with them, and the traders simply seized any woman they could. The husbands who saw their wives thus being carried off pursued and were shot down in their attempt to regain them. These labour vessels were becoming known as the "snatch-snatch," while others, yet more infamous, who carried on a trade in human heads among the cannibal chiefs, were called the "kill-kill." While the Bishop was still in Auckland he received a letter

from Fiji exposing the whole state of affairs. He desired to regulate rather than to suppress the employment of the islanders; and with this view drew up a memorial to Government on the subject, suggesting regulations which he considered it would be wise to place on the trade, as follows:—

1. A few vessels should be licensed for the purpose of conveying these islanders backwards and forwards.

2. That such vessels should be in charge of fit persons, heavily bound to observe certain rules, and punishable summarily for violating them.

3. That the missionaries, wherever they be situated, should be informed of the names of the vessels thus licensed, of the sailing-masters, &c.

4. That all other vessels engaged in the trade should be treated as pirates, and confiscated summarily when caught.

5. That a small man-of-war, commanded by a man fit for such work, should cruise among the islands from which islanders are being taken.

6. That special legislative enactments should be passed enabling the Sydney court to deal with the matter equitably.

For hitherto it had been impossible to obtain justice in Sydney, even where the outrage was flagrant. Captain Palmer, of H.M.S. *Rosario*, who had seized the *Daphne* while engaged in the trade, and had brought the master to trial in Sydney, had found it impossible to obtain a conviction.

Towards the middle of August the Bishop was able to return to his work, the *Southern Cross* having in the meantime achieved the first part of her cruise.

Mr. Atkin had been left at Bauro, where, to his great joy, he found the peace—not quite friendship—unbroken between Waño and Haani. At a place called Tawatana he had found a great feast in preparation. The *tauma*, which when freshly made is very good, was placed in thirty-eight *daras* or wooden bowls, carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the smallest containing eighty or a hundred pounds, one of them being four feet long and three feet high.

At Saa, in Malanta, they were greeted by a great crowd, who hardly recognized Watè at first; but the women wept

for joy—weeping would seem to be their sign of welcome—as they passed on to his father's house, the best Mr. Atkin had yet seen in the Islands, possessing a *drawing-room* forty-five feet long by thirty wide, and a bedroom about eighteen feet wide.

Mr. Brooke was left at Florida, where, with two lads, he established himself at Boli in Anudha. This latter is a small island belonging to a group of many, separated by narrow creeks and channels, amongst which a boat can make its way. Here there were three chiefs, brothers—Takua, Savai, and Dikea, who were rather a trouble to Mr. Brooke, as each wished to take possession of him as a special property, and were wroth at his asserting his independence and proclaiming his message to all alike. He spoke out plainly to them, however, with all friendliness. A good house had been built for him at Boli, a healthy place with a good harbour at hand. It was raised on poles five feet from the ground, and made of bamboo basket-work. Here he had his table and two benches, his easy-chair, cork bed, boxes and harmonium, and in the magnificent *kiala* or boat-house, about 180 feet long, 42 feet broad and high, close at hand, he, vested in his surplice, with his small band of scholars, held his Sunday services, singing and chanting, with an unbaptized audience of from 150 to 400 people, to whom he usually spoke twice in short addresses during the service.

The Bishop meantime left New Zealand in August, touched at Norfolk Island, where Mr. Codrington joined him, passed on to Mota, where he spent about half an hour with George Sarawia and his people; then, landing scholars at Ara and Motlav, he made his way to the Solomon Islands, to find Mr. Atkin doing well. They brought away thirteen lads from six different parts of the islands, but Takua was so annoyed at Mr. Brooke's universality that he refused to let his two little girls go as he had promised. On this trip, too, they brought away Stephen Taroaniara's little girl, a dear child whom it was a great joy to him to bring up as a Christian. The Bishop considered that this quiet lengthened stay had given the Mission a far more hopeful position in this northern group; it was the nearest approach that had yet been made to regular

missionary operations there. He warned them everywhere against the wretched traders in labour, who had already penetrated to the Solomon Isles, and carried off about twenty men from Ulawa; while from Vureas, the large western bay of Vanua Lava, men had been taken by force.

They went on to the Santa Cruz group, where the Bishop landed at several places. At Pileni he found some very nice lads, but none would come with him. At Nukapu he went in over the reef, and was especially delighted at being asked after the "*Bisambe*" of old, *i.e.*, Bishop Selwyn; one man, Moto, saying that he had been with them in the boat in 1859. Here he went into the houses, the people gave him presents, the women danced in his honour; but, alas, none would follow him. There was a peculiar difficulty in catching the language here even to him, for the people destroyed and distorted their organs of pronunciation by excessive use of the betel-nut, pepper leaf, and lime, so that no word was articulately pronounced.

At Ara, Henry Tagalad and William Qasvaraï, with their wives and six other baptized natives, had spent five weeks, teaching the people, having daily morning and evening prayers, singing hymns, &c. Mr. Codrington was much pleased with the condition of things that he found there, and they brought away three scholars.

They touched at Nengonè and brought away Wadrokal and his wife, returning with sixty-five scholars to Norfolk Island.

Several of the older scholars, almost all Banks Islanders, volunteered for work among the islands. Edward Wogale from Mota offered to go to Anudha, there to help Charles Sapibuana in working among his own people; Robert Pantutun and his wife to Motlav; John Ngongono and Andrew Laleña to Savo; another with his wife to Santa Maria—all of them thus carrying out the original aim of the Mission. The clerical staff at S. Barnabas also had been reinforced by a Mr. Jackson, an old supporter of the work.

The ensuing Christmas was as bright and cheery as ever, in spite of the Bishop's continued incapacity for exertion.

Mr. Codrington excelled himself in decorations, and it had been preceded by three weddings among the scholars, to the delight of the Bishop, who declared the brides "so pretty"; and by the ordination of Mr. Bice as priest, at which service there were five assisting priests; while on the day itself seven new communicants were admitted to the Holy Feast.

CHAPTER IV

THE BISHOP'S LAST JOURNEY

In the February of 1871 Fisher Pantutun, one of their best lads, injured his foot in a boating accident. A coil of rope caught his ankle; and, in the strain caused by a heavy sea, tore the front part of the foot completely off, besides dislocating and fracturing the ankle bone. The great dread was of course tetanus, which, however, did not ensue. Before the Bishop left the island for the last time the lad was getting about on crutches. The limb was afterwards amputated and Fisher provided with a wooden leg, to the delight and amazement of his people at Mota.

On April the 27th the Bishop started on his last voyage. At Whitsuntide Island he found that men had been carried off by a "thief ship," while Merlav was nearly depopulated.

On May the 16th he landed with Mr. Bice and their boys at Mota, while Mr. Brooke went on to Florida, where fifty men had been carried off. They had gone on board the kidnapping vessel to trade and were laid hands on; while canoes had been upset by a noose from the vessel, and the men picked up from the water. The extent to which these depredations had been carried was quite startling. Mr. Atkin thought that from the Banks Islands quite one half of the population over ten years of age was gone. The Bishop was sadly depressed about it. All these years had been spent in preparing teachers for the Islands, and now that they were ready the people were taken away!

He made a week's expedition to Santa Maria, Vanua Lava, and Saddle Island, and returned to Mota, which was protected from these kidnappers by its cliffs, though they had established a station at Port Patteson opposite.

At Mota the Bishop found a great advance. The people generally throughout the island had accepted Christianity, and were acting on it; many of those most in earnest having been first influenced by the early workers, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Pritt, Mr. Kerr. The first church in Mota was rising up, built of coral lime, in which on June the 25th at 7 A.M. the Holy Eucharist was celebrated. It became to the Christians and catechumens of Kohimarama what S. Barnabas was in Norfolk Island, the place of private prayer.

On June the 26th took place, in front of the verandah, the first public baptism of one man; the Bishop and George Sarawia in their surplices, the people standing round. Wilgan was the man's name; and the Bishop made him renounce one by one the evil ways of heathenism. Twenty-five more were nearly ready; and on July the 2nd ninety-seven children, from five years old downwards, were baptized in four central villages, the people standing or sitting round in a great half-circle; only four out of the children cried, while the people behaved admirably. The frequent private talks and prayers, the earnest appeals, the thankfulness at being led to the Light, all brought joy to the Bishop's heart.

He made a three weeks' circuit amongst the New Hebrides during this cruise, leaving Mr. Bice for a fortnight at Opa, where he was quite fêted by the people; and whence they brought away fifteen scholars, three old and twelve new. From Ambrym the Bishop obtained nine lads from five different villages. These two islands were now to be regularly assigned to Mr. Jackson and Mr. Bice. But, alas, he found three traders at Ambrym; and three more anchored at Mae while he was there; while at Santa Maria he saw four. The scenes to which this unholy traffic was leading were most sad. The natives refused to go, and when force was used men were killed on both sides; boats' crews were cut off, and vessels wrecked. Small blame to the islanders!

The Bishop returned to Mota with about forty scholars. There he found new houses springing up on every side in the Christian village; and baptisms—adult and infant, the children of Christian parents—pouring in upon him; in all 289, out

of which forty-one were grown up, and almost all married men and women. On the Mission premises 150 people were sleeping, so as to be at hand for teaching, private and otherwise, and for the services. He had scarcely a moment's rest: classes coming to him regularly morning and evening; people to ask questions all day long, some bringing a wife and child, some a brother, some a friend. Even when worn out and seeking for some sort of rest on his table bed he would awake suddenly from a doze to find a worthy disciple sitting beside him, his face bent towards him waiting for a talk on the subject of Baptism. Evening by evening he taught his baptized scholars to repeat by heart, *in the singular number*, the General Confession and the Lord's Prayer; the Creed and a shortened version of the Ten Commandments; also the Te Deum and a short prayer for grace to keep their baptismal vows. He felt as if he had come to the realization of his hopes, and longed to have Mr. Codrington and Mr. Palmer and the others with him, feeling it almost selfish to be thus by himself in the midst of such great happiness, witnessing such an almost visible victory over the powers of darkness. His last picture of himself in this new, and one may almost call it triumphant, Kohimarama, has a touch of playfulness doubly affecting when seen in the light of what was to follow. The preceding day had been one of many baptisms, and now more than a hundred islanders were busy over the yam gardens of the station, while two pigs were stewing in native ovens to feast them after their work, the Bishop himself planting cocoa-nut trees and sowing seeds; while around him were, he said, "lots of jolly little children, and many of them know me quite well and are not a bit shy. . . . The colour of the people is just what Titian and the Venetian painters delighted in, the colour of their own weather-beaten Venetian boatmen, glowing, warm, rich colour. White folks look as if they were bleached and had all the colour washed out of them!"

So he started on his last cruise on earthly waters. The New Zealand Bishops had sent him a round-robin, urging him to go to England for his health and for rest; but he positively refused, declaring himself better, and saying that he did not

attempt to work as he used; also that the funds of the Mission needed careful watching; Mota needed all possible help; several Melanesians would shortly be ready for ordination; new stations were about to be started at Ambrym, Opa, and Savo; the school had so increased that "all hands" were required to work it; he himself must shortly go to Fiji to examine into the slave trade both in those islands and in Queensland; and, after the voyage of 1872, a new *Southern Cross*, which he contemplated having built in Auckland, would be needed. These were, he considered, sufficient reasons to prevent his thinking of a journey to England, unless strongly advised by Dr. Goldsboro' to undertake it.

On September the 3rd they reached Savo, where the people crowded the ship, and where the Bishop placed Wadrokal, with his wife and daughter, and some old pupils, to begin the work.

On the 16th they were off the Santa Cruz group, some twenty miles distant, intending to get on to Nukapu, and perhaps to Pileni. They were fully aware that outrages had been lately committed in these islands by one or more vessels, and that they might on that account be exposed to considerable risk; but the Bishop himself was pretty well known in the small reef islands, and the year before had been some time ashore at both Nukapu and Pileni, and could talk to the people. He hoped to hear from them if any outrage had been committed at Santa Cruz itself and so be forewarned. A calm, varied by light winds, delayed them four days more. He kept well off, not thinking it wise to go near the large island without a good breeze, which would at once carry them out of reach of the fleet of canoes; and thus his last four days here below were spent, becalmed in that unfathomable ocean of blue above and around, brilliant by day with equatorial lights; while at night the volcano Tinakula illuminated the whole horizon. His companions disliked the surroundings, which had been before so fraught with peril, but he seemed to think of nothing but the strong, fine race still so entirely in darkness, and which he longed with such unspeakable longing to bring to the Light. A large canoe from Nupani passed them

on the 18th, but the want of breeze prevented their getting near each other, so they went to it in the boat and had a pleasant visit, the people being quite at ease the moment they were sure it was the Bishop. He gave them presents, and trusted they would say a good word for him at Santa Cruz, whither they were going. From this point, on September 19th, he wrote his last *finished and signed* letter to an old Oxford friend, Principal Shairp of St. Andrews, thanking him for writing his two books, "Studies on Poetry and Philosophy," and "Religion and Culture." To the Bishop of Lichfield he wrote of the grand volcano Tinakula, its "masses of fire and tons of rock cast out into the sea." His lads he taught daily from S. Luke's Gospel, while every evening he was preaching from the Acts, his very last sermon being on the death of S. Stephen!

And so, on the morning of the 20th, seeing four canoes hovering about the reef which spreads out like a fan from the tiny island of Nukapu, itself but a palm-covered fleck of sand, he got into the boat with Mr. Atkin, Stephen Taroaniara, James Minipa, and John Ngongono, taking with him the things which he had collected as presents. The sea breaks continually on the reef, and, except at high-water, it is difficult to cross it in a boat. It was low water then, but as the Bishop neared the canoes they seemed strangely undecided whether to pull away or not; so, as a sure way of disarming suspicion, he offered to go in one of them, bidding his own boat's crew wait until he gave them a sign with his handkerchief, and then come to him. As he entered the canoe the word *tapu*, sacred, was heard. Two friendly chiefs, Moto and Taula, followed in the second. They waded through the shallow water over the reef, and dragged both canoes into the lagoon. The boat meanwhile remained outside, and the crew watched them across the still water, saw the Bishop land, and then lost sight of him. He went into the native club-house, which stood on the top of a bank about ten feet above high-water mark. It was a small building some fifteen or twenty feet square, the walls rising only two or three feet, but the roof high pitched with overhanging eaves shading the walls, so that as the building was

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entered, by one of the square openings on either side, a delicious sense of coolness stole over one. Mats were strewed on the floor, a fresh one being always spread for a guest. On one of these the Bishop lay back, tired doubtless with the fierce heat of the vertical sun which had poured on him as he crossed the reef. He closed his eyes as he did so; and surely, knowing the one burning desire of his life, one can guess at something of the earnestness of the prayer over which they so closed, his prayer for those for whom his hopes, so long and so often deferred, seemed now on the brink of fulfilment. And then, as he rose up, a man from behind smote him with all his might with the lignum-vitæ mallet which they use for beating out their bark cloth, shattering the right side of the skull with the blow. He never moved again, and his lips retained the sweet sad smile which they habitually wore, undisturbed by the passage through death to life, so instantaneous and painless must it have been. Then a yell went up which reached the reef outside, where the boat had been for about half an hour drifting about with the canoes, and immediately the men in the latter commenced shooting, crying out as they did so, "This for New Zealand man! This for Bauro man! This for Mota man!" The boat was pulled off at once, and was soon out of range; but not before Mr. Atkin had been shot through the shoulder, and John Ngongono in the head, while Stephen Taroaniara received six arrows in his chest and shoulders. James escaped by throwing himself back on the seat. They reached the ship about two hours after they had left it, Stephen, as he was lifted on board, saying, "The Bishop and I!" while Mr. Atkin, who alone knew the opening in the reef, insisted, as soon as the arrow-head, tipped with human bone, had been extracted from his shoulder, on going back to find his Bishop. With him went the mate, Mr. Bongard, carrying a revolver, the first and last time that an armed boat ever left the Mission ship.

The Bishop's life had been taken in vengeance for five men who had been carried off from Nukapu to Fiji, where doubtless they were supposed to have been killed. There had been a great discussion beforehand as to whether he should be slain or not, and the women had tried in vain to save him. Five

wounds were on the body, two evidently made after death, and the women who tended his body stripped it of all save his shoes, and wrapped it in a native mat, laying on the breast a palm branch with five knots made in it, evidently conveying the same meaning as the wounds inflicted by the men. Then they floated it out into the lagoon.

Meantime the party in the boat had long to wait till the tide was high enough to carry them over the reef. At about half-past four they got across, and then two canoes came towards them, one floated, the other rowed by two women, who cast off the floating one and went back. The boat approached the solitary canoe cautiously, and saw the body of the Bishop reverently laid on the small platform of the outrigger. As they lifted it into the boat a shout came from the shore.

They made their way back to the ship, and, as they came alongside, the word was given, "The body." It was lifted up and laid upon the skylight rolled in the native mat which was fastened at the head and feet. They opened it, and there lay the palm branch with its five knots, on the body itself the five equally mysterious wounds. On the face ever the sweet calm smile.

The next morning, S. Matthew's Day, the beloved remains were committed by Mr. Atkin to the deep. His own wound was slight, and for a day or two things seemed doing well with all three; but Stephen's were serious. One of the arrows had entered his lungs, and there broken short too deep to be got out. But, even with him, the attacks of pain did not at first last.

On the Sunday following, however, at celebration, as Mr. Atkin was administering, he stumbled here and there over the words. Then the Mota men knew that tetanus had set in. He, too, knew it, and told his own adopted boy, Watè, that he and Stephen were going to follow the Bishop. The latter's words as he was helped on board had meant that he, too, was going with his master. It was supposed that the top of the bone arrow had broken in Mr. Atkin's shoulder.

On the Monday evening the spasms had set in. The night

between the 26th and 27th was one of agony, and he wandered much. He refused everything Mr. Brooke offered, saying, "I want but to die." And they were his last words; after another hour of convulsions his longing was realised.

Stephen died on the day following, having endured far worse agonies, which he bore not only with patience and resignation, but with cheerfulness and composure. He insisted on sitting up to prayers every day, and never let his prayer-book out of his hands. He smiled as he told the story of the attack, begging them not to think of revenge. He suffered frightfully, both from tetanus and from the wound in the lungs, but between the paroxysms he was always cheerful, talking and asking for what he wanted. The way in which he bore his awful sufferings and death made a very great impression on his people. It was to them natural that white men, such as Mr. Atkin, should endure and die with patience and resignation; but that one of themselves should be so utterly different from what they had seen at home forced upon them a conviction of the reality of that which had produced such a change. He was about twenty-five, was a little chief in his own country, and had been perfectly consistent in his faith and practice since his return to the Bishop some four years before. His wife and his little girl were at Norfolk Island.

John Ngongono developed no tetanus, and was landed at Mota as soon as the *Southern Cross* could get there. For one of the worst trials of those after days was that they were becalmed within sight of the islands till their food and water were exhausted; and that both the captain and Mr. Brooke were ill with ague. The new scholars were amazed at all that had happened and was happening, and the old ones, though most attentive to the sick, were simply stunned by the loss of the Bishop. What their loss was, poor boys, perhaps the foregoing pages may have helped us in some small degree to realise. It required the fullest and most implicit faith to accept the fact that, though his death had been caused by a violence and deceit which may well be called infernal, still that it was not only well with him, but would be well with the work for which he had so willingly sacrificed his life. Willingly, one

may almost say knowingly, for so well was he aware that this journey was attended with peculiar danger, that he had made every preparation before he started for the possibility of his never returning. Years before, at the time of his father's death, his will had been made, leaving all his very considerable means to the Mission. As he said, "Melanesia is my heir;" and, before this last start, it had been corrected in this view. He had further obtained from Mr. Codrington the promise that in case of his not returning he would carry on the work as Head of the Mission. Alas, even as he made all these careful arrangements, he did not know that five men had been carried off from Nukapu, and that the vessel which kidnapped them was so entirely believed to be the Bishop's schooner that the five had gone on board with a present for him; and that when they had inquired for him they were told he was below, where four of them at once went to find him! That the Bishop's life was taken as a solemn act of vengeance for these, the five wounds on the body, the five knots in the palm branch, seem conclusively to testify.

For himself it was impossible not to feel that the crown of martyrdom had come to glorify a life which in its perfection of self-sacrifice had found its highest happiness. He loved his lads as he only knew how to love them, and they well knew that he so loved them. Perhaps Captain Tilly's account of once landing with him sets this most vividly before one. He says:—

"This is the fact I wished to notice, viz., the *look on his face* while the intercourse with them lasted. I was so struck quite involuntarily, for I had no idea of watching for anything of the sort; but it was one of such extreme gentleness and of yearning towards them. I never saw that look on his face again, I suppose because no similar scene ever occurred again when I happened to be with him."

That *look on his face* expressed the ruling passion of his life. He loved them with his whole heart and soul, and so loved them to the end, even unto the death which he gladly faced in the hope of bringing home some few of them. He

loved not his own life and so found it a thousandfold. His own words about another, already so beautifully applied to him, have been in their fullest sense realized: "Ah! Bishop, you will do more for our conversion by your death than ever we shall by our lives." For their conversion, yes, in every way. For that blood so shed, that

> "Death in the midst of his labour,
> Death like the death of his Lord;
> Death from the hand of his children,
> No one to pity or save,"

raised a cry of horror, whose echoes spread from those sunny seas in ever widening circles till they reached the throne itself, and called forth in the ensuing Queen's speech a denunciation of the labour trade and the nefarious practices connected with it. And surely of his whole life and death; that life of such entire self-renunciation and surrender as to bear it almost into another phase of existence; that death at Santa Cruz (Holy Cross); the body marked with the five wounds with which he was "wounded in the house of his friends"; the last loving cares rendered by the women; of all this most truly may it be said,

> "Death from the hand of his children,
> Death like the death of his Lord!"

The third period of the Mission thus opens with its establishment at Norfolk Island, its appropriate and most fitting seat, as its founder had from its earliest days foreseen; and, though the staff sustained an incalculable loss in Mr. Pritt, yet his work had been so thorough and so perfectly organized that it remained permanent and continuous though his presence was withdrawn, while almost simultaneously with the move came Mr. Codrington, bringing with him from England another helper, Mr. Bice; and later they were joined by Mr. Jackson.

The journey of 1867 found, at Mota, a spread in the principles and influence of Christianity among those who had not as yet openly embraced it, and led to George Sarawia's proposal of founding a Christian village in the island, which

under his care grew and prospered. On this tour the Bishop slept ashore at Opa and Whitsuntide Islands. At Santa Cruz nothing was to be done, and from Bauro, formerly so fruitful, only Stephen Taroaniara returned with them. They brought back to Norfolk Island only thirty-seven scholars, seven of whom were girls.

The horizon of the Mission was gloomy with the labour trade between the Fijis and the Islands which was gradually assuming the worst features of a slave trade.

The year ended with three ordinations; that of Mr. Palmer as priest, those of Mr. Atkin and Mr. Brooke as deacons.

The year 1868 opened gladly with the baptism of eight boys and one girl, but was soon clouded by the typhus epidemic, which spread from the town to the Mission and carried off four scholars, and which also prevented the usual journey, the risk of carrying such a disease to the Islands being too great to be incurred.

In July came the baptism of Stephen Taroaniara, followed by a bright and gay double wedding; and the year closed with the ordination of George Sarawia and Charles Bice as deacons.

In the Epiphany of 1869 came the sad fall of one of the old and trusted scholars; followed, however, at once by the deepest penitence. Towards the close of January was a Confirmation, and the same day were baptized thirteen, of whom three were girls.

On the yearly journey Mr. Atkin was left for some time at Bauro, Mr. Brooke at Florida, while the Bishop proceeded with the new Mission-house to Mota, and thence on to Ara, Valua, and Motlav, all of which places were in a great measure depopulated by the slave trade. Kohimarama, the new establishment at Mota, was from the first a great success. They returned from the cruise to Norfolk Island with sixty-two scholars, making up the total in the island to 134.

The year closed with a triple wedding.

The year 1870 found S. Barnabas firmly established in its spiritual and material conditions; while Kohimarama at Mota was fast following in its steps, and the same system was being inaugurated at Bauro and Florida.

Upon all this prosperity broke the serious illness of the Bishop, which, after much suffering, carried him to Auckland, from whence he returned better, but, alas, likely never to regain his former health.

The slave trade meantime was assuming vaster and more deadly proportions, and the poor islanders carried off in numbers were subjected to a middle passage exceeding in horror that of the African trade, so that the Bishop returned to his diocese oppressed with the sorrow and care connected with it. He joined the cruise which had already commenced at Mota. Mr. Atkin was carrying on his work at Bauro, while Mr. Brooke was making great progress at Florida. The Bishop, after visiting Ara, where he left Henry Tagalad and William Qasvaraĥ to form the nucleus of a station, passed on from Motlav to the Solomon group, where he was much satisfied with the progress made, and whence he brought back Mr. Atkin with thirteen lads. He then proceeded to Santa Cruz, landing at Pileni and Nukapu; and, after bringing away Wadrokal from Nengonè, he returned with sixty-five scholars to Norfolk Island.

Later in the year several of the old scholars volunteered for work in the Islands, and it closed with another triple wedding joyously conducted.

On April 27th of 1871 the Bishop started on his last journey. Mr. Brooke again went to Florida, while the Bishop, having touched at Whitsuntide, Star Island, and Mota, spent a week between Santa Maria, Vanua Lava, and Saddle Island, returning to Mota, where the great advance brought him exceeding joy. The church was nearly completed, and he baptized ninety-seven children before starting for the New Hebrides, where Mr. Bice made a short stay at Opa, from which place and from Ambrym they returned with twenty-four scholars to Mota, there to find the Christian village ever growing; and there the Bishop baptized 297 children and adults, while the people pressed upon him night and day for instruction and help. In September, passing by Savo, he made his way towards the Santa Cruz group, off which he was becalmed for the last four days of his life, and where on the

20th he was killed by those for whom he gladly risked his life, and with him Stephen Taroaniara and Joseph Atkin.

This period has brought us to the ordination of George Sarawia, the first of a line of Melanesian priests; it has also seen Walter Hotaswol, the frequent communicant, pass full of peace and joy to his rest, as did Natunqoe of Mota, the lately baptized; while it is crowned by the martyrdom of the first Bishop of Melanesia, and the two, Stephen Taroaniara and Joseph Atkin, who with him gloriously won their crown and their palm.

PART IV

The Rev. ROBERT HENRY CODRINGTON, M.A.

HEAD OF THE MISSION

1871—1877

"I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession."

STAFF OF THE MISSION

Head of the Mission

THE REV. ROBERT HENRY CODRINGTON, M.A.

Assistant Priests

THE REV. J. PALMER

THE REV. C. BICE

THE REV. C. BROOKE

THE REV. R. S. JACKSON

Deacon

THE REV. GEORGE SARAWIA

CHAPTER I

MR. CODRINGTON AS HEAD OF THE MISSION

THE consternation at Norfolk Island when the *Southern Cross* returned without the Bishop may be better imagined than described. They were beginning to feel alarmed at her prolonged absence; and of late, since the labour traffic had assumed such infamous proportions, her return was always watched for with much anxiety. Mr. Codrington was the first to sight her. He rode one afternoon to the northern cliffs of the island, and thence, with his glass, made out the white sails and hull of the *Southern Cross*. He hastened to shout the glad tidings across the valley, and at once the whole place rang with delight. The next day, however, they perceived the flag half-mast high, and silence fell upon all; for all knew whose loss that meant. As Mr. Codrington rode into the town the boat was coming in, and the whole sad story was unfolded. To him the writing that had to be got through before she again started for New Zealand was an absolute relief; and even then, shattered as he was by the shock, he was so accustomed to the Bishop's absence on his journeys that he found himself constantly referring things to him, only to collapse with the remembrance that he was no longer there to be referred to; and that he remained, in accordance with his promise to him, himself the Head of the Mission. The loss, too, of Mr. Atkin was severely felt; the number of scholars was greater than it had ever been, and the reduced staff made arrangements exceedingly difficult.

But the sad emergency brought out all that had been instilled into the elder scholars. They were plainly told that without them nothing could go on, that the work of the Mission lay practically in their hands, and well they responded

to the appeal. Twenty of them at once came forward and were placed on the teaching staff; so that with their help Mr. Codrington, bravely fulfilling his promise to his friend before that last parting, was able to carry on the work of the school, numbering in all 153 Melanesians, and the various duties of the establishment, regularly and effectively.

Almost immediately after the return of the *Southern Cross*, in all the freshness of the terrible shock, nine boys and four girls applied for Holy Baptism. Of these one, the first fruits of Savo, and three from Florida, had been for two years under Mr. Brooke's care in Norfolk Island, had gone home and seen their native heathenism in the light of their new teaching, had witnessed on their return journey the sufferings and death of Stephen Taroaniara, and in these had seen the proof of what they had been taught. So that, by the end of the year, there were at S. Barnabas sixty-three baptized Melanesians, nineteen of whom were regular communicants.

Mr. Jackson now returned permanently to join in the work which he had shared the previous winter. Also the Mission was able to secure the medical care of Mr. Wyatt Watling, who had been appointed Government medical officer for the island.

Deeply, increasingly, as the Bishop's loss was felt, still his work had been so thorough, his foundations so deeply laid, that, working on the course to which he had trained his assistants, the Mission not only held its own bravely, but continued extending itself on the lines which he had laid down, while at S. Barnabas the daily orderly routine of prayers, school, and work went on as if he were present who must indeed have been a living and beloved presence to the staff and elder scholars.

In February a severe hurricane, following on a long drought, injured the crops so materially as to affect the supply of food. And yet it was strongly felt that no diminution must be made in the number of scholars taken from the Islands, lest the natives should imagine that the Mission was coming to an end with the Bishop's life.

The *Southern Cross* made her start from Norfolk Island on the 24th of April, having on board all the clergy of the Mission

except Mr. Codrington. Mr. Tilly also had joined them, feeling that his acquaintance with the different approaches to the islands would in some degree supply the want of the complete and general knowledge of the people and places to be visited which the Bishop and Mr. Atkin alone had possessed.

The journey was satisfactory in every way, excepting that on the return from Mota they were delayed thirty-one days, first by light winds and then by a heavy gale. The anxiety at Norfolk Island was great; and such reports had reached New Zealand of it and the hurricane, together with the account of the murder of a ship's crew at Florida, that the friends of the Mission in Auckland chartered and sent to the island, under the charge of the Rev. B. T. Dudley, a vessel, the *Prima Donna*, to be available for any service that might be required, placing on board a quantity of stores and medical comforts. They found, on reaching Norfolk Island, that the *Southern Cross* had preceded them by two days; but the stores which the kind friends in New Zealand had sent were most acceptable, as both the Mission party and the Pitcairners had run very short; and the next day was proclaimed a holiday and spent in carrying the bags of potatoes and boxes of biscuit ashore.

Mr. Palmer had remained at Mota, and Mr. Brooke as usual at Florida. Mr. Bice and Mr. Jackson returned to Norfolk Island, and there remained in charge of the school; while Mr. Codrington started in July for Mota with the remaining Banks Islanders. All was doing well there, and they passed on to Florida and brought back Mr. Brooke and his party of scholars, touching again at Mota, where Mr. Codrington took the place of Mr. Palmer.

The third voyage, late in the year, was spent in collecting the scholars from the Banks Islands and New Hebrides. Mr. Bice was on board. He had on the first journey been left for a month at Opa or Leper's Island, during which time, accompanied by Lelenga, he had walked down the whole western coast of the island, had been received with friendliness everywhere, and had found that fighting had been entirely given up on that side. He now, however, experienced some trouble

there. When he had left the island with his scholars in June, some canoes which had accompanied him were swamped in their return through the bad weather, and ten men were drowned. The islanders held the Mission responsible for this, and were irritated and altogether dangerous. Fortunately some old scholars conveyed a warning to the *Southern Cross* in time to prevent their approaching the hostile village. This and the bad weather, however, prevented their gaining any lads from the New Hebrides.

The scholars were returned to Aurora, Pentecost, and Ambrym. But at Mota, the scene of the Bishop's great and crowning joy, the testimony borne by his children to his death had been marvellous. On the evening of the day on which the *Southern Cross* had brought them the tidings of their loss and left them, George Sarawia had gathered his people together at Kohimarama, and had comforted them, saying that "they were not to think that because the Bishop was dead his religion would come to naught; that it did not begin with man but with God, and that God would help them in their work." They remained for some days in lamentation and prostration of spirit, but soon resumed their daily school and prayers; and a fortnight after George Sarawia baptized fifteen adult catechumens who had been waiting for the Bishop.

Directly after these Baptisms he started to tell the sad news in the neighbouring islands, also to tell them that the work was continuing as ever. At Santa Maria some were inclined to attack him, fearing that they would never again see the boys whom the Bishop had taken; but he said, "If you have any other reason for killing me, do so; but your boys are safe at Mota and at Norfolk Island." So he passed on to Ureparapara, Saddle Island, and Vanua Lava, then returned to Mota, where he carried on the schools, preparing candidates and baptizing them, so keeping his flock together that the effect of the Bishop's death was to deepen the impression made by his life. Mr. Palmer, on his return in May, found a flourishing and increasing settlement at Kohimarama, a few boys from the neighbouring islands having joined them; besides which two smaller schools in Mota had been started under the charge of

Marsden Sawa and John Ngongono. Both of these had candidates for Holy Baptism ready for Mr. Palmer; and a third school was begun while he was in the island, where he remained for three months, at the end of which time fifty-three adults had been baptized.

At Motlav several former scholars were teaching, the daily attendance being upwards of 100; while on Sundays, spite of the depopulation caused by the labour trade, 500 met for worship and instruction. The young men whom the Bishop had left at Ara just before his death had succeeded beyond all hopes, bringing candidates for Holy Baptism on three occasions, and having gathered around them 146 scholars. It was arranged that Edwin Sakelrau should take up his abode at Valua, while Motlav should be frequently visited. George Sarawia's visits were made in a boat left for the purpose in charge of William Qasvaran, who went by the name of "the Commodore."

Vanua Lava and Merlav had been so depopulated by the labour traffic that it was impossible to arrange for a teacher at either place, though the people begged for one. The weather prevented their touching at Santa Maria, but it was arranged that a Christian native from Mota should go there and prepare the way for a qualified, and, it was hoped, ordained teacher, in the next year.

Mr. Jackson spent six days at Waño in San Cristoval; but the Bishop and Mr. Atkin had been the only members of the Mission who understood the language, and the work was very difficult. There was much pressure, too, put upon the boys to prevent their returning to Norfolk Island, the people naturally fearing lest they should share Stephen Taroaniara's fate.

Mr. Brooke stayed some ten weeks in Florida, where the influence of Christian example and teaching was being daily more felt. But the island was in a very disturbed condition. Eighteen men had been killed for their heads; and, in revenge, the crew of the *Lavinia* had been massacred. Yet through it all Mr. Brooke and his companion, Walter Woser, met with the greatest friendliness, the islanders being delighted to find that the Mission did not abandon them.

At Savo, Wadrokal, with his Christian natives of Ysabel, had done well. He had a number of scholars, and had been able to induce the people to live at peace, always the first great step.

Meantime the labour trade continued, and an islander, Wenlolo, who had once been with the Bishop, had done much recruiting for the traders. To three of the Banks Islands "labourers" had returned with fire-arms, and fighting and murder had been the result. But at Mota the few who returned felt themselves behind their Christian countrymen in enlightenment, and joined the scholars.

In November the Bishop of Auckland visited Norfolk Island, and on the 17th ordained three native deacons, Henry Tagalad, Robert Pantutun, and Edward Wogale.

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST MELANESIAN PRIEST

THE year 1873 opened brightly at S. Barnabas with a triple wedding, such as had been wont of old to rejoice the Bishop, who saw in these events not only the present gladness but also the best guarantee for future Christian family life and happiness among his beloved people. Again, as before, were sixpences and shillings, for some two or three days previous to the event, in process of conversion into wedding rings; and, on the day itself, from 4.30 A.M., Mr. Codrington was busy over the floral decorations, which were beautiful, and culminated in an arch of starry flowers over the chancel. There was a certain comic element about one of these weddings which imparted a peculiar zest to the whole. Philip and Anna came from Savo, where they had been under Wadrokal's charge.

"This clever, hard-working man, scholar and friend of the Bishop, combined a restless, energetic, evangelizing ferocity with an inconvenient suspicious irritability, which led him to the discovery of moral, or rather immoral (if the phrase will bear it), mare's nests; threatening with ever-imminent dissolution the fragile social system in which he moved rather as an eccentric comet than as its genial sun. Young men and maidens were ordered to instant matrimony under the harassing régime of the well-intentioned teacher, much as men and women are ordered to instant execution during reigns of terror. Given moon or twilight, a gallant young man and a winning young woman, and the result is at once suspicion—'Marry them!' 'Off with her head!' &c. On the arrival at Savo towards the close of the last voyage, Wadrokal had already executed several couples, and Philip and Anna were under sentence. The case was inquired into; neither seemed at all eager to meet their impending fate; the gentleman hum'd and ha'd, and the lady

shed tears in silence. It is very difficult to ascertain whether silence gives consent in these primitive places. The end was that both Philip (only Telo then) and the weeping damsel were taken to Norfolk Island. Since their arrival Philip had been baptized, and had much improved, and a rapprochement between the two had been observable for some time past; Anna having shown great interest in the regular filling of a most extraordinarily consumptive kerosene lamp whose sustenance was kept near Telo's apartments, something having generally detained Telo in that vicinity accidentally about the same time. They seemed to be very well suited."[1]

At these weddings the processional was the Jubilate.

One effect of the enthusiasm created by Bishop Patteson's death had been to lead more than forty men to offer themselves for missionary work, and amongst these the Rev. J. R. Selwyn, son of the Bishop, and a New Zealander born, devoted himself to the Mission which his father had founded, and to which he thus by inheritance doubly belonged. The impulse so to offer himself had come to him as the tidings of the Bishop's martyrdom reached him; and now he was joined by the Rev. J. Still, his curate at Wolverhampton, who left England with him and his wife and little girl on the 11th of February, arriving in Sydney in May, where Mr. Selwyn found letters from Mr. Codrington which caused him to start at once with Mr. Still for Auckland, leaving Mrs. Selwyn in Sydney.

After going the round of the islands, Mr. Codrington was bringing George Sarawia to Auckland, there to be ordained priest. He had started on the cruise early in April, going direct to Leper's Island, where he wished to inquire into, and, as far as possible, atone for, the lives lost in the boat the previous year. They were again greeted by the boy who had then given them warning, and he was sent to bid all who were aggrieved to come and receive compensation for the loss of their friends. Two chiefs came out after a time and received axes, &c., to distribute; and it was declared that the people would be satisfied. A second batch of axes was sent later on, and it was hoped that all would be settled, though

[1] See *Auckland Church Gazette* for March 1873.

they discovered that these last only reached the man who had been most active in making mischief out of the affair.

They passed on to Aurora, where much damage had been done by a hurricane, and thence to Santa Maria, where, at Gaua, they landed eight scholars for their holiday. There was to be a school here under Robert Pantutun's charge, and the site was inspected and arrangements set on foot. For the present, however, Robert was to be left in charge at Mota during George Sarawia's absence. They found at Mota a great deal of sickness. Every one, including George himself, had been ill and laid up for seven weeks; bad weather and hurricanes had also been prevalent, so that on the day after their arrival—Easter Day—there were only 150 people at service. Mr. Codrington had gone, on landing, to comfort an old man whose son had died at Norfolk Island. The poor fellow, a very good and sincere old man, had been seven months laid up with rheumatism. His patience and resignation under the double trial were exemplary, and the loving last messages he received from his son were a great solace to him.

Mr. Codrington pronounced a "*Si quis*" in connection with Sarawia's coming ordination, and was assured emphatically on all sides that he was diligent in teaching, in visiting the sick, in composing quarrels, and that his life was blameless, the whole testimony being most satisfactory. Robert Pantutun was made to officiate with him at service so as to put him at once in place, and Joseph Watè, a Solomon Islander and therefore to Mota a complete foreigner, took a class of the elder scholars and, to the great surprise of the natives, taught them in their own tongue.

At Ara, too, there had been sickness, hurricanes, and great stress of weather; the school had been continued, but the Motlav people had not come. Edwin Sakelrau had gone to Valua, but had there himself become ill through the wet. There was, however, no falling away from the faith. Henry Tagalad, the new deacon, was left in charge with an excellent assistant in his brother.

They then passed on to Malanta, always difficult of access,

as the wind is usually contrary. It is, as the map will show, a long island, and was the home of Joseph Watè, who was the only person—now that the Bishop, Mr. Atkin, and Stephen Taroaniara were gone—through whom the people could be reached. Watè's brother was chief, and he was made to understand through Joe, that the latter was being left as a teacher and not as a schoolboy at home for the holidays. Three other boys were left with him, the nucleus of a school.

They crept along between the two great islands of Malanta and Guadalcanar, renewing acquaintance with scholars who had been in New Zealand, Lifu, and Norfolk Island, and trading all the way until they reached Florida, visited Boli, and came round the little group which lies in the channel between the two great islands to Savo, where they found Wadrokal, energetic as ever, and assisted by two men from his own island of Nengonè, one of them his brother. Then, returning to Boli, Mr. Brooke was landed there for a stay of three months, Mr. Codrington being well satisfied with the new place that he was going to buy for the Mission and school. Indeed, the whole island impressed him very favourably, physically as well as otherwise, the scenery being open and picturesque. Three boys were restored to Ubuna, at the north-west end of San Cristoval, but the wind would not allow them to land at Waño, so they made straight for New Zealand, which they reached on the 4th of June.

Everywhere on this cruise were the mischief and ruin effected by the labour trade apparent. Men were no longer kidnapped, it is true, but they were *bought* and enticed away on entirely false pretences. Everywhere they were told they were going for three months, while they were made to sign a contract for two or three years, of which, of course, they understood not one word; while those who did return to their own homes brought back habits worse than their old heathen ones, and in many cases fire-arms to assist them in carrying them out.

In Auckland Mr. Codrington found Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, with Mr. Still, awaiting them; but Mr. Selwyn, alas, so entirely laid up with rheumatism that he was forbidden for the

time to go on to Norfolk Island. Dr. Goldsboro' considered that to do so would probably make the attack chronic. He was, however, able to be present at that great event for the Mission, the ordination of George Sarawia to the priesthood, which took place most fitly on S. Barnabas Day; and at the same time was ordained deacon, Frederick Thomas Baker, son of one of the oldest missionaries in New Zealand.

The ordination took place in S. Paul's Church, the church in which Bishop Patteson was consecrated, in which he had held his first ordination, that of the Rev. B. T. Dudley, and at whose altar he and Bishop Selwyn had shared and administered their last Communion on earth together. The Melanesians who had come in the *Southern Cross* were placed in the chancel so that they could both see and hear. Mr. Codrington presented the candidates and Mr. Dudley preached. To George, who had been baptized and confirmed by Bishop Selwyn, the presence of his son was the earnest of his constant interest in the Mission. He was ordained by the Bishop and by the laying on of hands of the priests present, among whom was Archdeacon Pritt, who had laboured so effectually amongst them. The especial words to George were said in Mota.

On the 27th of June Mr. Codrington took back his party, including the Rev. J. Still, to Norfolk Island. Mr. Selwyn remained in charge of the parish of S. Sepulchre, Auckland, thus virtually commencing his work; for the incumbent, Mr. B. T. Dudley, the Mission Secretary in New Zealand, who was much out of health, was thus set free to visit his friends in the south and regain his strength.

Meantime the *Southern Cross* returned straight to Norfolk Island, where they took up Mr. Palmer, the Rev. E. Wogale, and a small party of scholars; Mr. Bice, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Kenny remaining in charge of the ninety Melanesians still at S. Barnabas. They touched at Mae and Ambrym in the New Hebrides, and passed on to Mota, where a very sad state of things still prevailed. George Sarawia found his wife dead, and the father of one of his scholars dying. Sickness had in fact prevailed continuously, and they were also menaced with famine; for the people were too weak to cultivate the

ground, and the bread-fruit crops had been destroyed by the hurricanes. Fortunately Mr. Palmer had bought a good stock of medicines for these poor people.

At Ara matters were better, and the gardens were stocked for next season's yams. Two of the party had gone on to Motlav, where they were teaching, and others were only awaiting the permission gladly given to accept an invitation to establish a school at Vanua Lava.

Robert Pantutun was left at Santa Maria among people who had long been wishing for a teacher. In Florida they found Mr. Brooke well, but thinking it best to collect his scholars and return to Norfolk Island. A young man was left to continue the school, while they brought away fifteen scholars, old and new. Wadrokal was progressing at Savo, though his scholars were from the further island of Ysabel. At Malanta Joe Watè had new lads ready for them; and they collected altogether thirty-five from the Solomon group, besides a goodly supply of yams for Ara and Mota, in which latter place Mr. Codrington and Mr. Still remained until the third trip of the *Southern Cross*, while Mr. Palmer returned to S. Barnabas. The sickness, and want attendant upon it, continued during the whole time of their stay.

Ara, which had been their headquarters while visiting the neighbouring islands, was now in fact Christian, though very small, with a resident native deacon and several competent teachers, more than half the population baptized, and almost the whole under regular instruction. Motlav, on the main island, which they visited from Ara, had lost the greater part of its population through the labour trade; but two teachers from Ara with their wives were going to establish themselves there, and do their best with those who were left. But the condition of the whole island was sad. Few people; grass-grown villages; fallen houses; the young people kidnapped or enticed away; the old and weak dead from want of food. Mr. Codrington told them strongly that the one hope of preserving their country and themselves was to refuse to listen to the traders, to keep at home, and hear the Gospel. They agreed, but fell away under the temptation of the traders' axes

and knives, with the further hope of obtaining a gun. The men and boys were now regularly *bought*. The traders called it buying in English, and the natives called it buying in their language.

The party returned to Mota tired and somewhat starved. The *Southern Cross* came for them late in September, and they collected their scholars, a large number made up chiefly of girls engaged, or ready to be so, to the scholars at S. Barnabas. They sailed on to Santa Maria, where Robert Pantutun had started his school, and was established in a nice little school-house built by the people. From Opa they brought away Mr. Bice and a good party of boys, amongst them the lad who had paddled out to warn them of their danger the preceding year. At Ambrym Mr. Codrington slept ashore, and they obtained the much needed yams. The condition of this island, and of Mae, was on the whole more satisfactory. They reached Norfolk Island late in October, having been absent seven months, and having travelled about 17,000 miles.

A few days before, Mr. and Mrs. J. Selwyn with their little girl had arrived from Auckland. His reception by the old Norfolk Islanders was full of recollections of the Bishop his father, and of tender inquiries for him and Mrs. Selwyn, his mother, who had done so much for them. He threw himself at once with full heartiness into the work, bringing to it much of that father's spirit. He was struck with the tone and condition of the school, and declared the former to be much what he remembered at Eton in his youth. Bishop Patteson had evidently caught, and known how to re-echo, the keynote of the Eton system, which was to treat boys as people who could be trusted until the contrary was proved. "Of course," he said, "it is comparing what is called refined society with unrefined, and I am not at all sure that refined society has the best of it."

There were now at S. Barnabas 184 scholars, eighteen of whom were girls, and six infants; fifty-nine of these were baptized. The large proportion of girls was one of the most hopeful signs; not only as being the surest evidence of the

advance of the work, but as giving the greatest promise of future Christian homes; and, though the plan now was only to bring to Norfolk Island boys who were to be trained as teachers, the others being educated in their own islands, this did not extend to the girls, whose training it was not thought desirable to carry out in the islands, and who, therefore, began to form a chief part of the establishment at S. Barnabas.

CHAPTER III

THE NEW *SOUTHERN CROSS*

On the Feast of the Epiphany Mr. Codrington called a meeting of the Mission staff to consider the nomination of a new Bishop. According to the statute of the Melanesian Bishopric, passed by the General Synod of New Zealand in 1868, it was provided that—

"The members of the Mission may recommend a person to be appointed Bishop, or in default of such recommendation, or in case such recommendation shall not be accepted, then the Synod shall appoint some person to be Bishop."

The members of the staff were quite willing to continue for a year or two longer in their present condition, with Mr. Codrington as their head, and receiving ordinations and consecrations as they were needed from the Bishop of Auckland; but this statute seemed to leave them no choice. Either they must recommend or let the nomination lapse, in which case the Synod would be bound to elect. Mr. Codrington therefore put it to the meeting whether they would recommend or let the matter take its chance. They decided at once to recommend, and most strongly pressed on Mr. Codrington that he, in compliance with the well-known wishes of Bishop Patteson, would allow himself to be their choice. At a meeting in aid of the "Patteson Memorial Fund," held in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, in the month of March following the Bishop's death, Bishop Selwyn had spoken openly and strongly of his hope that Mr. Codrington might consent to succeed Bishop Patteson in his office, which desire had, he said, already been pressed upon him. Mr. Codrington had, however, refused to undertake the charge, and a most urgent letter had been

written, begging him to reconsider his refusal. Similar communications had also been sent him from Australia, and from the New Zealand Synod. Bishop Selwyn, who of course knew Mr. Codrington well, and could fully appreciate the many qualities which fitted him for the post, felt that with him as Bishop an important step would be gained towards giving permanence to Bishop Patteson's work. He went so far as to suggest that Oxford and Cambridge should each supply two University oarsmen to the Mission, in order somewhat to relieve Mr. Codrington of the constant boating and maritime work, which was an essential of its very existence, and which he knew to be his chief obstacle. Mr. Codrington, however, refused decidedly, and that refusal he now persisted in, saying that his mind was quite made up. Mr. Dudley, one of the first workers on the Mission, ordained by Bishop Patteson himself, was then proposed; but it was known that his health, always delicate, would forbid his entertaining the idea. They then decided to recommend Mr. J. R. Selwyn, the son of their founder, whom the death of their late beloved Bishop had led to join them, and who was further united to the Mission by many ties of association; and this recommendation, spite of Mr. Selwyn's reluctance to allow himself to be placed in a position of such responsibility at this early period of his connection with the work, was forwarded to the Synod which met at Wellington in 1874.

The new *Southern Cross*, provided from Bishop Patteson's Memorial Fund, was this year to carry on the work. He had himself decided on his last voyage that a new, larger, and more commodious vessel was needed; and his plans for her had been amongst his very last. Generous contributions had been made both by the S.P.G. and by numerous friends in England; and these were supplemented in the colonies in a manner which justified the Trustees in setting the matter at once on foot. It was decided to provide her with auxiliary steam-power, so that she should not be at the mercy of the calms and light winds which had so often delayed her predecessors. She was also provided with an after-cabin for the women, who now formed so large a proportion of the scholars,

fitted with bunks, wash-room, and large skylight. The accommodation for the clergy was also much improved, and the school-room much larger. She was launched on the 21st of March, with a beautiful consecration prayer from Bishop Cowie, Lady Martin marking her stern with a cross, saying as she did so: "I name thee the *Southern Cross*, and mayest thou bear the message of the Cross to the islands of the sea," when, her shores having been previously removed, the beautiful craft slid gracefully and smoothly into deep water amid the cheers of the spectators. She reached Norfolk Island under the command of Captain Jacob in June, and left it for the Islands on the 9th with Mr. Codrington, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Still, and sixty-three Melanesians.

The lads were returned to their homes in the New Hebrides, in the Banks Islands, and in the Solomons; while Mr. Brooke took up his abode for the winter among his people at Boli. There he found the large school-house complete and arranged both for divine service and for school. The native teacher and his baptized wife were working well, and were further assisted by a zealous scholar from Norfolk Island. On Sundays and special occasions as many as three hundred natives assembled, the average daily attendance being thirty. The work too was extending most hopefully. A Norfolk Island scholar employed in the school devoted his evenings to his own village; and the most advanced of the natives began the teaching of his own people in his somewhat distant home. As the island was at peace, Mr. Brooke was able to visit every part of it, his scholars being most helpful both in school and during his journeys. They called everything English "Sydney," pronounced "See–nay," with a long drawl. He himself, as their own peculiar English possession, was spoken of as "our Sydney." They had further converted *Sunday* into a verb, and spoke of "to Sunday" as they would of to work or to eat, in the most ordinary manner. He considered that this year's visit had brought all the natives around him to a remarkable readiness to adopt at his dictation any of the outward forms and observances of Christianity, though as yet there was no clear idea of its scope, and essentially spiritual

and inward character. Towards himself there had for some time been a very warm feeling of friendship and even affection.

He made his excursions round the island in the chief's —Takua's—beautiful canoe; built, not scooped out, sixty-six feet long, with poop and prow towering and tapering away to a height of nearly twenty feet, and glittering with mother-of-pearl. He was, of course, the only white man, and his adventures were all most interesting, one of them more than interesting. It occurred at a place called Vuturua. A man from this place had, the year before, brought his little motherless son, Tañi, to be taken to Norfolk Island. At the last moment, however, the father's heart seemed to fail him; he wept and asked to see his boy again. Several very promising lads had been lost to the Mission by simulated paternal yearnings, and Mr. Brooke ordered him off the vessel. Little Tañi reached Norfolk Island only to die fourteen days after his arrival; and it was then found that the father's affection was real, that his one boy was his idol; and Mr. Brooke was further warned that it would be wiser not to venture to Vuturua lest some revenge should be taken. But, instead of revenge, he was invited by the bereaved father to stay with him, as he wanted to hear all about Tañi's death. The invitation was of course at once accepted, and Mr. Brooke found himself for the first time since he had started from Boli with a sound roof over his head, and a comfortable bed to lie upon. He told the story of the little boy's illness and death, saying, "that he was not lost or gone astray;" but, being a little innocent child, had gone to Him who calls little children to go to Him, to Jesus and to Bishop; and that if he, the father, wanted to see Tañi and Bishop again he must take hold of the religion which has landed them where they are. "Let us cry for ourselves," he said, "and not for Tañi; for Tañi's state is better than ours." And he was answered: "Now is my mind comforted; it is well. He left me and went to you, and he has stayed for ever! Now for the first time is our mind easy, now that you have come and talked to us."

The station at Savo, which had been composed of people from Ysabel under the energetic Wadrokal's charge, had been

transferred to Nuro in Ysabel, where Wadrokal himself had fallen very ill; but he entirely declined the offer of a holiday in Norfolk Island. His sickness, and the disturbance of the move, had for the present put a stop to all teaching, but it was hoped that next year would put affairs in a more promising condition.

At Waño, in San Cristoval, Mr. Atkin's old post, four baptized scholars were left, who set up a school for the children of their own village, establishing themselves on the spot on which the school-house was to have been built.

At Saa, the nearest point in Malanta, the native teacher had been able to do but little. The continual watchfulness against labour traders kept the whole country in a state of irritation. From Ugi and Ulawa boys were brought away.

In the Banks Islands, at Kohimarama, George Sarawia and his brother the Rev. Edward Wogale were working as ever, though the first great enthusiasm seemed somewhat to have died down. The Sunday congregations were large. At Navqoe, another station on the island, Marsden Sawa and his wife were actively and successfully carrying on their work; and the whole population of the neighbouring group of villages was virtually under instruction, the attendance at evening school sometimes rising to over two hundred. There was a little body of baptized people, marriages were properly solemnized, and the baptized children brought to school. They were about to build a church and a new school-house. At Tasmate, too, another Christian village, school and prayers were attended by a large proportion of the inhabitants.

Merlav was found to be in a very hopeless condition, depopulated of all able-bodied inhabitants by the labour trade; the old and weak dying or dead; and the labourers returning with fire-arms, shooting and poisoning at their own will, the corpses of those thus killed left unburied beside the paths.

Santa Maria was, on the contrary, doing well. Edmund Qaratu was there established as a teacher, and had as assistants his wife and another married couple from Mota. A central school had been built: the daily attendance numbered from

sixty to seventy, while the Sunday congregation sometimes amounted to 400.

Mr. Palmer had been unable to pay them his usual visit this year, but Mr. Codrington and Mr. Selwyn spent a month in the Banks Islands between the journeys of the *Southern Cross*.

Ara was now entirely Christian, and remained in charge of Henry Tagalad, while an increasing station had been established at Losalav in Motlav; and in two more places on this island teachers were asked for.

At Vanua Lava, so depopulated by the labour trade, a station had been established at Pek. Three houses had been built there: one for school and chapel, high and broad, built of bamboo; one for the teachers, and one for the scholars; the whole enclosed with a stone wall, and prettily arranged with flower-beds, &c. Mr. Codrington spent some little time at Ara, while Mr. Selwyn came on to Pek, where he found all the arrangements excellent. He also visited the Reef island of Rowa where every one was most friendly, and with Edward Wogale and the invaluable "Commodore William" made an excursion round Vanua Lava.

The Santa Cruz group was not visited. The way there had been still further barred against them. A canoe from the main island had found its way to Ulawa, where a native of San Cristoval had caused them to be massacred in revenge for Stephen Taroaniara's death. But they were in the latitude of Santa Cruz, though some distance to westward, on the day of the martyr Bishop's death. It was a bright sparkling day, and the whole scene rose vividly before them—the scene and its results in the ever-increasing life which his death had brought to the people he so loved.

In the New Hebrides, Mae was visited three times, but without much result. At Ambrym Mr. Kenny spent a month; but the people were wild, and the island infested by the labour traders. At Whitsuntide the intercourse was friendly; while at Opa Mr. Bice again remained a month on shore, and acquired a piece of ground on which the Mission-house was built and teaching carried on. At Aurora, through the visit of

Mota teachers, a great opening was made. Four men from different villages went to see the way of life in Mota, and all were desirous to have a teacher of their own.

In the month of October the *Southern Cross* returned from her second journey. She had brought altogether seventy-five scholars to S. Barnabas, while the entire number baptized during the year was twenty-nine; of whom eleven were from the Solomon Islands, seven from Florida, one from Ysabel, two from San Cristoval, one from Malanta, five from Opa, and one from Aurora, the first fruits of that island. The good ship herself had fully justified all expectations, and the auxiliary steam-power had proved of great use and had prevented much delay.

The answer of the General Synod to the recommendation of the staff had in the meantime arrived. They considered it wiser for a time to postpone Mr. Selwyn's consecration, not from any doubt of his fitness for the position, or from want of full recognition of the spirit of devotion which had led him to devote himself to the work; but partly in deference to the humility which caused him to deprecate so sudden a step, and partly in order to give him time to test his own powers before so irrevocably pledging himself. Virtually then the consecration might be considered as postponed until the next meeting of the General Synod, and the Mission would until then remain under the guidance of Mr. Codrington.

Mr. R. S. Jackson had, on account of his health, retired from the Mission which he had for four years so zealously served; and, on the 11th of September, died Mrs. Palmer, after a long illness. Her work among the girls, so important a matter to the Mission, had been invaluable. She had known so wisely how to combine watchfulness and strictness with unvarying kindness, and had been the first and for so long a time the only lady attached to the Mission, that her loss was keenly felt. Her place was being supplied by Mrs. Watling, the wife of the medical officer at Norfolk Island; and Mrs. John Selwyn was bringing to the same work a brightness and vivacity quite her own, which told immensely on the shy impressionable Melanesian girls. It is amusing to find Mr.

Selwyn repeating the Bishop's verdict about their looks; saying that, "when they brighten up, and their glorious eyes and teeth shine out, they are very good-looking."

He had come also to something of Bishop Patteson's admiration for the Solomon Islanders, whom he considered to have more stuff in them, and more to be relied upon, than the brighter and quicker Banks Islanders. He was in the meantime fitting into his work with the energy and alacrity, the doing whatsoever his hand found to do with his might, which belonged to him by right as the son of the father whom he in many ways so strongly resembled; and was making his presence felt in the whole community. He had also about him a peculiar gift of placing himself at once on friendly terms with those around him, many of the shy Melanesians calling him at once "John," and going to him as if he had been among them for years. Truly he and his friend Mr. Still had been amongst the great gains which the wise Bishop's death had brought to his work.

Christmas was made very bright to the Melanesians, though the staff felt the gaps in their party somewhat depressingly; Mrs. Palmer's death and her husband's consequent absence, together with that of Mr. Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Bice. But Mr. Codrington's decorations in the chapel were as beautiful as ever; the services as full and hearty; and the evening fun fast and furious. The boys were wild with delight over snapdragon and dancing. The next night came the big magic lantern; and on the following a large and most successful Christmas tree. It all brought home to the lads the great joy which the birth of the Child had given to earth. The text over the altar was in Mota: "TO US A CHILD IS BORN."

CHAPTER IV

MR. CODRINGTON IN THE ISLANDS

MR. BICE had gone to Auckland to recruit, and it was felt that it would be wise to utilize his visit in making known to the members of the Church in New Zealand, generally, something of the details of the Mission which they, together with the Australian Church, had undertaken to support. So he passed through the different dioceses: Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Napier—all were taken in turn, and the interest, which was liable to flag now that the seat of the Mission was removed from their midst, revived and strengthened.

March brought a triple wedding, though one, that of Charles Sapibuana, a Solomon Islander, one of their best scholars, and for two years their organist, was delayed for a day or two, owing to some foolish insulting words written by one of the boys on a slate where the girls could see it. The insult was warmly taken up by Sapibuana and his friends; and, as the opposing faction came from a distant and unfriendly district, there was at first great fear of consequences. But Charles' goodness soon led him to deep repentance for his own angry feelings; and he spoke first, asking pardon for his wrath and the angry demonstrations it had led to; so that perfect peace on all sides followed this truly beautiful conduct. Mr. Selwyn gave away the brides; and on this occasion there was quite a new departure, for his own little daughter, Pearlie, with two small dark maidens, acted as bridesmaids.

Towards the end of April Mr. Codrington and Mr. Selwyn started on the first journey, the mate Bongard taking the place of Captain Jacob, who was ill. They set off with fair weather, but with light and variable winds, so that their speed was not great, which was a satisfaction to Mr. Codrington; for measles

had made their appearance in the town, and though they had not penetrated to S. Barnabas, still the delay made it certain that the boys were landed without infection in their own homes. They were a large party, sixty-four boys, seven girls, and four children. Over forty of the boys and girls were baptized, and many of them very well instructed and full of promise; so that it was felt that a great power for good was being transmitted to the different islands.

They touched at Mae in the New Hebrides, there leaving a man to whom they had given a passage, and went on to Ambrym, the volcano, though hidden by clouds, making itself felt; black ashes were falling and the smell of sulphur strong. They used steam for lack of wind to Whitsuntide, where the people, who had been terrified by a labour vessel which had chased them with guns and killed one of them, ran away screaming until they made certain who these visitors were. A boy, Tariliu, whom they wished to land, remarked, Irish fashion, that if the Mission party were all killed, they would every one of them die! They reached Opa on Ascension Day, and got on to Walurigi, Mr. Bice's station, where they found his house and boat well cared for, but the young men, alas, nearly all carried off by traders. They waited long for two boys whom they brought off in the rain, and left two Christians and two catechumens to do their best, the teacher whom they hoped to have established there being ill. With a good breeze they quickly reached Maewo, or Aurora, where the boys could land and mix fearlessly with the people from the different villages—a Christian and a pleasant sight, telling much of what the Mission had already done. They promised them here Robert Pantutun as a permanent teacher, and Antony Arbole, an old pupil who had wished to return on this cruise, was instead to remain behind and help him.

At Santa Maria, the only Banks Island besides Mota not half depopulated by the labour trade, Edmund Qaratu, the most active and able of all Bishop Patteson's scholars, had been for a year established at Gaua, and had worked well. All here was satisfactory and flourishing. At Lakona, a somewhat distant station on the north side of the island, they left

two Mota teachers with two Christian boys from Norfolk Island. The labour vessels had been here, but had done but little harm; and Mr. Codrington had an interview with the two chiefs, Nogonogo, the great chief, stately and handsome, a gentleman fit for any society, and Vagalo, a great contrast to him, one-eyed and stark naked, but *carrying* a piece of calico in his hand for appearance sake, and gesticulating wildly. It should be added that his eye had been knocked out by the quiet and dignified Nogonogo in a former fight.

At Mota, to which they had to steam, all was doing well. At Kohimarama George Sarawia reported many baptisms, together with good constant attendance at school and at service; and Marsden Sawa, the teacher at Navqoe, gave a similar account. Mr. Codrington visited his old "*pulsala*," *i.e.*, particular friend, of twelve years' standing. He was crippled with rheumatism, but as jolly and pleasant as possible. He inquired particularly after "our brother," *i.e.*, Mr. Codrington's brother, after whom he had named a son who died in New Zealand, and was much elated at hearing that he had been to Jerusalem. This man had in the old days forbidden all to listen to Bishop Patteson's teaching, but had nevertheless been one of the first to become a Christian, and was one most sincerely.

Henry Tagalad came across from Ara in the boat and returned with them there, where they found that everything had been doing well, though there had been a good deal of fever and ague. The tide being low Mr. Codrington walked across to Motlav, where he was greeted with the news that Wenlolo, the Bishop's old scholar, who had so shamefully acted as a decoy for the labour traders, had repented, convinced, Tagalad said, by the benefits which Christianity had brought to Ara and Motlav, and by the contrast which their peaceful improved condition offered to the depopulation and ruin wrought by the labour trade. He had joined the school, had put away one of his two wives, and had later on been baptized. From Ara they went to Pek in Vanua Lava, where they found the pretty little station in full order, though not used as much as it might be.

They now pushed on to the Solomon group, approaching the islands of Santa Anna and Santa Catalina, places which had never yet been visited by the Mission. Canoes came out to them, and two men who spoke some English, which they had acquired in New Caledonia. Later came one man who had spent five years in Sydney. He came on board trembling violently, and they did not know how to qualify themselves to these people, the first they had been among who had never heard of the Bishop; but they made friends with them, promised to try and return, and in the meantime bought cocoanuts and fish.

At Haani, and Waïo, the place dear from its memories of Mr. Atkin, they landed their scholars and filled up with water. They took on board here Taki, the chief man at Waño, who, anxious to see his son at Norfolk Island, came with them, spite of the doleful lamentations of his wife, set up before dawn and persisted in until the anchor was weighed. They had boys to return at Maata, and here they heard from a resident American negro a full account of a slaughter of Malanta men, rumours of which had already reached them. These men had come over in four canoes to take vengeance on the Maata chief who, they declared, had been concerned in the kidnapping of their own chief's son. The Maata men had, however, been warned, and lay in wait to the number of 150; and, as the Malanta men landed, they fired upon them, first a volley of musketry then of spears. Two canoes were upset and the men in them killed. Forty were thus slain, while not one Maata man was hurt. Most were killed in the sea and their bodies devoured by sharks and doubtless also by men. Skulls were bleaching in numbers on the rocks; and the lads, whose early life made them only too good judges, declared that there were traces of cannibalism around. Four promising lads were left at Maata.

At Saa in Malanta three scholars were left. At Gaeta in Florida they found only a few people on the beach to greet them. About 400 people were gone away on a dancing party. Here they were taking back Charles Sapibuana and his bride, and here too Mr. Codrington saw on the sand

within the reef a couple of most peculiar creatures—grasshoppers as to their heads, crawfish as to their tails; one green as a grasshopper, the other black as a crawfish. He further heard a perpetual call resounding through the trees like that of a bird or frog; he inquired and was told that it proceeded from a bird of the shape and colour of a candle end, wingless, tailless, legless, and featherless, having a mouth, and a mouth only, and living in the hole of a tree. Sapibuana with five or six boys accompanied Mr. Codrington to Boli. They went at once to Mr. Brooke's house, where Takua the chief visited them. He showed then and after great disposition towards Christianity, making the disposal of his seven wives his great difficulty in accepting it. School and prayers were regularly going on, the attendance ranging from thirty-five to eighty, and private instruction was being given to Takua's children. There was a disturbance with a secondary chief Sauvui, who was declared to have said that he would have John Takisi, a Norfolk Island boy to whose going he had objected, killed when he landed. Mr. Codrington went to him and informed him that he would not have such things done or said to his boys. Whereupon, Sauvui declared that he had said nothing of the sort, and the old quarrel was settled. But the dancing party had arrived and was much disturbing the whole place. Mr. Codrington meantime therefore made excursions with Sapibuana and some of the boys to the villages among the hills above; beautiful excursions, for the scenery in Florida is rich and varied; sharp ridges running up into wooded peaks; deep gullies filled with fine trees, and here and there, on the tops and slopes of the hills open spaces clothed with grass, on which the shadows of the forest float; all lovely and picturesque whether near or far. And on the horizon lie the distant islands on which you gaze from under a banyan, or between the boles of cocoa-nuts, with the majestic fronds of the huge sago palm under your eye. Koda, one of the villages, was visited twice; and the lads, who came for the evening school, returned with him glad of an excursion; "as gentlemanly boys as you could wish to live with; and their perfect independence and enjoyment of

life, and here, their handsome, clean, brown bodies, and their whitened heads, are a pleasure to look at."

In the meantime the *Southern Cross* was visited by canoes from Hongo, a district not hitherto friendly with that visited by the Mission; so that from this time intercourse over all Florida might be said to be established.

Mr. Selwyn had, after landing John Takisi, the boy whom Sauvui had forbidden to go to Norfolk Island, and who much appreciated the dignity of being thus as it were proscribed, gone on to Ysabel, visiting various places there, Ravu, and Nuro; the latter the most distant point as yet reached by the Mission, and where he found Wadrokal as energetically as ever facing his uphill work. The people at that end of Ysabel seemed wanting in the spirit necessary to make a stand for the Faith, or indeed for anything. They were at that very time living in mortal dread of an invasion of head-hunters; and Wadrokal gravely asked Mr. Selwyn to take away a chief who lived with him, and plant him with his forty-eight followers *somewhere* in a colony. The poor fellow was so hunted that he was weary of his life. Mr. Selwyn preached unity to them, exemplifying it by the fable of the bundle of sticks, which was enacted with much solemnity. They could not agree, and so remained scattered on a thousand trees—dwellings such as Bishop Patteson had climbed into with William Qasvaraṅ.

They returned to Boli, where Mr. Codrington met them in great state in Takua's barge, and together they made their way on towards the Banks Islands, touching at Lakona in Santa Maria, where there was an edifying demand for calico, all last year's calico being in full wear. Here Mr. Codrington remained, and made a circuit among the surrounding villages followed by a large train of natives. One sick man came to him asking him to make his food agree with him; whereupon he gave him a biscuit and—directions! The dialect was a great difficulty to Mr. Codrington. It has words in common with Mota, but is substantially very unlike; so that all intercourse had to be kept up through an interpreter. Maros was the teacher established here. He was unfortunately just then

suffering from an attack of ague; but he had a good hold on the people, and under him the school was progressing and the work most hopeful. With a sufficiency of teachers the whole of Santa Maria might have been at once occupied.

Mr. Codrington here made a most interesting expedition to the Vuro, the volcano, and descended into the old crater. Volcanic vents were here on all sides; pools of boiling water, steaming holes, channels underground, rattling with the escape of steam, and large surfaces of soft reddish and white clay, sometimes hard enough to tread upon but very deceptive to a walking-stick. What was called the New Vuro was very active indeed; and only the large stones in its neighbourhood were safe to tread upon, there being a great deal of heat, steam and noise. There were on the ridge of the crater a few jets of steam which were to be seen from the sea. He afterwards visited Nogonogo, the dignified old chief, a man of the conservative type, who attended school unarmed, but with an amulet round his neck, to guard him from the charms of his old enemy, the one-eyed Vagalo, a fussy, radical kind of person, who had somehow pushed ahead of Nogonogo, formerly the greater of the two. Vagalo came armed, but laid aside his bow and arrows on Mr. Codrington's remonstrance. There were wonderful stone structures in Vagalo's territory, quite Cyclopean, besides some small obelisks. On the last day of his stay here Mr. Codrington visited the great waterfall of Gaua, the first European to do so. They heard its noise from a distance of about three-quarters of a mile; and, grand as the sight was, they seem never to have seen the whole fall, partly because of the height and curve of the cliff, which shut off the scene on the right; and partly because the mass of falling water filled the air with mist and rain whirled about with the tremendous rush of the wind. As they came up the stream in the sunshine and the mist, a rainbow lying on the face of the water accompanied them, one end of which was near enough to be caught in the right hand, while on the left in the shadow hung a surprising and awful darkness; beyond which, as they gazed upwards to the gap in the cliff through which the water fell, a bit of blue sky and white cloud showed

strangely. Looking straight up there was no sight of the waterfall, but a dim spectacle of falling water which seemed to have no shape or end. The wind and the rain of the fall were like a furious storm; but now and then a whirl of the wind cleared the view a little, and the upper part of the cascade showed white through the lower gloom.

Mr. Selwyn was meantime visiting Mota, Motlav, Vanua Lava, and Ureparapara; spending two days at Mota, where things were doing well, though the *Salagoro* at Navqoe was somewhat of an obstruction to him; and he cautioned Marsden Sawa against allowing it to interfere with Sunday, which to Christians should be a *dies non.* He also visited an old *pulsala* of his father's, Vetuvia, who said: "John, when the steamer goes, you write and tell my old *pulsala*, Bishop Selwyn, that I am alive and remember him." He passed on to Ara, where all unwittingly he landed his people full among measles. Immediate precautions were taken, but of course the fear remained. Fortunately they were of a mild form. Wenlolo was in close attendance upon Henry Tagalad, and seemed quite real in his profession. He made his way to Pek, where again measles were predominant, so that he allowed none of his lads to land.

After calling for Mr. Codrington, who brought with him two men to visit Norfolk Island, one of them having with him his daughter who was to be left there—the first girl from Santa Maria—they touched at Maewo, Opa, Whitsuntide, and Mae, finding measles everywhere, but fully convinced that they themselves were free, and landed at Norfolk Island in July to find all well at S. Barnabas,—but that they had had measles on board all the time.

The illness spread rapidly through the whole community, boys and girls, but was of a very mild form, so that though giving much trouble it raised very little alarm. It seized its victims in batches of thirteen or fourteen at a time, and thus they gradually disappeared from table till one day Mr. Codrington and Mr. Selwyn were alone. The nursing was hard work; but the convalescence and feeding on arrowroot, &c., was an evident delight and increase of dignity to the invalids, who

deeply felt the care and kindness which were lavished on them, and showed their gratitude in their increasingly good conduct. One boy from Opa and one baby died.

The *Southern Cross* had started on her return trip to fetch the scholars on July the 13th, with Mr. Bice, Mr. Kenny, Mr. Still, and Mr. Penny on board; the two last to go the round of the islands, while Mr. Bice was left at Opa, and Mr. Kenny at Ambrym. They took back some Loyalty Islanders who had been left at Norfolk Island by a whaler, and found all well at Mae, but at Opa they came upon a horrid affair in the neighbourhood of Mr. Bice's station. The natives had attacked a boat belonging to the traders, had dragged out a man, and had killed and eaten him. These wretched people all fled into the bush on the appearance of a man-of-war which closely followed Mr. Bice. The latter, spite of all this, did exceedingly well during his stay. All his old scholars were quite faithful and devoted to him, looking upon him as their own property, and ready to do anything for him, though no other white man's life would have been safe with them. Their politeness was charming and unaffected, and it was difficult to believe that cannibalism yet lurked behind it all. Here Mr. Still made acquaintance with—though they would not allow him to taste—"kava," a bitter drink, not intoxicating, but stupefying. No woman is allowed to touch it.

Mr. Kenny was left among the noisy wild people of Ambrym, who were, however, improving. Measles were everywhere, but passing off; the epidemic had not been severe. At Mota every one was down with them, and things were in consequence at a stand still.

Edwin Sakelrau was left at Pek to continue the school.

Among the Solomons they remained three weeks, landing at many places, sleeping wherever they could to gain the confidence of the natives, and endeavouring to show them the hold already gained. At Waño Mr. Still stayed a week. A nice school-house had been built, but the older people, though civil, were very unimpressionable, while the young ones were inordinately proud of their reading. He made an expedition to a place in the country where they were equally civil, and

where in the evening he saw a decided novelty—a lad whose mop of hair was filled with fire-flies, which gave quite a brilliant light. Further on, at Mala, they found a great gathering to celebrate the betrothal of the chief's daughter, a little girl of about three. The festivities lasted all night, and were more noisy than pleasant.

At Florida measles again, and in consequence little schooling. At Bugotu, in Ysabel, the most northerly point they reached, Wadrokal was doing well in spite of the constant dread of head-hunters.

And so they made their way round again home with sixty boys and girls, ten of the latter from the Solomon Islands. They were met on their return with the account of Commodore Goodenough's sad death at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Codrington had, on his own account, been renewing the question of the consecration with the Primate of New Zealand, who answered that the chief difficulty in the way was the calling together of a meeting of the General Synod to elect. It would meet naturally in 1877, and he advised that in the meantime the Mission staff should recommend as before, and that the recommendation should be unanimous.

Mr. Selwyn also wrote begging the Primate not to hurry matters. The diffidence which he had felt on first hearing himself proposed had but increased as he had grown into the magnitude of the work. His own deep humility led him to magnify his spiritual shortcomings, and he felt daily more and more convinced that he had but little of that capacity for making his way through the "Babel" of tongues which had come so naturally to Bishop Patteson; and moreover that he was deficient in the very important power of remembering strange, and to most English ears, uncouth names. Of course he himself was quite unconscious of his own peculiar fascination of manner which touched on the one side the heroic charm of his father, and on the other the winning sweetness of Bishop Patteson, and to which in him was added a something quite apart and peculiar, which may have been owing to the fact that he was, as it were, born in the Mission, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh, and so made his way home to the heart

of things with an unerring instinct which placed him close behind his great forerunners. Mr. Codrington doubtless perceived this, and saw at once that in Melanesia he would be the right man in the right place. It is difficult otherwise to account for his prompt, decided, and, as consequences have fully proved, wise action.

On October 1st Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn started for Sydney with a party of boys for Confirmation. They were as ever warmly greeted on all sides, and the accustomed substantial interest always ready in Sydney for this their own peculiar Mission was not lacking.

On November the 22nd was laid the foundation-stone of the new chapel at S. Barnabas, which, together with the *Southern Cross*, formed the memorial to Bishop Patteson. Large numbers of the Pitcairners were present, and stood on one side of the stone, while the Melanesians stood on the other; the surpliced clergy, including Mr. Nobbs, in the centre. The Psalms were chanted in Mota; the dedicatory prayer, which included the names of Bishop Patteson, Joseph Atkin, and Stephen Taroaniara, together with Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, was in English. Then, while the Pitcairners sang a hymn in English, Mr. Codrington laid the chief stone. The dedicatory prayer was repeated in Mota, and the whole short service closed with another English hymn. No sad thoughts were here; nought but thankfulness, hope, and a fearless trust that the work so begun would be blessed to the end.

Towards the close of the year Mano Wadrokal was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Auckland. Several of the scholars were baptized at the Christmas Festival.

CHAPTER V

MR. SELWYN'S TOUR

THE new year opened with a large number of scholars at S. Barnabas, 186 from nineteen different islands, forty-seven of whom were "girls," as all the women are called, married or unmarried, and seven little children. Many of the lads were employed as teachers in the school; others were waiting to be married, after which they would return to their own islands and settle there as teachers. The conduct of these scholars had been throughout good, and their progress satisfactory. The health record had, since the measles, been excellent, though two had died from the after results.

Less time than usual was spent this year on the double voyage, though the round was enlarged from a point hitherto untouched in the south of Pentecost to Ruavatu, at the end of the great island of Guadalcanar, just opposite Florida, to which the Mission had for some time hopefully looked, and which was now visited and a scholar from S. Barnabas left there. The place was well situated, having good anchorage, and being in constant communication with Florida, so that it was hoped that the hold thus established might be permanently and increasingly maintained. They started on the first cruise on April the 13th, under the command of Captain Bongard, and having on board the Revs. J. R. Selwyn, J. Still, C. Bice, and Mano Wadrokal, also seventy-one natives who were being returned to their homes.

They touched at Mae, carried two boys for their holidays to Ambrym, where they were most cordially greeted, and where the volcano, unusually active, nightly illumined the horizon. At Pentecost there was a scholar to land, and all the noisy ordeal of the yam trade to go through, this year more shrilly

discordant and piercingly loud than ever, as there was an unusually large quantity of yams to dispose of. At Maewo, or Aurora, they as usual watered, and were much pleased by a visit from four entire strangers, who paddled off to them, unasked, a distance of some five or six miles. They were shown all over the vessel; the object of its existence was explained, many presents were given them, and they were sent home with the promise of a visit on the return journey. These people came from the place where the paymaster of the *Rosario* had been killed, and they in punishment fired upon; so their confidence was doubly gratifying. At Opa, or Leper's Island, Mr. Bice was landed for his stay with eight Opa lads; and on the Sunday, after early celebration on board, Matins were held on shore in Mr. Bice's house, all the lads from the ship, and about 150 of the natives, being present. The latter were very much impressed, especially with the singing.

In the Banks Islands boys were returned at Merlav, whence Clement, son of the former chief, was to proceed to Tanrig in Maewo, where he was well known, to start a school. They touched at the tiny island of Merig, which only numbers seventeen inhabitants, where they found everything in beautiful order, and were royally received by the old chief and his four wives.

At Santa Maria Edmund Qaratu had thirty candidates ready for Holy Baptism; while at Motlav the Rev. H. Tagalad had baptized forty-six.

At Mota things were somewhat falling asleep, though the schools were doing steadily and fairly, the daily attendance of Christians at prayers averaging from thirty to thirty-five, while the Sunday congregation at Matins ranged from 200 to 300.

In the beautiful harbour of Port Patteson opposite they were warmly greeted by H.M.S. *Beagle*, and made an expedition up the streams that flow into the bay under the overarching tree ferns, the winding river and purple hills in the distance; while, in the evening, the crews of both ships sang songs and hymns together, closing with "Safe in the arms of Jesus," which had a ring all its own thus "sung by a man-of-war's crew and a body of natives from half-a-dozen different

islands;" the whole winding up with a vociferous "God save the Queen!"

At Ara things were doing well; and, on the mainland, four Norfolk Island scholars had started a school, and had been able to bring some sixteen people to Holy Baptism. They took on Edwin Sakelrau and his wife here for Pek, where he was received with the warm affection he had known how to win.

Mr. Still was left at Waño, his future headquarters, where the people were delighted to see him, and had built him a capital house with a glass window and an ornamental roof. It was doubly astonishing, for there had been no one to look after the poor people since Mr. Atkin's death. At Ugi and Ulawa boys were returned. The latter place Mr. Still hoped to get at in his boat, and the people were most friendly.

At Saa, in Malanta, Joseph Watè was left as a teacher while they passed on to Florida, where they found that the crew of a labour vessel had been massacred in revenge for a kidnapping affair which had taken place some years before. However, at Gaeta, a very friendly greeting awaited them; while at Boli the chiefs Takua and Sauvui both came on board and offered a visit, which was delightedly accepted, Sauvui's for the northern cruise and Takua's for Norfolk Island itself. All was in order at the station and ready for Mr. Penny, who was to make it his headquarters.

Mr. Selwyn visited Dikea, a chief of great influence in the neighbourhood of the massacre, and spoke to him about it. His own people had had nothing to say to it, and he was most anxious to tell all he knew. Mr. Selwyn told him that "our Queen would be very angry if her people were killed for nothing in that way"; whereupon, with much quiet dignity, the old man stretched out his hand, saying simply: "This is clean;" and he further implored Mr. Selwyn to write "a book" and tell the captain of the man-of-war that a certain stone was his boundary.

At Nura, in Ysabel, the new deacon, Mano Wadrokal, was established. The measles had been very malignant there, and the chief, Karovo, had died of them. He had been a good friend to Wadrokal, and a true disciple. He sent for his

people on his deathbed and told them that they must not kill any one to follow him, nor must they worship him after death, as if he could help them; only God could do that. Then he sent for one of the teachers to pray with him, and died calmly and peacefully. It was determined now to move the station back to the former place, Mahaga, where it would be under the protection of Bera, an old chief. There accordingly Wadrokal was landed and his house erected, while Mr. Selwyn paid his visit to the chief. The great dread here was, as ever, of head-hunters; but Bera declared himself to be most desirous of peace, and Wadrokal was pretty safe, and had here a better sphere for work as the population was good.

So they returned to Boli, where Takua was found quite ready. He had prepared a great store of provisions and a present for every one, which he gave "as a king"; and was brought on board with his *aide*, whose principal office was to light the chief's pipe at the galley, also to see that his supply of wine and betel-nut was well kept up.

At Waño Mr. Still was left to face the uphill work before him in good heart and spirits. They passed Santa Cruz with longing hearts, and went on to Ureparapara, as miserable as ever, to give the mothers there tidings of their boys. At Rowa they found William Qasvarañ starting a school, and at Pek they had a rapturous reception. But Edwin Sakelrau was in trouble over a murder which had been committed; a man had been killed for stealing pigs. Mr. Selwyn told them that a man's life was worth a great deal more than a pig's, and that they must fine the wrong-doer heavily, not as revenge but as justice. The next day the head man told him that the blood-money had been paid, and that there was to be no fighting; but they had not yet "looked each other in the face."

They passed again by Mota, and spent Whitsunday at Gaua, in Santa Maria, where all was doing well. There had been many baptisms, and more were preparing, while peace reigned everywhere. The two head men were on the best possible terms, and very helpful to the Mission. Here Mr. Selwyn buried a little baptized child, the first Christian funeral at Gaua; while, in the evening, he baptized a lad who had been

round the islands with them, and there was a good and very attentive congregation. Nogonogo, the exceedingly gentlemanly old chief, here came away with them. From Merelav the boys were brought away, and with them came an old chief, Popoi, with an extraordinary head-dress, composed of four enormous ringlets of real and false hair, who had risen to such rank in the island that he had had to coin a new title for himself, "*Wetuka*," meaning firmament, that beyond which there could be no higher ascent.

At Opa Mr. Bice was picked up, much pleased with his stay. His boys had been faithful and constant, and the work was spreading. The people had built him a good house, and his boat enabled him from the shore to get at all sorts of places he could not otherwise have reached. He had translated Matins and Evensong, the service for adult baptisms, and some of the Psalms, into the language.

At Mae Mr. Selwyn was landed, with a native teacher as a companion, for his visit until the return of the vessel, which now made straight with all her "royalties" on board for Norfolk Island, which she reached on June the 24th.

Takua greatly enjoyed his visit. He declared that the old convict buildings must have been built by spirits—no man could have put them up; but above all he was delighted with the horses. He much wished to have one at Boli, which he would not ride but keep on the beach and feed with leaves.

In July the *Southern Cross* again set off, taking Mr. Palmer for the Banks Islands and Mr. Penny for Florida. Touching at Mae they found that Mr. Selwyn had made friends with the people, and hoped next year, when they had built him a house, to be able to do real work. He had found in that little island, inhabited by about 700 people, three distinct districts, each speaking a separate language, and each in constant suspicion if not at war with the others.

Mr. Palmer was landed at Mota, where he found the schools at work and thirty-nine candidates preparing for Baptism. The Parira school, which had been given up, was about to be resumed. At the entirely Christian island of Ara he baptized eighteen people; while on the mainland, Saddle Island, he

found the three schools established from Ara well attended, and baptized fourteen, sixteen, and twelve people in them respectively. Pek, too, he found prospering.

Meantime Mr. Selwyn had gone on to Gaua, where Edmund Qaratu was making steady progress. Mr. Palmer, who followed, baptized eighteen adults; and though the attendance at school and service was reported as disordered by sickness, yet on week days they numbered fifty or sixty and on Sunday a hundred. Edmund had occasionally visited the distant Lakona, and during part of the winter a Mota teacher had been stationed there. Mr. Palmer spent three days among them and arranged that a house should be provided for the teacher. At Waño Mr. Still was doing well, and at Boli Takua and Mr. Penny were landed in great state in the inlaid barge.

At Mahaga the energetic Wadrokal had literally done wonders. He presented two men to Mr. Selwyn for Baptism, while the school numbered about thirty. He had an excellent house with verandah open to the trade winds, most inviting to Mr. Selwyn, who was very far from well; as was the care of Carry, Wadrokal's wife, who, having been in civilized parts, knew how things ought to be done; gave them clean sheets to sleep in, stewed pigeons for tea, chocolate at six in the morning, and—scented their handkerchiefs for them! The chief difficulty here was the old one, the head-hunters from Rubiana, who demoralized the people with terror. Only an English man-of-war could put an end to this.

On their return they called at Boli for Mr. Penny, whose ten days there had been of great profit. They held a grand distribution of prizes, at which Takua took the chair, and Mr. Selwyn solemnly ladled beads out of a bowl, one ladleful being the reward of the smaller children. They touched at Guadalcanar, and at Saa, where Mr. Still had stayed a week, and a boy had been given to him out and out.

At Ulawa they came across two men from Santa Cruz who had been in the canoe with which Bishop Patteson had communicated the day before his death; and one declared that he had warned the Bishop not to go to Nukapu, there was danger there. A labour vessel had attacked a Nukapu canoe, had

slain four men in her, wounded four, and carried off four. These last had later on escaped from Fiji, and had made their way over 1000 miles home in a wonderful manner, in a small vessel without chart or compass.

The *Southern Cross* on her return started for New Zealand with Mr. Codrington, Mr. Selwyn, Mr. Still, and a party of Melanesians, eleven of whom were confirmed on All Saints Day in S. Paul's, Auckland, Archdeacon Pritt and Mr. B. T. Dudley joining in the service. The Bishop of Auckland addressed the candidates collectively and individually, Mr. Codrington interpreting sentence by sentence. The latter also read the Commandments in Mota, while Mr. Still and Mr. Selwyn read the Epistle and Gospel in the same language. Two of these lads had been baptized by Bishop Patteson, while a third was on board the *Southern Cross* when he was killed; and this last one had applied for Baptism at once on reaching S. Barnabas.

On October the 19th Mr. Still was married to Miss Nihill, the daughter of the Rev. William Nihill, who died at Nengonè in 1853. They were married by the Bishop of Auckland, assisted by Mr. Selwyn and Mr. Dudley, Mr. Codrington himself being best man.

A fortnight after, Mr. Selwyn started for Australia to meet his wife on her return from England, whither she had gone to leave their two little girls at Lichfield under the care of the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn; and with her to proceed, *via* Tasmania and Dunedin, to Nelson, where the Session of the General Synod was to be held, and where he would receive Consecration. He had been for a time in some suspense; for it had been mooted, and left to the decision of the Primate of New Zealand, whether he should not be consecrated in England. He did not dare to allow himself to build on the thought, or indeed to dwell on it in any way. To him the highest imaginable earthly privilege would have been to receive Consecration from the father whom he venerated beyond all men, alike as hero and saint, and with whose unique character he was daily growing into more and more entire sympathy, as he followed in its ever-recurring routine the work which he had originated, as he traced over and again the road which

that father had first found for himself among those wild and unknown islands. But it was not to be. The Primate's letter telling him that it would be wiser that he should be consecrated in New Zealand reached him at Mae. His scruples concerning his own unfitness had increased rather than otherwise—in humility too, perhaps, ever approaching his father; and he had doubts of himself of all kinds which thronged upon him as the immense difficulties, which had of course grown with the growth of the work, became ever more apparent to him. He felt that the position needed a master mind, and could not, *would* not see as others did that his was that master mind. There was nothing to meet all this but the knowledge that the call had come to *him;* had come and had been renewed; and that the grace needful would surely follow it.

CHAPTER VI

THE CONSECRATION OF JOHN RICHARDSON SELWYN

So the year which was to see another Bishop at S. Barnabas dawned. In February the General Synod met, and the Bishop of Auckland, in accordance with the second formal recommendation of the Mission staff, proposed the Rev. J. R. Selwyn, who had given them reason to believe that he would not now decline the office if appointed, for election to the Bishopric of Melanesia. The Bishop dwelt upon some of his special qualifications for the office, qualifications inherited from his father, the founder of the Mission; of unselfishness, of energy of mind and body, of unfailing courage, and of power of attaching to himself those who loved what was manly and true. The motion was seconded by Mr. Jackson, formerly of the Mission; and the whole Synod, invited thereto by the Primate, having knelt for some time in silent prayer for the divine guidance, proceeded unanimously to elect John Richardson Selwyn as Bishop of Melanesia.

The Consecration itself took place on Sunday, February the 18th, the sacring Bishops being the Primate, Nelson, Auckland, Wellington, and Dunedin; they all laying their hands on his head, while the Primate said the words of consecration and delivered the Bible into his hands.

From the Bishop's heart, now that the solemn moment had come, all fear and doubt of his vocation had fled. The absolute unanimity of every one concerned in the matter had made all clear, had calmed and braced him. With the anointing grace outpoured had come the fulness of the promise with which the Rev. B. T. Dudley, his friend and the friend of Bishop Patteson, closed his sermon, "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world."

Very beautifully and touchingly was that promise re-echoed in the address of the Maori clergy of the Archdeaconry of Waimate, which, after congratulating him, explained their right particularly to do so:—

"There is a special reason that suggests the thought that *we* should address you, that is: we remember that you were born at Waimate, really in the midst of Ngapuhi, so that it is *your* tribe, Ngapuhi, that sends you this loving greeting. The Diocese of Melanesia is the daughter of the Diocese of New Zealand, and it is very fitting that one of the sons of New Zealand should be Bishop of the Islands.

"Sir, go then to the work to which you have been called by the Church. Go with the assurance that the prayers of the Maori Church are following you, both for you and your work. May God strengthen you to do the arduous work assigned to you. May He keep you on the sea and from the hands of ignorant men who are sitting in darkness. May He grant that you may see much fruit for your labour. Let the word of our Lord which He said to the Apostles when He sent them to preach, be a staff for you to lean upon: 'Lo, I am with you all the days, even to the end of the world.'"

Thus this, the fourth part of the Island history, takes it up when, reeling under the loss of their Bishop, the Mission, under the wise guidance to which he had committed it, recovered itself to more than rise again in the very throes of desolation; the immediate result of his death at S. Barnabas being the application of boys and girls for Holy Baptism, and the rising of the more advanced scholars to meet the emergency; while in the Islands the decided and really magnificent action of George Sarawia was followed by the increase of baptisms and schools through the whole Banks group; the general conduct of the Mission both at S. Barnabas and the Islands being so regular and so admirable a working on the lines laid down by the Bishop, that it might well be considered as his own work increased by the enthusiasm to which his death had given birth—an enthusiasm which brought the forces of the English world to their support.

The journeys through the Islands continued with their old regularity, progressing from the New Hebrides through the Banks Islands to the Solomon group, clergy and teachers being left during the cruise in the places in which their guidance and influence would be most effective; Mr. Bice taking Opa in the Hebrides, while Mr. Codrington and Mr. Palmer alternated at Mota, from which place as a centre they visited the more or less distant stations; Mr. Brooke establishing himself in Florida; so that by the end of 1872 three schools besides Kohimarama were established at Mota, and fifty-three adults had received Holy Baptism. At Motlav there was a large and flourishing settlement, the Sunday congregations numbering 500; while at Ara the scholars numbered 146. The year closed with the ordination at S. Barnabas of three native deacons — Henry Tagalad, Robert Pantutun, and Edward Wogale.

Nor does 1873 show any falling away from the great development. The direct fruit of the martyr's death came to them in his future successor, the Rev. J. R. Selwyn, and his friend the Rev. J. Still; closely followed by the ordination to the priesthood of George Sarawia, the first of a noble and devoted band to be gathered, as the years went by, at S. Paul's, Auckland, the church of Bishop Patteson's consecration and of Bishop Selwyn's parting Communion; while the most notable advance this year in the Islands was at Santa Maria and Ara, though the Solomon Islands sent back thirty-five scholars to S. Barnabas, the number there at the close of the year being 184, including eighteen girls and six infants—thirty-one more than when Mr. Codrington found himself so sadly and unwillingly left in command.

The year 1874 brought another special memorial of the Bishop in the shape of the new *Southern Cross*, a beautiful and roomy craft, fitted with steam, so that she should not be at the mercy of the light winds and calms which had so often delayed them, and with airy and commodious provision for the increasing number of girl scholars. In the very opening of the year, Mr. Codrington, not wishing the Mission staff to forfeit the privilege of recommending their own Bishop,

called together a meeting for that purpose, firmly and decidedly refusing to entertain their immediate and unanimous choice of himself, and leading them to recommend Mr. Selwyn, whose gifts, inherited and personal, so entirely fitted him for the position.

The round of the Islands was again this year twice made; the advance being most remarkable at Florida, Santa Maria, and Ara, this last place being now entirely Christian; while the whole of Florida was visited, and the Sunday congregation at Santa Maria had risen under Edmund Qaratu to 400. Seventy-five scholars were brought back to S. Barnabas, and twenty-nine were baptized there.

A native of San Cristoval had caused a crew of Santa Cruz men to be massacred at Ulawa in revenge for Stephen Taroaniara's death.

The reply of the General Synod to the recommendation of the Mission staff came in the decision to postpone for the present the election of any Bishop.

During 1875 Mr. Bice made a stay in New Zealand on account of his health, which he utilised in bringing before the different provinces the work and the needs of their daughter diocese and Mission in the Islands. The *Southern Cross* made two journeys again this year, and Mr. Codrington and Mr. Selwyn going on the first cruise, found all doing well at Mota. There had been many baptisms, and the attendance at service was constant and good. At Santa Maria there were now two stations, Gaua and Lakona, and the chiefs were being drawn to the Faith; while at Ara, though there was sickness, Christianity was steadily gaining a deeper hold. Charles Sapibuana was established in Florida, Edwin Sakelrau at Pek, and Mr. Still at Waño; while Mano Wadrokal settled himself with his wife at Bugotu, in Ysabel, among the head-hunters. On this journey the islands of Santa Anna and Santa Catalina were for the first time visited.

In November was laid the foundation-stone of the new chapel, which, together with the *Southern Cross*, was the memorial to Bishop Patteson; and the year closed with the

ordination of Mano Wadrokal as deacon by the Bishop of Auckland.

1876 opened with 176 scholars at S. Barnabas, forty-seven of whom were girls. There was again a double voyage, to which, however, less time was devoted, though it extended farther north and south. Mr. Bice's station at Opa was advancing, 150 natives attending a service held in his house. Santa Maria, Motlav, and Ara were making special progress. At Mota things were progressing quietly and steadily, the Sunday congregations ranging from 200 to 300. At Saddle Island the schools established from Ara had done excellently, and Mr. Palmer there baptized forty-two candidates. At Ulawa a certain light was cast upon the cause of the Bishop's death by two Santa Cruz men.

With 1877 came the unanimous election of John Richardson Selwyn as Bishop of Melanesia, followed by his almost immediate Consecration.

Thus the continual development and increase under Mr. Codrington had been amongst the Banks Islands and Florida, while the Solomons fell back; naturally—for the three men who knew them and their language well had perished together at Nukapu, and it became virtually impossible to carry on the work in the same way; but the hold on them was in no way relinquished.

This period has given us the first Melanesian priest, four Melanesian deacons, a great spread of Christianity among women, and it closes with the Consecration of the second Bishop of Melanesia, the devoted son of the great founder, the worthy follower of the martyr. It leaves us feeling that the Faith is surely and permanently established in those distant isles; and it is a glad thought that the certainty should have come while he who had planned so wisely for it was still here to see the blessing outpoured, and further to see that work in the hands of his second self—his New Zealand born son.

PART V

The Right Rev. JOHN RICHARDSON SELWYN

BISHOP OF MELANESIA

1877—1892

"He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

STAFF OF THE MISSION

Bishop

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN RICHARDSON SELWYN

Priests

THE REV. ROBERT HENRY CODRINGTON

THE REV. JOHN PALMER

THE REV. CHARLES BICE

THE REV. ALFRED PENNY

THE REV. RICHARD BLUNDELL COMINS

THE REV. GEORGE SARAWIA

Deacons

THE REV. ROBERT PANTUTUN

THE REV. HENRY TAGALAD

THE REV. EDWARD WOGALE

THE REV. MANO WADROKAL

CHAPTER I

THE WAY OPEN TO SANTA CRUZ

In April the Bishop of Melanesia left Auckland for his own diocese. He and Mr. Penny had, in the meantime, been conducting Missions in two of the Auckland parishes, which had done much to deepen the religious life of the people. Before he started the Bishop had interviews with some of the chief and most respectable merchants in Auckland, who wished to establish a trade with the Islands for cocoa-nut fibre and oil. This was a great joy to the Bishop, as, if the trade was in the hands of reliable men, it would provide good occupation for the Christian population, which had discarded the old business of fighting. *The* thing was, of course, to keep the trade in the hands of the right men.

The *Southern Cross* touched at the Waimate on her road to Norfolk Island to enable the Bishop to receive in due form the address of his tribe the Ngapuhi.

The Mission staff was further increased by the Rev. R. B. Comins, who had joined it from England.

On the Sunday after his arrival the Bishop held his first Confirmation of some thirty Pitcairners, the island voyage having been somewhat delayed for the purpose. The start was made on S. Mark's Day, the voyage itself being chiefly occupied in what he calls "a long and dreary process," which always had to be gone through, but which has not yet been alluded to in these pages. The native teachers in the islands, to whom a money salary would have been useless, received theirs in kind. These salaries were of necessity very small. A native priest received £25 per annum; a deacon, £20; head teachers, £10, 15s; second-class teachers, £5; and third-class, £3, 10s. The things were bought by the Mission at whole-

sale prices, and, of course, sent on board in bulk, so that it remained with the clergy, the Bishop at their head, to separate them both as regards quantity and quality. The teachers notified their wants months before the time of delivery; the goods were bought in Auckland and stored in the vessel. There the clergy worked in the hold—hot with tropical sun, and close contact with Melanesian bodies.

"At one of our stages I remember we had to pay thirty-five teachers, a simple business if it meant a sum of money, but it becomes a serious business when it means payment in a multifarious collection of household necessities. . . . How often I have felt genuine sympathy for the clergy, as on a hot and sweltering day they have emerged from the hold, having in the last few hours acted the part of a grocer, ironmonger, draper, and tobacconist."

So says the Bishop of Tasmania in his "Light of Melanesia."

Ascension Day was spent at Araga in the midst of a most friendly crowd, and a site was selected for a teacher's house. Mr. Bice hoped to be able to superintend the place from Opa, where he found his station in beautiful order, and a joyous welcome awaiting him. There had been various attempts made to trade with the island, which the Bishop hoped might in the end lead to good; the present difficulty being the licentious habits of the traders. As was his wont, he spoke openly to them on the subject, and always met with civil answers, which he could only hope might prove the prelude to better deeds.

They steamed up to Lakona at night in a dead calm, stealing up to their anchorage close under the shadow of the cliffs, the stars shining bright overhead, here and there a twinkle of fire or a distant beat of drums to show that somebody was alive. Maros and his wife were landed here with Ambrose to start a school. Here again were difficulties caused by the evil life of a white man who had settled there.

At Mota a new church was building; things were doing fairly, and would do better under Mr. Palmer's guidance. The Bishop addressed them, telling them how he had been chosen to continue Bishop Patteson's work.

(From a photograph by Freeman and Co. Ltd., Sydney)

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN RICHARDSON SELWYN

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At Gaua Edmund Qaratu had worked things into capital order, and had so conciliated every one that the old enemies, Nogonogo and Vagalo, were now the best of friends. He had also rendered great assistance to the crew of a vessel in sad trouble through the death of their captain.

At Pek all was doing beautifully. They had built a new schoolhouse higher up the hill, where Edwin Sakelrau could live without fear of ague. He was to be taken to Norfolk Island for ordination; and, in the meantime, a teacher from Ara had volunteered to leave his young wife, to whom he was fondly attached, to supply the empty place.

Whitsunday, the Bishop's thirty-third birthday, found him speeding towards Waño, filled with sweet solemn thoughts of the day itself, the age at which it came to him as his birthday, and all that depended on his spirituality. The people at Waño were always a problem—friendly and charming to get on with, and their chief, Taki, delightful; brave, honest, and hard working as a man need be, but there the matter ended. Any approach to higher or deeper matters drove him away. The hope rested in the children, who were intelligent. At Ubuna he found two white men settled and trading fairly with the natives. He had a good talk with them, and lent them some books. At Mata he met one of his father's old scholars, with whom he settled to spend a week later on. As they left the place they experienced two shocks of earthquake, which gave quite the sensation of having struck some rock.

At Boli Mr. Penny found an excellent schoolhouse, raised on piles, with a most artistic floor of wooden bamboos, delightfully cool and springy, and a hearty welcome waiting for him; but the school, alas, nowhere. It had collapsed from the falling away of one of their best teachers, who had gone entirely wrong, while the other had returned to his father at Savo. Dikea met him in full state, and they made friends with the chief of Alite, the manufacturing place of these seas. Mano Wadrokal had baptized five people, spite of the difficulties of his position and temperament. His was "a strange nature, very fiery and very earnest, with a strange capacity for seeing the worst of everybody and everything";

and he had little or no hold on the old chief Bera. His wife, Carry, conducted her little school capitally, and she always laid herself out to feast the Bishop.

At a place called Koila the old chief took the Bishop to see some boiling springs, which reminded him of Rotomahana in his native New Zealand. There was quite a touching scene here with a boy, whose people would not allow him to go to Norfolk Island, as he wished. He flatly refused to be taken away from the ship, and hung on to everything, finally holding the mate's leg like a vice. The golden rule of the Mission being to insist on the consent of friends the Bishop could not interfere. He made also an excursion among the *head-hunted* people. Through the bed of a stream, up a very steep hill, suddenly they came on a cluster of houses perched on some jagged white rocks in the centre of a great basin; excellent for defence, but as a habitation for human beings awful—not an inch of level ground. The Commodore alone could put an end to this state of things by bringing pressure to bear on the people of Rubiana, the abode of the head-hunters. Here the Bishop made the acquaintance of a man, who with five hundred people at his back was said to be the greatest cannibal in the island. He never saw a man with such a hunted look; he hardly ever dared sleep twice in the same place.

They passed on to Malanta, and there, at Port Adam, heard of two Santa Cruz men, who had been blown ashore here, about 160 miles away from their own home, and were now as captives being fattened to be killed and eaten. The chief of Port Adam came on board, and the Bishop offered him "trade" of every kind and value to induce him to sell the unfortunate men. For a long time all was useless, they had determined to eat them. But at length they agreed to sell one, the thinnest and covered with sores; and the Bishop passed on northwards, glad that he had saved one life, but grieving for the other which he had not been able to reach. The natives seemed at once to have repented of their bargain. Captain Bongard perceived rafts being made and canoes stealing ahead to cut off their passage out of the harbour; had they succeeded of course the whole Mission party would have been destroyed; but he

at once took the ship safely out. A few weeks later, on their return, they re-entered Port Adam and found the remaining captive still alive, but carefully guarded somewhere in the bush. Again the chief came on board and again the Bishop did his best for the poor fellow, but in vain—all they desired was to get back the man already ransomed; and so the *Southern Cross* passed on.

On this return journey Dikea came on board to go to Norfolk Island; and later on came Takua and Ite Valua, so that the Bishop quite considered himself in the House of Lords! At Gaeta they took another chief on board, Kalekona, the best specimen they had yet seen. He at once made friends with every one on board, and went on shore without any fear; being as simple and gentlemanly in his trust and enjoyment of everything as one could wish to see.

At Waño the Bishop landed for a two months' stay, to the great delight of the people. They had begun to despair of him, and were cutting down Taki's trees by way of mourning for him. However, here they were both back again, safe, well, and happy, and Taki making all kinds of plans for the Bishop's house. The latter made expeditions to two or three new places, from whence he obtained boys.

Mr. Still was to have joined the *Southern Cross* on her second cruise, but was prevented from doing so by the protracted illness of Mr. Bice. Mr. Penny was left at Florida, where he established himself on favourable terms with the great man of his village. At Gaeta, his native place, Charles Sapibuana and his wife were doing most excellent work.

By November the *Southern Cross* was back in Norfolk Island from her last cruise; and again there was a wedding, Captain Bongard's, with which Mr. Bice's wedding-day harmonised, thus giving an excuse for the unprecedented event at S. Barnabas of "a veritable *bona fide* dinner," at which were combined European and native dishes, in order that the ladies might judge of the island roast pig, which they pronounced to be very good.

At the celebration on S. Andrew's Day the offertory was for the Indian Famine Fund, and reached the, for them, large

sum of £38, 18s., which was forwarded to the Bishop of Madras, with the request that the native converts might be told whence it came, so that they might see how Christian love was working in the distant isles as it worked in the early days of the Church.

But, for the young Bishop, the year of his Consecration closed in grief for the death, on its last day but one, of his beloved wife. She who, Ruth-like, had left home, kith, and kin to follow him to the work for which he had offered himself, was now called from him. He remained with four children, two at Lichfield and two in Norfolk Island; but the last of the four, the babe whose birth had cost her mother's life, was, in a few weeks, also taken, leaving him with two girls and one boy.

CHAPTER II

IN THE SANTA CRUZ ISLANDS

THE *Southern Cross* made three journeys in 1878, starting on the first early in April. Mr. Codrington's presence at S. Barnabas left the Bishop free to spend the whole time among the islands. They had with them forty-four boys and thirteen girls; and the Bishop perceived that the idea that it was the duty of a husband to take care of his wife was quite obtaining in the Mission. He was much entertained at the manner in which the couples paired off in secluded parts of the deck.

Good Friday was spent at Mae, where Mr. Comins was to be left, and Easter Eve was entirely occupied between two disputing chiefs, who came to a parley in the cabin of the *Southern Cross*, and agreed at length to send a girl apiece to negotiate final terms. "Women diplomats—far in advance of Europe!"

Easter Day was spent at sea, and opened with celebration at 7, probably, with that at S. Barnabas, the first in all the world. The day found the Bishop in perfect health, spite of his great sorrow, which seemed but to bring a fuller and a deeper realization of the words, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first-fruits of them that slept." They pervaded every service, every thought. The following Sunday found him at Ara, conducting the first Ordination ever held in the Islands, that of Edwin Sakelrau, which took place among his own people, though the *Southern Cross* brought some of his congregation at Pek to be present, and many Motlav people came; so that, spite of unfavourable weather, there was a congregation of some 300, all much interested and impressed at this service held in the open air. The altar was set up under

the overhanging eaves of the little church, and a rude rail arranged outside the entrance of the village, so that all could see. Beyond this the ground sloped down to the open space, while the background was formed by a magnificent banyan, which arched over the entrance from the sea. To all the assembled people, some 250, the Bishop spoke shortly, telling them how the different offices of the ministry began and were continued in Christ, and by His authority. Then came the Litany, and, after the usual questions, Edwin Sakelrau knelt before the Bishop, who ordained him, feeling this his first Ordination intensely, but very happy in the firm conviction that no Bishop ever sent forth a more simple, earnest man to do his Master's work. Then followed the celebration with twenty native communicants, besides the clergy, inside the little church, thus brightly and beautifully closing the Easter octave.

Pek was the chief of the three schools at Vanua Lava, and no place in the group was so pleasant to visit. The people were one with the Mission, and their feeling for Edwin, young as he was, was like that of children for a father.

At Mota, Kohimarama was, this year, under the charge of Robert Pantutun; while the four other stations, Panui, Navqoe, Tasmate, and Parira, were progressing more or less; Navqoe, the most populous district, being the largest. There only remained now in Mota one district without a school, Gatava; but it was visited twice a week, many of the children attended the Sunday-school at Navqoe, and they were to have a school as soon as a teacher could be found. The chapel at Kohimarama, with its low lime walls, deep overhanging roof, and latticed windows, capable of containing 200 people, was now completed; the average attendance was 130; and there had been in the island during the year forty-four adult and twenty-one infant baptisms.

Motlav was progressing steadily under Henry Tagalad. There were, between it and Ara, six schools.

The three stations at Santa Maria were getting on, spite of quarrels under Edmund Qaratu.

Ureparapara was not visited this year; the wind would not allow it. William Qasvaraṅ was to be established there;

and at Merlav the death of the teacher, an earnest, good man, had put an end for the time to the work.

Meantime the Bishop had passed on to the Torres Islands, where the Rev. E. Wogale, who had been for some time in Fiji looking after the island labourers there, and had amongst them seen some Torres Islanders, wished to stay. He was finally stationed at Vava in the island of Loh with a boy to help him.

They passed on to the Santa Cruz group where, to the joy of the Bishop's heart, the man whom he had rescued from Port Adam the previous year had made for him the long desired, long prayed for opening. He came from the Reef Island, Nufiloli, and here the Bishop was greeted with enthusiasm as "Te Aliki, Te Aliki" (the Chief, the Chief). He made a special visit to the wife of the rescued man, and promised to do his best to bring back the other one, to the great delight of his brother. The men of Pileni, the next Reef Island, insisted on his going there, where also he had a most friendly chat, though the chief seemed a hot, impetuous young gentleman; and, as the Bishop sat in the "Ofilau" or club house, he could not help thinking how entirely similar his position was to that of Bishop Patteson as his rescued friend had described it—Mr. Penny outside, surrounded by canoes, and he so easy to strike down from behind!

At Nukapu, where they were the next morning, the first man who came on board went straight to the Bishop and kissed him. They tried hard to get him ashore, but the wind was carrying them away. They did not like talking about Bishop Patteson, but were delighted to greet a new Bishop.

They visited Florida and passed on to Bugotu in Ysabel. There a great disturbance had taken place between Wadrokal and Bera the chief, which had ended in fighting, and two of Bera's people had been killed. The men's lives were paid for, and Wadrokal taken to Nengonè, while two young men were left to carry on the school.

At Boli Mr. Penny was left, where, with Charles Sapibuana and Mostyn, it was hoped he would do well. They brought away three lesser chiefs, who were going to visit Norfolk

Island, and passed on to Malanta, where the Bishop renewed acquaintance with a chief, Rehe, whom he had met at Saa, and who had been driven out of his home by the inland tribes, his enemies. He came out wearing shirt and trousers, talking very fair English, and took them to his village. He never asked for a thing, was most hospitable in his reception of them, and showed himself in every way a true gentleman. But the wonder of all was his house. A square building with neatly woven walls, and the eaves carried well forward to make a verandah, windows cut in the wall and draped with red calico, and in the middle a chimney with a cowl! The Bishop stayed some time, got two boys, and came away in the evening well pleased with his visit.

At Saa came a wonderful close of the adventure of the previous year at Port Adam. The captive whom they had not been able to redeem had, after all, escaped. On the night before the feast, for which he was to have been slain, he was sleeping in a guarded house, expecting certain death at sunrise. But on the Malanta men, who usually sleep as lightly as wild beasts, had fallen a deep sleep, so deep that when the captive made his way stealthily to the door, and thence on to the shore, they never woke. He found a canoe, but without a paddle, so back he made his way to the hut, passed his guards a second and a third time with a paddle from the thatch, and making his way to the canoe, paddled off for some miles, when he landed, broke up the canoe and paddle, hid the pieces, and took to the bush. A week after he reached Saa, but his enemies were there before him, so he again fled; but after a week of wandering in despair, surrendered himself to the chief at Saa, who, fortunately for him, took a fancy to him and adopted him; and here the Bishop now found him. He had an immense bargain for the lad, but at length got him for about £2. The boy firmly believed that the Bishop's God had cast the deep sleep upon his guards which enabled him to escape, and was ready to devote himself to him in every way. He was taken first back to his own home and then on to Norfolk Island.

They reached Pek late in the evening to find everything in

the perfect order which belonged to the place; the lamps were lighted, the bell ringing for evening prayer, and there were some fifty people present.

At Ara they picked up Mr. Palmer with a good report of the scholars there; while from Gaua they brought away the chief Vagalo, who was most anxious to go to Norfolk Island.

Meantime Mr. Bice had been prospering at Opa, his own peculiar island. He crossed it three times, besides making long and interesting journeys in his boat. Everywhere he was greeted as an old and dear friend, and many were asking for the "new teaching." He remained two months among them. The great step noticeable this year was the breaking down of the custom which forbade women to go to church and to be taught; also of that which prohibited brother and sister from speaking to each other.

The Bishop visited all these islands in succession; and the close of June found him settled in Maewo, the people friendly, pleasant, and entirely unsophisticated. They had built him a tiny house, into which he had fitted all his belongings, and he was eagerly and busily acquiring the language; finding too that he was gradually acquiring a faculty for such work, spite of a defect of ear which made it difficult for him to separate sounds. And yet here, among these simple pleasant folk, came to him an experience so terrible that, as he says, it made his blood run cold to think of it. He had just returned from a famous walk and was preparing for tea. The boys were bringing water and the school children hanging about; altogether it was as simple and bright a little scene as one could well see, when he heard that a woman had died at the next village, and suddenly one of his boys looked up and said, "Yes, poor woman!" "Who?" asked the Bishop. "The mother of the woman who died," was the quite quiet answer. She had implored them to take her life, as she did not want to survive her daughter; so they bound the living woman and the dead together, and then *her own son*, the brother of the dead woman, trod his living mother to death, thinking probably that he did her service. It had all been going on within 300 yards from the spot where the Bishop

sat, and it was the first time that such a thing had been done in that part of the island, though such deeds were common in the south. Coming so freshly on the loss which had made him, like the poor woman, long to depart, the whole thing brought home to him as in a flash something of what Christianity has brought to the world; and so he utilised it, as far as his poor heathen people could understand, at the funeral feast which followed soon after, making the people promise him solemnly never to repeat such an act.

On July the 2nd came to him, through an ordinary trader, the tidings of his father's death. "The grand unselfish life had come to an end, and the crown was won;" and "here, where he had almost begun his work," was it left to his son as his legacy to carry on; here, where he was bathing and watering in the very stream in which his father in those first early days so often bathed and watered. He saw that it would be necessary for him to return to England, and made his way a little later in a small schooner to Opa, where he was able to examine Mr. Bice's work, which gave him great satisfaction. From thence he proceeded to Noumea, the French settlement in New Caledonia, and so by A. S. N. Company's boats first to Sydney, then back to Norfolk Island, and lastly again to Sydney, whence in October he made his final start for England.

In the meantime Mano Wadrokal, hearing of the opening at Nufiloli in the Santa Cruz group, boldly asked to be sent there with his wife, claiming his right as one of Bishop Patteson's oldest pupils to be the first to begin the work on the scene of his death. The Bishop felt very proud of his brave, faithful deacon, and only too gladly acceded to his request. Mr. Palmer, who extended his visitation from the Banks to the northern groups, found him there in October doing well, and giving an excellent account of the kindness and hospitality of the natives. He had had visits from Santa Cruz and the other islands, including Nukapu, all asking him to come to them. There was evidently a great opening, which could be secured by establishing a white missionary there with a boat. Nufiloli itself had many drawbacks; it was but a rock partly covered with sand,

and had neither food nor water of its own, everything of the sort being brought from a neighbouring island. Wadrokal asked to send his wife and daughter back to Norfolk Island. Matters would be easier to him alone, and he would be more at liberty to go about among the islands.

At Vava, in the island of Loh, in the Torres group, the deacon, the Rev. E. Wogale, gave a very favourable report, and Mr. Palmer's account of the work in the Banks Islands was good, especially at Mota, where the attendance at church and school was quite exceptional.

At Waño, in San Cristoval, Mr. Still found the people friendly but falling back in learning and in desire to learn. He had visited all the villages on the western coast, where his magic-lantern had caused great excitement, and was at first looked upon as not quite canny. At Ulawa and Saa he had found much improvement. At the latter place a great step had been made in the burial rites. It had always been the custom to kill a man when any one of consequence died. There had been a death among the chiefs the previous year, and his successor altered the custom, buying a girl instead, whom he thenceforth adopted.

In Florida Mr. Penny had found a wonderful improvement at Gaeta under Charles Sapibuana, but Boli lagged behind. At Savo they clamoured for a white teacher, and Mr. Penny urged strongly that one should be established there, as it commanded Visale at the northern end of the hitherto unattainable Guadalcanar, and might give an opening there. Olevuga and Rava were visited, and at Belaga they had a wedding. At Halavu, on the other side of the island, Alfred Lobu, the teacher, had had the boldness to propose for Takua's daughter, for whom he was expected to pay a sum in native money equivalent to £50. He could not of course dream of this, and drew back, whereupon Takua fined him heavily, and Mr. Penny had much trouble in settling the affair.

The *Southern Cross* reached Norfolk Island in November, having spent more than seven months on her triple journey. There had been a good deal of sickness during the year in the island. The summer had been hot and dry.

At S. Barnabas there were now 160 scholars and two children. There had been thirty adult baptisms among them, the first from Ulawa and Ureparapara, while among the scholars were the three first from the Torres Islands. Eight couples had been married during the year, seven of whom had returned to work as teachers in the islands.

The stonework of the Memorial Church was completed, and the building was being roofed.

CHAPTER III

TEACHERS' MEETING AT MOTA—CENSUS

THE year 1879 was marked by that peaceful and steady advance in the Mission work which, furnishing but little scope for history, is assuredly full of the blessing of being without it. A most significant fact was that the Island schools sent back to S. Barnabas forty scholars, of whom twenty-eight could read, knew the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and some of them the Commandments also. The readiness, too, of the trained scholars to work as teachers in their own and other groups, some at a considerable distance, was a fulfilment of the purpose of their education which was all that could be desired. Thus, when the *Southern Cross* left Mota, she had twelve such volunteers on board, some for the distant isles of Maewo and Araga; while Ara, a little island of 100 souls, sent men to Vanua Lava, Ureparapara, and Merelava.

The Bishop returned from England accompanied by three new volunteers for the staff, two of them in holy orders—the Rev. D. Ruddock, the Rev. A. Baker, and Mr. S. W. Chettle; so that at the close of the year the Mission was more strongly manned than it had ever been. Also, he had received a gift in the shape of an auxiliary engine for the *Southern Cross*, which would considerably increase her powers of usefulness without adding to her expenses.

And last, but assuredly not least, among the benefits of his journey was the undiminished and hearty meeting at Eton, which sped him forth on his return as a former such gathering had sped his father in 1841 to his self-devoted work.

The *Southern Cross* started on her first journey in August with Messrs. Palmer, Bice, Penny, and many scholars. They landed Mrs. Wadrokal and her daughter Jemima at Nengonè,

so magnificently attired and powerfully perfumed as to confirm the report that the latter had come to seek for a husband. Mr. Bice was landed at Opa with Mr. Still's former boat, and his Mota volunteers to serve him as crew, so that he might visit Maewo, and Araga or Pentecost, both within easy distance.

Mr. Palmer reached Mota on the first Sunday in May in time to land for early celebration, and from thence proceeded on a visitation to the other islands of the group; first, however, conveying Mr. Penny to his station in the Solomons, where he spent about twenty-three weeks.

At Ysabel the great advance was in an upland village, Tega, where Mr. Penny had all the support of a grand old chief, Samson Iño. He here baptized on the night of his arrival the little daughter of the native teacher, Capel Oka, the congregation numbering about a hundred, and Samson, seated on his stool, looking like a patriarch among his people, with his bald head and white beard. Here Mr. Penny was able fully to inspect the tree forts which had so impressed Bishop Patteson; also during his stay Bera the chief caught, and put to death, two head-hunters who had during the previous year slain his own son.

Savo, which Wadrokal had been obliged to abandon, had now made a fair start under Hugo; but the place was a difficult one. Just now it was disturbed by what Mr. Penny could only class as a form of mesmerism. Certain men who had this power extended their hands and fixed their eyes upon others, whereupon they lost consciousness and fell down; and when found by their friends their limbs were stiff and their bodies rigid. These mesmerists had no power over white men, traders or others.

At Gaeta, in Florida, Charles Sapibuana was continuing in his truly wonderful work; Mr. Penny had seen nothing to equal it in depth and earnestness either in England or in the Islands. At Gaeta, where three years before it was not safe to sleep, where two years before Sapibuana's own life was threatened on all sides, was now a daily congregation of between forty and fifty, on Sundays one of nearly 200; and,

during that very season, thirty-five people received Holy Baptism. Mr. Penny spent a most happy month here. The contrast at Boli was great; all bright, all friendly, but little earnest Christianity. Takua, though supporting Christianity, yet remained a heathen, his four wives being an invincible obstacle.

At San Cristoval Mr. Still's loss was severely felt. The natives were friendly, nothing more. Ulawa was looked forward to as the future centre here. At Saa the behaviour of the people, which had much improved, was the only progress. Gaeta remained the crown of the work, where the Bishop on his return baptized fifteen adults and two children; and from these baptisms proceeded to a wedding, at which the bride, *who had never left Florida*, read her own portion of the service. The Bishop declared that day the brightest he had spent in the Mission.

Mr. Palmer visited the Santa Cruz group and found Wadrokal ill at Nufiloli, suffering probably from want of food and fresh water, the latter depending entirely upon the rainfall. However, the people were most friendly and well-behaved, and Wadrokal was anxious to establish himself on the main island. There were now hardly ten people alive at Nukapu; all had died of disease, which they considered the punishment for Bishop Patteson's murder.

At Loh, in the Torres group, Edward Wogale had gathered about him some ten or twelve scholars. This was as much as could well be expected so soon. Two men came away for the cruise; and, later on, Mrs. Wogale brought three little girls with her to Mota.

In the Banks Islands matters were steadily progressing. There were now five schools in full work at Mota, and Mr. Palmer inaugurated a teachers' meeting every Friday after morning school at Kohimarama, where, after a short service, subjects connected with the general welfare were discussed, medicine given out for the sick, and the candidates for Holy Baptism proposed. Also, in all the schools, he caused a register of attendance to be kept. He further took a correct census of the population, and found that there were 869 in-

habitants, 435 of whom were Christians. There were five services on Sundays, two in the morning and three in the evening, the average attendance at Matins being 407. Mr. Codrington had given the Mota church a harmonium, and the organist was a native lad trained at S. Barnabas. He both played and led the singing, and the result was excellent and delighted the whole population. The Bishop arrived in October, just looked in upon them, then hurried off to the Solomons. On his return in November he held the first Confirmation in the island of eleven people, four of whom were old grey-headed men who had been baptized by Bishop Patteson.

The Bishop had joined the third journey of the *Southern Cross*. He had arrived in New Zealand from Sydney just in time to catch it, and had brought with him Mr. Comins and Mr. Bice. The former was left at Mae, where, spite of the roughness of the people, he did better than the year before. He gave them a great feast on his birthday, and much improved the occasion by a series of conjuring tricks far more wonderful and inexplicable than any of the charms and incantations in which they had hitherto believed, and thereby established his reputation as a magician with whom no local man could compare.

At Opa there had been a murderous attack made on the boat's crew of a trader. The Commodore came in person to investigate, and Mr. Bice acted as interpreter.

At Walurigi, the chief station, five men were baptized, one of whom died shortly after, to the great discouragement of the rest. Also much sickness and consequent depression ensued; but the other stations were on the whole doing well.

Altogether, looking back over the work during his year's absence, the Bishop could perceive more growth than he had ever seen before. There was more method, more consolidation, and more earnestness among the teachers than had ever before shown itself; and though there was much, especially in the Bauro district, that was disheartening, yet he distinctly felt that, on the whole, they could thank God and take courage.

On Christmas Day the services were in the Memorial

Church, then used for the first time. It was not as yet complete. The glass for the western rose window had not yet arrived from England; but the apse, with its five windows, the Lord, His hand raised in blessing, in the centre one; the beautiful polished Devonshire marbles of the floor, alike of apse and aisle, the window shafts and capitals, the latter carved by Mr. Codrington himself, well fulfilled the half vision, half dream of the saintly Bishop whom it commemorated.

"Sometimes I have a vision—but I must live twenty years to see more than a vision—of a small but exceedingly beautiful Gothic chapel, rich inside with marbles and stained glass, and carved stalls and encaustic tiles and brass screen work. . . . It may come some day, and most probably long after I am dead and gone."

The organ was a gift from Miss Yonge, who had done so much for the Mission; and, for these first Christmas services, the whole was beautifully decorated the evening before with brilliant flowers set in deep moss, and with palms, the loving memorial of those who had won theirs and were surely with them in that Eucharistic feast. And so all was beauteous and radiant to greet Him whose birthday it was, and to speak to the reverent and awestruck Melanesians of the glory of their Father's home beyond.

CHAPTER IV

CONSECRATION OF S. BARNABAS

THE year 1880 made in many ways an epoch in the Mission. The Bishop was called to attend the meeting of the General Synod in New Zealand, from whence he proceeded to visit his own people scattered as labourers in Fiji; while later on, when the journeys of the *Southern Cross* were over, the beautiful church at S. Barnabas was, with much solemnity, consecrated.

The attendance at the Synod meant a journey of some 3000 miles; going first to Sydney, then *viâ* Auckland to Christchurch, where the Session was held; but it was well worth both the time and trouble thus to renew "that sense of being sent,—of being the appointed missionary of one branch of the Church of Christ which is so helpful and invigorating, but which the independence and isolation of the Island life was apt to deaden," and the Bishop felt that this sense of union was reciprocal; "the home body—in New Zealand—strengthening, confirming, cheering those whom it had sent; and being itself raised to a wider sense of its dignity and duty by the presence in its midst of the sent."

To Fiji the Bishop could only spare three weeks; short time enough, as, besides seeing as much as possible of the Melanesian labourers scattered through the group, he held an Ordination and a Confirmation, besides a meeting of Church folk in Levuka. He found his people happy and contented, and, as a rule, well cared for. The Government regulations and system of inspection were very strict, and the planters, as a rule, anxious to do what they could for their labourers. Some objections, however, struck him forcibly.

I. The position of women, who were mostly "recruited" singly, and who, many of them, worked among the men as field

hands, under far fewer safeguards and precautions than they would in their own country. Now one of the chief aims of the Mission was to raise the morals and improve the social condition of women, and this side of the labour traffic was a terrible hindrance to their work; while the recruiting of women had in itself occasioned many of the worst outrages in the Islands.

II. The great difficulty of giving these imported labourers any instruction worthy of the name. Little was done by the employers in the way of training their people; and it was impossible for the Mission to supply teachers, already too few for its own islands, to this polyglot multitude.

However, at the meeting before mentioned, many Church people, headed by the Chief Justice, came forward and volunteered to teach in a Sunday-school all the islanders who could be got together. Two hundred were thus assembled the Sunday before he sailed; and he trusted that this might be the nucleus of many such Sunday-schools through the group.

He reached Norfolk Island on June the 26th, to leave it again on the 29th. The first journey of the *Southern Cross* had already been made, conveying Mr. Penny, Mr. Comins, and forty-two Melanesians to the islands, while the Rev. Mano Wadrokal was to be dropped at Nengonè.

The Opa scholars were landed at their homes in three villages. At one of these villages two white traders were settled, Messrs. Chaffin and Johnson; and the latter had been shot in his bed in revenge for a native who had been taken off by H.M.S. *Wolverene* as a prisoner to Fiji, there to be tried for leading an attack upon the boat's crew of a ship the previous year. Mr. Chaffin was to have shared his partner's fate, and only owed his life, under God's providence, to the fact that he had gone out in the moonlight to sit by the shore. The whole thing took place within a few feet of him. He heard the report and then Mr. Johnson's words of warning, "I am shot, look to yourself," and ran forward only to see the murderers disappear in the bush.

The people at Mota and Ara were told that Mr. Palmer would come with their friends on the second trip, and they

passed on to the Torres group, where they found the Rev. E. Wogale more like a dead than a living man, his body half covered with the terrible sores peculiar to these isles, and so thin as to appear all bones and eyes. He had been ill since November and could not have lived much longer. They took him on with them to the Solomons, leaving his companion to carry on the school, and Mr. Comins' kind care and skilful surgery soon improved him; but he was not fit on their return to be taken back to Loh and had to be left at Mota.

Clement Marau, one of the most intelligent and promising men now at S. Barnabas, was to have gone the round of the Solomons, but was left by his own desire at Ulawa to help his friend Waaro with the school.

At Saa things were most unsatisfactory; but at Gaeta, which they reached on Ascension Day, all was doing well. They spent the night at Lango, Sapibuana's village, and passed on to Boli, where they found great disturbance and a dreadful scandal in connection with the head teacher's wife, who had been unfaithful to her husband.

At Ysabel Mr. Penny had decided to begin his visit, so here the *Southern Cross* was sent back with Samson Iño, the chief of Tega, and a man from Thaugama, who were going to visit Norfolk Island. Two chiefs from Savo, two from Gaeta, and Takua from Boli, were also returning with the ship. At Thaugama Mr. Penny stayed ten days and baptized three people, two of whom had been brought to the faith by a pupil of Wadrokal's who had never seen Norfolk Island. He then passed on to Tega, perched on an almost inaccessible mountain ridge for security against the head-hunters—a position which, backed by the brave chief Samson Iño, and the great following which his name had attracted, was quite impregnable. Here he was occupied in preparing candidates for Holy Baptism, rejoicing this year in his power of doing the work entirely himself without any interpreter. Ten men and women of his class were baptized. From thence he visited Ğao, a new and strong place, to which also people had migrated from fear of the head-hunters; and Nuro, where Hugo Ğoravaka and his wife were to carry on the work.

He made his way back to Gaeta, a distance of sixty miles in an open boat, starting on a lovely moonlight night with a calm sea, and reaching a desert islet at 10 A.M. Here they bathed, rested, breakfasted, and slept till sunset, when they proceeded to Olevuga, the most northerly of the inhabited Floridas, which they reached just before the total eclipse of the moon, which took place on the night of June the 22nd; and the boat's crew, who had been told all about it, had much amusement in the astonishment of the people as they watched their prediction fulfilling itself. "It was a magnificent night, the sky ablaze with stars and the moon right overhead, like a dull red globe." They reached Bulo their nearest port for Gaeta; and Mr. Penny, spite of his fatigue, pushed straight on to Lango, Sapibuana's village. He heard the bell ringing for Evensong as he reached the bottom of the hill, and when he got to the top they were singing the *Magnificat;* so he sat outside in the moonlight till the service was over, and there they found him with great delight. He was a week behind his time, and they were beginning to fear that he could not get away from Ysabel. He spent his time now between Boli and Gaeta trying to get at the shore people, the immediate following of Kalekona the chief, on whom they had, as yet, no hold. At Boli, spite of all the disturbance and scandal which had driven people off, three men came to him and asked to be baptized, saying that they wished to be among the number of those *who followed the good religion.* Here he was taken up by the Bishop, who had brought back Takua in great health and spirits. He had been ill at Norfolk Island, but the doctor had cured him; and he returned loaded with presents.

The Bishop had in the meantime picked up Mano Wadrokal at Nengonè, had found Opa still in a condition of ferment over Mr. Johnson's murder, and had left Mr. Bice at Maewo, whence he was to visit Opa in his boat; and, after landing Mr. Palmer at Gaua, had proceeded to the Santa Cruz group, where the people of the Reef Islands were most delighted to see him and Wadrokal, and hailed the idea of going with him to the main island and introducing him. They started with three

men from each island, including two chiefs, but became very sad when the Bishop told them that Wadrokal could not return to live at Nufiloli. They recovered their spirits, however, when he promised that the *Southern Cross* should always come to them when it visited Santa Cruz, and that they could make quite certain of this by sending boys to Norfolk Island. They guided the ship to a place called Leluovu, half-way between the bay in which Commodore Goodenough was killed and Graciosa Bay, where Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs had been slain. A whole fleet of canoes came out about two miles to meet them, very shy at first of near approach, but equally full of confidence when they saw the Reef Islanders on board. With one accord they rushed at the ship and climbed up the side quite unarmed. The Bishop asked for the chiefs by name; they were promptly sent for, and as promptly came. He received them at the gangway in full form, and conducted them below, where he made his presents and received theirs. The Santa Cruzians are fervent traders, and each man carries an enormous sack, out of which come all things he considers likely to tempt, and into which goes everything he can extract; so "there was great searching into and storing of sacks" that day on board the *Southern Cross*. Wadrokal acted as interpreter; and the Bishop, who knew twenty-five words of one of their dialects, employed them with much effect. They became clamorous to get him on shore; accordingly, taking Wadrokal, he went, and went through the usual ceremony of sitting in the club-house, receiving presents, &c; and then he spoke of Wadrokal's staying, to their intense delight. Meti, the second chief, offered him a house at once; and Mesa, the head chief, carried off the Bishop to his own abode, where he caused his wives to feed him.

After a return on board to pack up Wadrokal's effects, he and his wife were brought ashore, where the Bishop left them with a very fervent prayer for their safety and usefulness. He felt exceedingly proud of them as he left them there standing alone on the beach. Freely and willingly they had asked for this post, and would still have asked had the

danger been greater than it was; and Wadrokal, with all his peculiarities, seemed the right man for the post.

And so they set off, accompanied to the last by Mesa, who came off totally unarmed, and taking away to Norfolk Island three youths from Nufiloli, the first-fruits of Santa Cruz. It was a day of intense thankfulness. Bishop Patteson had been slain at Nukapu in trying to obtain a footing on these islands; Commodore Goodenough also fell in endeavouring to open up the way; and now, through his restoration of the two castaways to their home, to Bishop Selwyn the door had opened of itself.

On the return visit in October Wadrokal was found flourishing in a capital house, large and airy, a gravel path leading up to it, a group of bananas planted round it, the whole framed in with a stone wall. They had a long chat in the house, and the Bishop found them a fine race of men, wonderful boatmen, and more skilled in manufactures than any he had visited; their houses large, airy, and carpeted with mats; the visitor always being provided with a clean one for himself. He spent a bright day with them, and in the evening got away without the shadow of a cloud.

Between these two visits the Bishop had visited the northern stations, and had left Matthew Mode and his wife in charge of Boli, where he belonged to the chief tribe and was surrounded by relations, so that much was hoped from his presence in this unfortunate place. He had also spent five weeks in the Torres group, where he visited three out of the four inhabited islands, and went to every village in each of them. The people were most friendly and had done their little best to make him comfortable, while the teacher and his wife and children were ready to wait upon him in every way. But their bodily condition was truly appalling; and sorely the good Bishop longed for that medical training which would have enabled him to act boldly and decisively, and so to save many lives. For nearly the whole population of Loh, the island on which the Rev. E. Wogale had been stationed, was attacked by an epidemic of horrible sores in the legs. "There was not a house in which there was not one ready to die;" for many of these sores had

mortified and were most deadly. They were in a great measure caused by the dirt, which the Bishop had never seen equalled in any of the islands, by the crowding together of three or four families in one house, and above all by their custom of not burying their dead, but of placing the bodies on a platform not far from the *gamal*, where it was hidden from view by a screen of bamboos and remained for ten days, during which time the people did not leave their village, spite of the unbearable atmosphere. On the tenth day the screen was taken down and burnt, and every one in the village rubbed his chest and forehead with the ashes. Then the head was taken from the body, carried in state down to the sea, and thoroughly washed, after which it was placed in the highest division in the *gamal*, while the rest of the body was placed and left in a small enclosure. To the Bishop the sight of these sores was heart-rending, and day by day he went from village to village bathing, dressing, and tending them, "Look after sores" being the cry as he made his appearance, and his band of patients with their cleaned and washed rags made ready for him. They soon learnt to know from his loving care how anxious he was to help them, and got to love him.

They were most amenable to his advice, cleaning and sanding their houses; though a great hindrance to real cleanliness was the scarcity of water.

The inhabited islands were Toga, Loh, Tëgua, and Hiw, and of these the Bishop visited the three first, inspecting them thoroughly. At Loh he established himself, holding daily school, to which he summoned them with a native drum, which was heard in all the villages around, and brought him in the morning about forty, in the evening about fifty scholars.

At Tëgua he was most hospitably received, and visited its twenty-two villages. At Toga, where the people were somewhat rougher, he inspected thirty-two. He brought away from the group nine boys and two girls; and, after his flying visit to Santa Cruz, made straight for Norfolk Island to prepare for the great event, the consecration of the new church, which took place on December the 7th.

Meantime, at Maewo, Mr. Bice had found the people of

Tanrig as hearty and earnest as ever, coming through wet and blustering weather to prayers and school. He had brought some good Scripture pictures with him, which were a great delight. He opened his school register with fifty names, but this number soon increased, as the people of the surrounding villages were all kindly and well disposed. The one horror of the place was its infanticide, which seemed in some way connected with the old superstition, and of which sickening accounts reached him on all sides, but which was gradually dying out.

On his visit to Opa, which was delayed by the inclement and stormy weather, he found Mr. Chaffin frail and feeble, while considerable excitement still prevailed anent Mr. Johnson's murder. The chief obstacle here to Mr. Bice's teaching was the entire separation of the sexes: he had very fair classes, but composed entirely of men.

He made his way across to Araga in a trader's vessel; but here he found much disturbance caused by a massacre of bushmen by some other natives, and the outbreak seemed to threaten the entire scattering of the school, to the great dismay of Thomas Ulgau, the teacher, who had worked continuously and well. Mr. Bice visited two of the chiefs, one of whom was at the root of the whole matter, while the other desired peace; and he brought matters to a fairly peaceable conclusion. He returned to Opa and Maewo, the latter being quite the most satisfactory of these islands. On his second visit here he was able to baptize thirty-five people of various ages and sexes. The Bishop on his arrival examined the whole school, and made a special address to these newly baptized.

The *Southern Cross* brought up from Auckland a large party of guests invited to be present at the consecration of the new church. They spent six days on the island, arriving on the 2nd December. These days were spent in examining the lovely place and its surroundings, so full of thrilling interest to all, and in games and every kind of festivity which the overflowing hospitality of the Bishop and his staff had prepared for them. Cricket matches, picnics, fireworks, horticultural show, and above all, the beautiful services, charmed all alike, the Saturday

evening service having a wonderful effect on the visitors, as it was conducted entirely by dark-skinned people: the Rev. E. Wogale saying the prayers; Woleg, the native catechist, reading the lessons; while the address was given by the Rev. Renata Tangata, a Maori.

The Sunday was naturally a marked day. The Bishop preached on a text from the Epistle for the day, "That we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope;" and after bidding all the visitors welcome to that holy house, looking his welcome as he gave it with all the loving brightness so peculiar to himself, he spoke of what the patience and comfort of the Scriptures were to them in all their various and manifold work, and of the hope gained from those who had gone before them into rest.

"Is He sure to bless?
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer yes!"

On that day he baptized seven boys and one girl, all from Gaeta, Mr. Penny, their own teacher, standing behind him as he did so; the beautiful font of red and black marble being crowned with a wreath of oleander blossoms and other superb flowers and leaves. But, alas, this joyous day was darkened by an account, which reached the Bishop as he came out of the church, of the cruel massacre in those very Floridas whose children he had been baptizing, of Lieutenant Bower, of H.M.S. *Sandfly*, and his boat's crew. Those who had murdered them were of the following of Kalekona, who had on more than one occasion shown himself the friend of the Lango people, standing between them and the persecution of their heathen countrymen; and one of them was his own son.

The 7th, *the* day itself, opened bright, clear, and sunny. The western rose window was now in its place, and together with its foliated companions beneath, commemorated those who, before and with the Bishop, had perished at Santa Cruz; while beneath these again, on the right of the door, was a brass recording, in its marvellously concise inscription, the chief events of Bishop Patteson's life. The hangings of blue

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velvet with embroidered lilies, on either side of the carved oak and mosaic reredos, commemorated the brave and saintly Commodore Goodenough, the great beauty of the whole being enhanced by the lovely flower decorations. Mr. Codrington's careful supervision and constant labour of love had indeed been glorious in result, and to the Melanesians must have been as a vision of heaven itself. They were *all* present at the consecration, not only the baptized and catechumens, according to the usual rule.

The early celebration was at 7; and at 10 the procession formed, consisting of the clergy, English, Maori, and Melanesian, and closed by the Bishops of Waiapu and Melanesia. The building was crowded before it filed in, and there was but just room for the couples to pass. The Bishop took his seat at the altar, and the petition from the trustees to consecrate was presented by Mr. H. Upton. The Bishop gave his consent, and the whole procession proceeded to the west door and back, singing the 115th Psalm. Then the special prayers usual at consecrations, for the building itself, and for all those who in it should be baptized or confirmed, should receive the Blessed Eucharist, should hear the Scriptures, should worship, should be married, were offered; and further, that its beauty might teach the children of the isles the beauty of God's holiness:

"That, as its glory far exceeds all that they have seen in their own lands, so they may learn to think of that more glorious home above, where the pure in heart shall see Thee in Thy beauty, and in the Holy City shall ever worship Thee, the Temple and the Light thereof."

The Bishop then pronounced the sentence of consecration, after which came Matins followed by the Holy Communion service, and, after the Prayer for the Church Militant, a solemn commemorative prayer was offered for the first Bishop, John Coleridge Patteson, in whose name the church was dedicated; for Joseph Atkin, priest; for Stephen Taroaniara; for Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young; for the founder, George Augustus Selwyn, Bishop of New Zealand and Lichfield; for

William Nihill and Robert Simeon Jackson, priests; for Sarah Palmer and Clara Selwyn; for James Graham Goodenough, Commodore, who had witnessed a good confession, and whose memories were dear and precious; also for all those who, coming from heathenism and being made God's by Baptism, had joyfully passed through the grave and gate of death.

A hymn, composed specially by the Bishop for the service and suggested by the words, "Look, that thou make them after the pattern which was showed thee in the mount" (Exod. xxv), was sung, after which the Melanesians left the church. The Rev. B. T. Dudley preached from the text, "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied," dwelling on the thought of the Almighty King still waiting, unsatisfied, for the full accomplishment of the purpose for which He became incarnate; and so Bishop Patteson, and those taken from the Melanesian Mission to Paradise, might be conceived of as, in Him, waiting unsatisfied for the gathering in of His redeemed from the multitude of the isles; and so we too should patiently and persistently press on in the great work, bringing every thought in ourselves to the obedience of Christ, and striving, as His privileged instruments, to carry on His work.

The Pitcairners were in great numbers at the service; and, in the procession, Mr. Nobbs with Mr. Codrington immediately preceded the Bishops.

At Evensong the Bishop of Waiapu preached; and, later on, there was a concert. The day had been further marked to the Melanesians by their joining the visitors in the hall at every meal, so that both body and aisles were filled.

The day following a horticultural show was held at Long Ridge, under a great canopy of English oaks and Norfolk pines, followed by a picnic; after which the visitors, escorted on board by the Bishop, set sail for Auckland.

And so closed this wonderful year to the Mission, during which, besides the footing at Santa Cruz, so long and apparently vainly hoped for, the number of scholars at S. Barnabas had increased more than ever before; there being in all 204, of whom 163 were lads and 32 girls, besides nine

children, two of whom had been baptized during the year. Twenty-four scholars had been baptized, fourteen of them from Florida and Ysabel. There had been two confirmations of ten and of four candidates. Six couples had been married, of whom four had already taken their position in island schools. The Mission staff had been valuably reinforced by Mr. and Mrs. Lister Kaye. Mr. Chettle had left it at the beginning of the year, and the Rev. A. Baker at the end, but Mr. Brittain of S. Augustine's was on his way to join them; and Mr. Kenny, who had been studying medicine in England, had now passed his examinations, and had thus received a training which, in addition to his former experience, would make him a most valuable member.

CHAPTER V

JUSTICE DONE IN THE FLORIDAS

On the Easter Day of 1881 was held the first ordination in the new church, that of Mr. Brittain, who had lately joined the Mission from S. Augustine's. It was a bright, hearty service in the early morning at which the newly-confirmed received their first Communion; and, in the evening, the Bishop baptized eight Melanesians, a true Easter from beginning to end.

The *Southern Cross* made her first start for the year the next day with the Bishop, Mr. Bice, Mr. Comins, Mr. Ruddock, and Mr. Lister Kaye on board, using the new engines to get out, which, to the Bishop's great satisfaction, worked admirably. They touched at Araga, Opa, and Maewo, landing Mr. Bice for his yearly stay at the latter place.

Good reports awaited them here, and through the Banks and Torres Islands; and, in the beginning of May, they landed at Santa Cruz, where Wadrokal and Carry received them in state, the school lads lining the path to the house as a guard of honour. The Bishop and Mr. Lister Kaye pulled the boat up while the ship stood off for the night. The chiefs came for a talk in the evening, and the Bishop let off a few rockets, much to the delight and partly to the fear of the people. The next morning the school was examined, the rank and file clothed, and the boys chosen to come to Norfolk Island when the ship returned, and they embarked full of thanksgiving that at last they had slept on that much desired shore in perfect safety. The average attendance at service was seventy, while the school numbered thirty. Wadrokal and Carry had conducted their work with great courage and tact.

They landed their boys at Nufiloli and passed on to Waño, where the double report of a heavy gun summoned them to

meet H.M.S. *Cormorant*, which lay at anchor opposite in the harbour of Ugi. She was there to punish the murderers of Lieut. Bower and his boat's crew; also to investigate sundry other cases of murder in these seas. The Bishop pushed on to Boli, landed his people at their different homes, and by sundown the man-of-war had reached Gaeta and was anchored beside them. The captain (Captain Bruce) summoned the leading men together and told them that jointly and severally they must be responsible for the surrender of the actual murderers, and, as will be seen, they did ultimately so exert themselves that four out of the five were surrendered.

The Bishop meantime spent the evening with Charles Sapibuana, examining a Gaeta man who had come on board as to the details of the murder. Pitiful, most pitiful, it was to find how small was the number who had thus attacked and overcome an armed boat's crew. When the boat was seen to go to Mandoliana, a man named Holabosa suggested that they should follow and attack it. So he and four others, one of them the chief Kalekona's son, crept through the bush, and found the men, who had left their arms in the boat, scattered, some bathing, all quite at their mercy. With a sudden rush they prevented their getting back to the boat and their arms. A single revolver would have saved them! Kalekona's son was certainly not among these; but he as certainly was with the larger party who hunted Lieut. Bower the next morning into a tree, where he was shot in cold blood by one Utumate; it was not, however, at all clear that Kalekona's son had anything to do with the deed. He had apparently remained by the boat while the island was being searched to see if there were any white men left.

On hearing all this Captain Bruce formed his own judgment, and requested the Bishop to see Kalekona and tell him that if he would surrender the five men who were actually engaged the matter would be considered as settled; but one of those five was his own son!

So the Bishop beat round to Gaeta with Charles Sapibuana and had a meeting with Kalekona which, as he said, reminded him of the stories of such meetings in the Middle Ages. Sapi-

buana and his friends were all assembled on one side, while on the other were Kalekona and his party armed. The Bishop himself sat on the open sand between them and sent for Kalekona, who came unarmed with one friend, and together they had a long conference. The Bishop told him how grieved they all were about his conduct, and how foolish he was not to have exerted all his influence that morning to save Lieut. Bower. He then gave Captain Bruce's message and terms, to which, after much doubt and talk, he assented. It was hard work to persuade a man to surrender his own son to death; but the Bishop told him he would beg for the young man's life, though he could make no promise. He then left, most thankful to have got over such an interview; and four days after he attended a large meeting of natives who were sending a party to hunt for the murderers. On the Sunday following, as he sat at luncheon on board the *Cormorant*, they heard a great shouting, which his boys told him meant that a canoe was coming with a prisoner. He went ashore at once, and found that Kalekona had caught and sent in Holabosa, the ringleader, but the others had escaped, and Kalekona held back his son. The Bishop told him to send his prisoner on board; but he did not, and the boat came for him.

The next day Captain Bruce took the Bishop back to Boli, and there, with his aid, held an interview with all the leading men of the district, who each one of them signed an agreement, which the Bishop fully explained, that they, one and all, would be held responsible for any murder committed in the group, and would surrender the actual murderers when demanded by a man-of-war. It was a very friendly interview, and the people assured the Bishop that it had lifted a great weight off their minds. Three days after he landed at Gaeta, where Kalekona at once joined him, to whom he gave Captain Bruce's message, that his son's life should be spared if he surrendered him at once, urging him most strongly to trust the Captain's word. The young man was very brave about it and wished to go, but the poor father doubted. Then the Bishop urged Kalekona to go on board himself, pledging his word for Captain Bruce's promise. Sapibuana,

too, worked very hard to get him to go, and at length they succeeded.

Early in the morning of the next day—Ascension Day—Lieut. Bower's skull was brought in, and with this and all the things that had been taken from the boat, they started for the *Cormorant*. The people threatened loudly, and told Sapibuana that if the chief did not return safely they would make an end of him and his; but when once Kalekona had made up his mind he never swerved; he got into the boat, and on board gave up to Captain Bruce the things, the head, and finally his own son. Of course all was at once settled, and the Bishop was not a little proud of his savage, and was very grateful when some of the officers volunteered to come and sleep on shore. They all returned together to the bright festal service, Kalekona declaring that an English captain "could not lie"; he did not add that the poor savage had known too how to keep his word when once given.

A fortnight after the *Cormorant* again came in, and the next morning at six, Utumate, the chief murderer, who had been caught, was brought down to the beach. A boat was sent for him, and he was executed at 9 A.M. in the presence of a large number of natives, who came back deeply impressed with the solemnity of the proceedings.

So this sad affair came to an end, having created a profound impression of the power of England, and, what is of far more importance, her justice and good faith. How largely the Bishop had contributed to bringing the whole to so desirable a conclusion the facts themselves show. Only his own humility could have led him to assert, as he did, that no one could say he had done anything, the causes being too complicated, the interests too many, and the actors too numerous for any man to say that he had brought it about. It was one of the chief events of his episcopate.

In Florida he made a stay of three months, and found that matters at Boli were improving under Matthew Mode's teaching, while at Gaeta everything was doing well. The people here were full of admiration of an autotype picture which the Bishop had of his children, one of them gravely

asked him if the Queen did it for him! And here, too, came to him one of those little side occasions for giving a lesson which he knew so well how to use. He was walking with some of his boys when they came upon an opossum, which they quickly hunted and secured, when out of its pouch came the ugliest, baldest, most uncouth little one, nearly blind and utterly helpless, while close by lay the mother, snarling and biting at everything and everybody. The boys anticipated a delicious roast, and wove a basket with great glee. Then said the Bishop: "What will happen to the little one?" "Oh, it will die; perhaps we shall kill it." He answered, "I want to buy that opossum." They guessed at once what for, and said "All right." And all together chose a tree and let it go, the boys as excited as possible about driving it up the tree, lest some men who were coming should kill it. And, as they went home, much talk fell upon the good Bishop's ears about his law that they must not kill the mother with its young. He made, too, an excursion to a great cave which Mr. Penny had visited the previous year, and from which a river flowed on both sides. He made his way right through and got out at the other end, the first person to do so, though people had been over the hill to the other mouth. It was 750 yards long, and all their candles expired just as they got the first gleam from the mouth. Here, too, inspired by an article of Mr. Gladstone's on Homer, he tested his Melanesians' perception of colour, and found that they possessed more than he thought; and, like Homer, they described them in similes, some of which were very poetical: "Like the sea in a calm with the shadow of a cloud on it," was their rendering of a very pretty shade of purple. Hoğo and Halavu were visited; at the latter place Alfred Lobu and his bride were doing well. The Bishop gave them here after Evensong a little sermon on the Light that had been sent to their darkness, Alfred translating admirably. It was a difficult and yet most essential subject, as, though all Melanesians believe in a *life* beyond the grave, they have hardly any *hope* connected with it. After the service there came to him a touching baptismal class; an elderly man, his wife and child, an older

daughter, and one other; a "house of converts," according to S. Paul.

At Savo Mr. Ruddock seemed doing as well as could be expected in a place so wholly given to trade and traders. He had a baptismal class of six. He urged the Bishop to come with him to Vaturaña, at the extreme north of Guadalcanar. After a long tiring pull through the hot sun and, on landing, through the breakers, they arrived to find an old man, a former pupil of Wadrokal's, very ill, and most thankful to hear again of God, of whom Wadrokal had taught him. With much fervour he repeated after the Bishop, and by himself, "God nañau, God nañau" (God help me). They made acquaintance, too, with the chief, an exceedingly hospitable person, so that the expedition made a start among very difficult people to get at, and was well worth the trouble it had cost. Here too they were amazed at his picture. Some of them quite believed that the children were alive, and that he kept them in a glass-case for economy!

Bugotu was his next step, where he was warmly welcomed, and the children, especially the girls, were in excellent training. At Tega, Capel Oka's absence had been much felt, but the attendance was as good as ever, and the people as friendly. Here with some trouble and burning of grass they found what the Bishop felt convinced was the grave of the Roman Catholic Bishop who had here been killed, and made arrangements to have it marked and fenced in.

On the Bishop's return to Boli he found the *Southern Cross* with Mr. Codrington on board, and ninety letters waiting for him!

Mr. Comins had spent this time in the Solomons, making Ulawa his headquarters. Clement Marau, of Merelava, was his assistant; a new school-house had been built, and the children were being brought under instruction. Three weeks he spent between Waño and Haani. A son was born to Walter, the teacher, during Mr. Comins' stay at Ulawa, whom he baptized, the first Christian baptism in the place. Also he performed the first Christian burial in a very touching case. A girl from Saa named Amina Kali, who had been for some years in Norfolk Island, where her lungs had been attacked,

longed once more to see her native Solomons, to hear the familiar tongue of her childhood. So she was brought back to her sister, who had married an Ulawa man. She rallied a little at first, but soon began to sink, and became more of a burden than her heathen sister would bear. Women were so low esteemed at Ulawa that it was considered an outrage that any special care or attention should be bestowed on one who was sick, and such an absolute defilement to a house for a woman to die in it that it would have to be pulled down or burnt. Seeing this Mr. Comins removed the dying girl to the school-house, trembling a little lest the attendance of the children should be stopped in consequence. But though he personally underwent some boycotting, the new teaching in the main point triumphed; no child stayed away because Amina lay sick in the house. She died suffering greatly, but ever soothed by the remembrance of what her Lord had endured for her. Her New Testament and Prayer-Book in Mota, full of pencil-marks and notes of her own, and containing the names of her four god-children, for whom she daily prayed, were ever in her hands; and on the morning she died she was singing in a low voice verses of hymns. And so, quietly and peacefully, her spirit returned to Him who gave it. The edifying custom at Ulawa was to throw the bodies of the dead to the sharks which prowl round the island waiting for their prey. Mr. Comins had promised Amina Christian burial, and was determined she should have it; but he had a great fight for it, especially with the women of the place, who declared that it was quite wrong for any one but a great chief to be buried, doubly wrong for a *woman*. However, he bought a piece of ground for her grave, leaving Clement Marau to defend the house from the marauding women while he was doing so; then collecting his little Christian party together, he laid the poor girl's body in the grave with the burial service and a hymn sung. A crowd of natives were present, but none interfered. The grave was fenced in, and a pile of stones raised over it. No heathen ventured near it after dark lest the ghost should be wandering there restless and unhappy because the body had not been thrown to the sharks.

In the Banks Islands Mr. Palmer had found the work of the past year good and satisfactory. In Mota there were now five schools, with 185 children, exclusive of the large number of adult scholars, all diligent in their efforts. All were taught the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Commandments, and portions of the daily service. The first class read well and answered intelligently on what they had read. Every Sunday morning there was service at Kohimarama and Navqoe. The Sunday evening services were held at the other stations in rotation, while the Rev. George Sarawia visited the other islands in turn to administer the Holy Communion. The Friday meetings for teachers and S. Barnabas scholars had been carefully kept up, and a Wednesday evening gathering for singing hymns, chants, rounds, and glees had been organized, a native lad playing the harmonium and leading. Fifty-two adults and thirty-eight children had been baptized during the year; in all there were 550 Christians in the island,

At Motalava there were five schools, including Ara, and 161 children on the books; while at Losalava there was regular Sunday morning service, which all attended, and two lads were starting a school at Valuwa, at the east end of the island.

At Vanua Lava there were five schools. Under the care of Edwin Sakelrau, Pek had become *the* prosperous settlement, almost entirely Christian. They had built a large church, the first building in the island set apart entirely for the worship of God, the school churches being used for many purposes; but at Pek both church and school were well maintained. The Bishop consecrated the building on the last day of his visitation of the Banks Islands. The boys had decorated the church with flowers, and the services were bright and festal, beginning with the Holy Eucharist in the early morning. The Bishop had written out a form of request for Edwin to read in the Vanua Lava dialect, so that all could understand. They formed into a little procession, Edwin leading, Mr. Palmer and the Rev. H. Tagalad following abreast, then Mr. Brittain as Bishop's chaplain, and lastly the Bishop himself. Harry Siltu, from Ara, acted as precentor and the Bishop's address was

interpreted by Edwin; all the people, to the number of about two hundred, being most reverent and attentive. These people had given of their best to God, and realised something of the blessedness of so doing. The offertory at the celebration amounted to £6, an enormous sum, for it came almost entirely from the pupil teachers. It was set apart to buy prayer desk and lamps. In the evening the Bishop baptized thirteen adults in the new church.

There were large classes for Holy Baptism in the other schools of the island, as Rowa, William Qasvaraṅ's native place; he had been established for eighteen months, and the entire little population of thirty was under instruction.

At that wonderful island, Ureparapara, a good school chapel had been built, school begun, and diligently kept going by the boys, who were now helped by a Mota teacher and his wife. This was in the deep bay inside the old crater, impossible to reach in rough weather.

At Merelava, too, was a good substantial school chapel, fifty-three names on the books, and fourteen adults ready for the Bishop to baptize, the numbers present at the Baptism being so large that they could not get into the new chapel, and the service took place outside. All this was the work of a Mota teacher, helped by Christian lads of the island

Gaua was the one unsatisfactory spot of the group. Wars and rumours of wars, murders, and witchcraft, or belief in it, prevailed, the whole being intensified by the introduction of firearms, one of the gifts of the labour trade; and an excited and unsettled state prevailed. Yet Edmund Qaratu held his ground, and, to a certain degree, kept matters in hand. There were sixty-one children in the schools, and the Sunday average was about 190.

The *Southern Cross* had left Norfolk Island in July, bringing Mr. Palmer for this group, the Rev. M. Wadrokal for Santa Cruz, and Mr. Codrington. To the last the cruise was of intense interest. Six years had elapsed since he had visited the Islands, eighteen since he had attempted to get to Santa Cruz, and had failed. In the New Hebrides he examined the schools, and at Araga, where in 1875 there had been nothing,

found a flourishing school in a nice building, a growing Christian population, besides the scholars at S. Barnabas preparing to be the teachers of the future. All this had sprung from one boy, Tariliu, whom in 1875 they took hence to Norfolk Island, and who, when some months later he had been baptized, had induced Thomas Ulgau from Mota to come and help his people to Christianity. At Tanrig, in Maewo, the same; a flourishing school and a large schoolhouse. On Bishop Patteson's last visit to Maewo he obtained two boys for S. Barnabas; one of them, a little fellow, had come to sell him a reed; the Bishop looked at him, that wonderful look of love and yearning of which Captain Tilly speaks, and asked him to come, and he came. On Mr. Codrington's last visit to this island a white man was a marvel, now they were at home, known by sight or reputation to everybody. Everywhere it was the same. Ara Christian and charming; Pek, which he had last seen savage and heathen, now a Christian village, clustered round its own native deacon; the poor old chief of those days, who had come to meet them with a piece of calico in his hand by way of full dress, now ill and near his end, a Christian, and much cheered by the return of his son. The present chief, who rejoiced in the unpronounceable name of Quengqo, a firm friend and supporter of Edwin Sakelrau's. Ureparapara was a joy of the same sort to him.

They passed on to Santa Cruz of breathless interest, and were within sight of it ten days after the anniversary of the Bishop's death. They visited Wadrokal's house, and, far more interesting, the chiefs Meja and Natei in their own houses, unlike any others in the islands, and still surrounded, as the Spaniards had found them 300 years before, with a labyrinth of walls. Wonderful to be at Santa Cruz, the long desired and watched, the unattainable, in as perfect safety as if he were at Mota; and most strange that, instead of finding the people fierce and wild, Wadrokal found them very amenable and good-natured. On they went to Nufiloli, where he landed with Te Fonu, the chief—who had visited Norfolk Island—and his acquired dogs and pigs, Mr. Codrington's one thought how like it must be to Nukapu, and how different the

circumstances to those of ten years back! They passed Nukapu in the dusk of evening, "nothing to be seen but white breakers under a dark line of trees, and heavy piled clouds above."

On they went to Florida, where they found the *Cormorant*, and were kindly entertained by Captain Bruce. At Olevuga they took back the chief who had been on a visit to Norfolk Island, while at Savo they picked up Mr. Ruddock and Lodo, an old friend of Mr. Codrington's; and from Vaturaña, in Guadalcanar, they brought away the two first boys they had ever had from thence. At Vulavu, in Ysabel, they spent a Sunday and held a strangely polyglot service; prayers in the language of the place, lessons in Florida, hymns in Mota. There were seventy people. On their return was held at Savo the first baptism in the place; Lodo, his wife, another man and woman, and two children.

At Gaeta, started ten years before by Charles Sapibuana, one of Mr. Codrington's first pupils, and Edward Wogale, he felt that he had seen the best of the voyage. When he first went ashore in Florida, he had taken back the first scholars; now there were eight schools, and all Florida, except Hogo, occupied by teachers and Christian villages such as Sapibuana and Lango. It was a sort of triumphal voyage—Christianity everywhere spreading its work of peace and holiness, while at S. Barnabas the numbers were ever increasing. This year there were 182 men and forty-two women, besides nine children; thirty more than the preceding year, and fifty more than the year before that. There had been thirty-seven baptisms and thirteen confirmations, four births but only two weddings, and four deaths.

The Bishop had been ailing with rheumatism during the latter part of the cruise, but he determined to spend Christmas in the Solomons, and the day after the *Southern Cross* left him at Boli began one of the most unpleasant things that had ever befallen him. Takua, the old chief, so long their friend, though always a heathen, had taken as a wife a daughter of one of his wives by a former husband. Both the mother and the daughter had left him, and he came to the Bishop to ask

his help to get back, not his wife, but her daughter. The Bishop sternly asked him how he dared so to insult him, and reproved him on his own ground: for all his people were scandalized at so flagrant a breach of even heathen laws of morality, and Takua lost much position and influence through it.

The Bishop spent a very bright and happy Christmas with Charles Sapibuana at Gaeta. They made a new translation of *Adeste Fideles* and the Christmas hymns, and the people were trained to sing them sweetly and well. The early celebration was peculiarly bright and beautiful; while at the hearty eleven o'clock service the new hymns were sung, and in the evening the teachers and their wives dined with the Bishop, a happy merry party, the late Evensong closing the joyous home-like day.

The next day they had a tree, no poor little pine tree, but a real cocoa-nut palm with nuts and all!

He then went on to a new school at Halavu where he baptized seven, the first-fruits, and where he celebrated New Year's Eve with a magic lantern entertainment, after which he and Alfred Lobu ushered in the New Year with prayer; a quiet solemn service in the lovely tropical night, the moon shining softly on palm and cocoa-nut tree.

CHAPTER VI

ORDINATION OF CHARLES SAPIBUANA

THE Bishop spent his Epiphany at Boli, where, after the early celebration to which he had gathered all the teachers within reasonable distance, he made an inquiry into certain charges which had been made against the teacher Maru. He investigated the whole matter thoroughly, much to the dismay of the witnesses, who had never had their statements so followed up and verified before. Under this process the serious charges vanished; but one was brought out which led the Bishop to remove him from his post. The people had themselves held a sort of inquiry, and before them Maru had solemnly invoked their *tidalo Doula* to the truth of his statements. The man probably meant nothing more than to make the strongest asseveration he could think of; but the impression on the people's mind was undoubtedly that he acknowledged the power of *Doula* to punish perjury in his name. On this ground therefore the Bishop suspended him, explaining carefully to the people why he did so, and declaring him innocent of the charges brought against him. He thence proceeded with Alfred Lobu to Halavu, where he baptized a whole family, an old man and his household, earnest simple-minded people. A very pretty stand of four bamboos lashed in the centre was made for the silver font given to the Bishop by his friends in England, creepers twisted round them, and a mass of beautiful flowers round the top. To the old man he gave the name of Abraham, on account of his great hospitality and apparent faith, and prayed that he might indeed be a "Father of the faithful" to those in his district.

He went on to Ysabel where, at Vulavu, things were

languishing owing to the absence of Capel Oka, the head teacher. At Tega he baptized a dying woman, the wife of a chief, who earnestly desired it; and afterwards, finding that it was the intention of the people to follow the heathen custom and kill some one when she died, he sent for Samson Iño and told him that he must stop it, which he did, forbidding anything of the sort. The woman died and the Bishop buried her at Tega, a simple service with a hymn, afterwards speaking to them of the "resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come."

He had only a few days before heard the death-legend of these people, poetic and of intense sadness; telling how the spirit of death always sat on the rocks of the island opposite, and with outstretched arms beckoned the dead to him; how they crossed the bay and found their way across the ridge till they came to a deep chasm, over which an old woman thrust the trunk of a tree, on which they crossed and then led a miserable life beyond the grave. They fully believed in recognition, and in meeting beyond the grave, except in the case of mother and son. In that world of spirits the mother said to the son: "No, I do not want to have any more to do with you, you must go to your friends; I had trouble enough with you when I was on earth." Hence the infanticide prevalent throughout the Islands. The child is a trouble!

The Bishop spent a happy Easter at Boli and passed on to Gaeta, where he spent five weeks preparing Charles Sapibuana for his coming ordination—the first deacon from the Solomon Isles. In May the *Southern Cross* made her appearance, bringing back Mr. Penny well and strong after his English visit, and rejoicing in the thought of presenting to the Bishop for ordination their dear friend Charles Sapibuana.

There was a good gathering of teachers and their wives, so that the body of communicants, with whom the Bishop held a solemn preparatory service the evening before, numbered seventeen. The service itself was at 7 A.M. Mr. Penny, who had examined Sapibuana, gave an address

explaining to the people what ordination and the work of the ministry were, telling them of Him who sent them forth to the work. Then Sapibuana was questioned and answered and the Bishop ordained him. Few certainly in modern times have been ordained so completely in the midst of their work, and with the "proof" of their fitness around them, as he was. From the time that, as a lad of ten or twelve, he had, some fifteen years before, first come to the Mission, his had been an ever rising life reaching more and more into the perfect light. And now, these people by whom he was surrounded—he had gathered them together, hehad mainly taught them, he had kept them together by his influence and example; the voices which sang over him as he knelt beneath the ordaining hands had been trained by him; and the peace which reigned in the district was brought about by his fearlessness and consideration. With a glad heart the Bishop admitted him to the work of the ministry, a beautiful close to his own long stay of fifteen months in the Islands.

But again over this joy was to be cast a heavy shadow. A frightful hurricane swept over the Banks Islands, ravaging especially Mota, destroying the new church, nearly all the school-houses, and more than half the houses in the island. It was followed by severe sickness, and among those who died in the epidemic were Emily, the wife of the Rev. Robert Pantutun, and Emma, the wife of the Rev. E. Sakelrau at Pek. They were both very superior women in intelligence, and the influence which, owing to the position of their husbands, they had been able to exert on the other women had been most beneficial. Emma was especially a social loss, and "none who ever experienced the warmth and geniality of her welcome at Pek, or the wit and shrewdness of her remarks," were likely to forget her.

These sad tidings met the Bishop at Ureparapara, where he found Mr. Palmer, who, with Mr. Penny, Mr. Lister Kaye, and fifty-one natives of the Solomon Islands and Santa Cruz, had left Norfolk Island in April. While they were filling up at the watering-place at Maewo, Mr. Penny had made a run ashore as

far as Tanrig, and found the school doing well, though the teacher was far from well. At Lakona they met George Sarawia, who told them of the hurricane, and all the mischief it had done ; the sickness it had left behind it. Only one man had been killed by the actual storm. He was one of the teachers at Luwai, who had run out into the darkness from the house, which was being blown down over the women and children, to find another for them ; the furious wind had hurled a great log against him, which had crushed his skull. Death must have been instantaneous.

Such a hurricane had never before been felt. The wind had been blowing hard all day, but not so as to cause any damage, when suddenly, at about sunset, it had veered round, and with a roar that drowned every other sound, blew furiously for about three-quarters of an hour. The crash of falling trees and boughs was absolutely unheard in that terrible sound, and nothing could be seen, for a dense heavy mist shrouded the whole place in darkness. The people were driven from house to house as one after another was carried away, trees and branches falling around them as they fled ; but they neither saw nor heard them, and the next morning alone revealed what had happened. Only Mota had suffered so severely. The neighbouring islands had felt the force of the wind, but to a far less degree. At Mota the immense mass of vegetation was simply cleared away, swept clean of all undergrowth. The bread-fruit crop was utterly destroyed, and so were most of the yams. The sickness which ensued was evidently caused by the mass of decomposing leaves which covered the whole island. *The* great loss was Robert Pantutun's wife, a delicate little woman, who had united to her earnest mind and sterling goodness an unfailing brightness and cheerfulness, always ready to help every one, and, spite of her gentle quiet nature, of a fearless and courageous spirit. She had been known to stop a fight by rushing between the combatants with their loaded guns. She left four children, the youngest a baby. Her husband, who felt keenly his good wife's death, was attacked by the prevalent fever, and lay for some time seriously ill.

Mr. Palmer visited the islands in succession, and at Pek

heard of Emma's death, by far the most intelligent, sensible, and companionable Melanesian woman he had ever met. She and her husband were one in affection and devotion to their work, and the clean quiet women at Pek, the orderliness of the whole place, were the outcome of her influence. Her loss was irreparable.

At Motlav, Walter Woser the teacher had a class of 224 ready for him. At Ureparapara, where they had hitherto only landed in the inner harbour, they now examined the outer lee side, where they hoped to find a possible landing-place, and managed to get the boat up without damage, spite of rugged coral and huge boulders. They were heartily welcomed here, the chief obstacle being that the people were scattered in groups of two or three families, and were thus difficult to get at. There was a good deal of sickness, and seventy-six men had been carried off as labourers, besides one who had died away. Mr. Palmer was unable to visit the inner harbour as he had intended, for Edwin Sakelrau fell ill with ague, and had to be carried down in an oilskin to the landing-place to meet the *Southern Cross*, which picked them up here, the Bishop on board looking well and hearty after his long stay in the Solomons, and full of bright accounts of Florida.

Mr. Penny had remained at Boli three weeks after the ordination of Sapibuana; Matthew Mode's work of two years was beginning to take effect, and Mr. Penny was able to baptize twenty-five adults here. Still things were far from satisfactory. Takua's conduct towards his step-daughter had grievously scandalized his people, and had destroyed his influence, which had hitherto been powerful for good; also there had been immoral conduct among the Christian natives. But in the Floridas generally the tone was quite altered by the action of Captain Bruce, and the firm and fair dealing of the officers in the recent visits. Christians and heathens alike were ready to accompany Mr. Penny to places where they had not dared before to venture. All felt that there was a power at hand ready to punish brutal outrages, a power which was recognized by Christianity, and which for the future they must respect. They said, "We can go anywhere now

since the men-of-war have been here; they have stopped killing for no reason."

At Halavu, Alfred Lobu had a class of twenty-two adults preparing for Holy Baptism. At Gaeta, where as ever all was flourishing, Mr. Penny baptized twenty-five adults. He was detained here three weeks by the incessant rain, this summer proving as wet and sickly as the last had been dry and bright. He passed on by Olevuga to Ysabel, where he found the school under Manekalea doing well, but that at Tega still suffering from the enforced absence of Capel Oka, who was at Norfolk Island for rest and change. He baptized seven people at Ysabel, and here, in September, the *Southern Cross* called for him with Mr. Bice on board, his first visit to the Solomon Islands. They had started in August, leaving Mr. Lister Kaye at Santa Cruz, where he spent seven weeks, the first white man to stay there since Mendana's days. He made friends with the people all along the north coast of the island from Graciosa Bay, where Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young had been killed, to Carlisle Bay, where Commodore Goodenough was slain. His chief assistant was Russel Gede, a San Cristoval boy. Several lads from Santa Cruz were now at S. Barnabas; and an old man who had come on a visit had died there, but it made no difference in their heartiness.

The Rev. E. Wogale had returned to his work in the Torres Islands after his long illness. Mr. Brittain had been dropped at Araga, which had been made his special charge, and where he remained about ten weeks. It was his first experience in a heathen land, and he found the central village, Qatvenua, considerably disorganized by the desertion of the teacher who, with two others, had gone off in a labour vessel. However, the people came willingly to him when they heard of his arrival, and Tariliu remained to help him in the school-work. In the morning he took the boys, and Tariliu the girls; but in the evening Mr. Brittain took them all together, an immense step at Araga, where they are treated as a different set of beings, and never allowed to meet. Soon the Canticles, Matins, and Evensong, besides many hymns, were

learnt by heart; and the singing was something to be proud of in such a place. On the Wednesdays, following the routine at S. Barnabas, they had secular singing, "God save the Queen" being a particular favourite. He found a rising school at another village about three miles off, where some boys had been collected together by an old Norfolk Island scholar of some years back; the curious part of the business being that the pupils seemed to know a great deal more than the teacher. Mr. Brittain had a list of a hundred villages, nearly all of which he visited, though in many cases they only consisted of the *gamal* and two or three houses; and he always took with him some boys as companions. He could only manage one village in the day, for each chief expected to have the day to himself. One particularly interesting visit was paid to Viradoro, a fighting man in former days, who received him with great hospitality, overwhelming him with presents, and taking the greatest interest in the Araga translation of the Prayer-Book, which he insisted on having read to him. He mourned greatly over his two sons, who had gone away in labour vessels, and asked anxiously if Mr. Brittain could not bring them back to him on his return. However, this visit very nearly caused great trouble; for an enemy of Viradoro's died suddenly shortly after, and his people attributed his death to poison, which they imagined Mr. Brittain had brought. A good deal of talking and a present of calico were necessary to set matters straight.

At Opa things were very stationary. Two enterprising native teachers had set to work, but their wives were of no help to them, an immense drawback. The barrier between the sexes still remained an insuperable obstacle. Two returned boys from Norfolk Island were endeavouring to revive the old school at Walurigi, and seemed likely to succeed; while at Tavolavola Charles Tariqatu had started a school, had thirty-eight names on his books, and was doing so well that Mr. Bice left him at the work instead of bringing him back to S. Barnabas, as he had intended.

At Maewo things were doing well; the schools both at Tanrig and Tasmouri progressing, and best of all, infanticide,

with all its attendant horrors, being beaten back. This year Mr. Bice baptized five infants, making in all about twenty thus rescued.

A great drawback befell the Mission this year in the shape of two accidents to the screws of the *Southern Cross*, which made it necessary for her to return to Auckland for repairs, and prevented her making her customary third voyage.

CHAPTER VII

GREAT ADVANCE IN FLORIDA

THE year 1883 made again an epoch for the Mission. Mr. Codrington left it for a while to return to England and put into print his great and exhaustive work on the languages of Melanesia. The "prince of philologists," as he has been well called, the friend and counsellor of the martyr Bishop, who had for more than sixteen years so faithfully and devotedly laboured in the work, left a gap in all departments, but more especially in the home work at S. Barnabas, that no one else could fill.

In February, on the sixth anniversary of his consecration, the Bishop ordained Henry Tagalad and David Ruddock priests. The *Veni Creator*, which had been translated by Mr. Palmer, was sung to *Palestrina*, both in English and in Mota; and the Bishop's pastoral staff, which had been his father's, was borne by Mano Wadrokal.

The *Southern Cross* made her first start in April with a large party—Messrs. Palmer, Penny, Comins, Ruddock, and Lister Kaye, besides Henry Tagalad and Wadrokal. They called at Araga, filling up as always at Maewo, and touching at Opa.

At Merlav, Mr. Palmer left William Vaget to take care of the school. At Gaua there was decided improvement. The strife and murdering of the previous year had ceased, and though it was impossible to report well of the school, the prevalence of peace in all the districts was an immense gain. At Mota, Mr. Palmer was met by the news of Edwin Sakelrau's death; a sad blow. He was a native of Motlav, and, with his brother Henry Tagalad, had joined the Mission school in 1863, the two forming a singular contrast, as Henry

was unusually fair for a Melanesian, delicate and intellectual-looking, whereas Edwin was almost coal black, bright-eyed, but without any particular signs of intellect; the stuff and character he possessed, however, had shown themselves very clearly from the time when he was sent as a baptized and confirmed Christian to take charge of the school at Valuga. In 1878 he was stationed at Pek in Vanua Lava, where, young as he was, he became at once a father to his people, who entirely looked up to him for advice and counsel. He was ordained deacon at Ara in the midst of his own people, Bishop Selwyn's first ordination and the first held in the Islands, and two years after had presented to the Bishop for consecration the first church in the isles built entirely for divine service and capable of holding 300 persons. He had been ill about three weeks, having caught a cold which settled on his lungs, and doubtless his sorrow for his wife's death had undermined his naturally delicate constitution. Now he was called to rejoin her; so "in their death" these faithful souls were not far divided. He had been conscious to the last, and had urged his assistant teacher to keep the school well together till the *Southern Cross* returned.

Mr. Palmer's reception at Pek was most touching. The people were very quiet, and the women pressed his hands but could not speak. He had come upon them without any warning, after dark, and had found the house in perfect order and tidiness, the church already lighted for service. He joined them in Evensong, and spoke shortly to them of Edwin and the good example he had set them; the great loss to *them*, to *him* the exceeding great and sure reward.

At Mota another teacher had died of consumption, and the want and scarcity induced by the hurricane were still much felt. They landed Henry Tagalad and his family at Ra, where all was doing well, and where the women, in their joy at seeing them again, rushed into the water to seize his children, who were in danger of being pulled to pieces. Mr. Palmer spent his Whitsunday at Pek, where the attendance was fair, as Andrew, the teacher, had well fulfilled Edwin's parting injunctions.

At Vureas sad news awaited him. Ambrose, the teacher there, one of their most intelligent and energetic, had deserted his young wife and child; and, ashamed to face the Mission party, had forced his brother, who was helping him in the school, and thirteen others of the place, to ship as labourers. It came as a great shock, for they had full confidence in the man. Mr. Palmer could hardly believe it, and was thoroughly disheartened. He visited some schools in the neighbourhood and was back for Trinity Sunday at Ra, where four Melanesians shared with him the Eucharistic feast. At Ureparapara he managed to get inside the harbour; he found that the assistant teacher had died the preceding Christmas from bleeding of the lungs. He stayed over the Sunday to baptize a class of candidates which the head teacher had ready for him. It was dark squally weather, which means at Ureparapara something like being in the bottom of a cauldron with clouds for the cover, but they had a bright happy day. The font was decorated with brilliant leaves and flowers, and the nine candidates all clad in clean white garments.

At Rowa, William Qasvaraṅ had five candidates for Baptism and a couple to be married. The great occupation here was shooting mullet with reed arrows tipped with fencing wire; they shot sometimes as many as seventy in the day. On his return to Mota, Mr. Palmer found all the school buildings replaced except the chief one, Kohimarama, which had been retarded by George Sarawia's continued illness. Here the *Southern Cross* found him, and it brought tidings of another sad loss to the Mission. The Rev. E. Wogale had died at Easter time at Vava. His return to his work had been felt to be rather a risk, for, though much the better for his stay in Norfolk Island, he was far from strong; but he was most anxious to be back, and went. He was quite "the most thoughtful and intelligent of the Melanesian clergy, his mind cultivated and refined by long, close, and affectionate intercourse with Bishop Patteson, and by his teaching in higher subjects, begun, in this case, at an unusually early age." He was the younger brother of George Sarawia, and had joined the Mission school in 1863, was baptized by Bishop Selwyn,

confirmed by Bishop Patteson, and had been from 1867 a regular communicant. He was with Bishop Patteson at Mota during his last glad stay; was ordained by the Bishop of Auckland in 1872; and in 1876 went to Fiji, where he laboured with marked success amongst the Banks Islanders, then numerous there. In 1879 he was stationed as resident missionary in the Torres Islands, where his health failed completely, and whence he was removed in a critical condition. The Vava people, a rough set, were evidently grieved by his death, as well they might be. They had buried him decently, placed a fence round his grave, and had taken every care of his wife and two children.

At Vureas Mr. Palmer wished to stay, and, if possible, undo some of the evil which Ambrose had done. He found here an intelligent little man who had been to Brisbane, had been disgusted with the hard treatment that he had received, had returned, learnt his letters from Ambrose, and had managed to get on to reading. He had taken charge of the deserted schoolhouse, where he had taught the men and led the singing; and it was arranged that he should do his best to keep the school together until a teacher could be sent.

In the meantime Mr. Lister Kaye had remained at Santa Cruz, his school largely attended by children and adults, while all round the coast there were openings for teachers if the Mission only had them to send. But, alas, the labour vessels had been there also, doing much mischief—one had carried off 175 natives; and the indiscriminate taking of wives without their husbands was here, as all through the Islands, doing much mischief.

Mr. Penny had begun his Island stay at Ysabel, where places seemed opening to him on all sides. A horde of bush people in terror of head-hunters had come to Tega to place themselves under the protection of Samson Iño, the fearless chief; and this would, it was hoped, lead to a general Christianization when Mr. Penny and his teacher had come to some knowledge of the bush languages. He made his headquarters alternately at Tega and Vulavu.

In Florida there had been a general break up of the *tindalo*

or ghost religion which prevailed in all the Solomon group. As converts had been made to Christianity they had openly renounced their belief in this superstition; but, shortly before the *Southern Cross* was due at Gaeta, Kalekona called the principal people together and proposed to them to make a clean sweep of their *tindalos*. They agreed, and all the charms and relics, which were in the keeping of a privileged few, were collected, put in a bag, and thrown into the sea. After this Kalekona and his whole party came up to the school and asked to be taught. He had, however, kept his own tutelary *tindalo* from the general destruction, and later on he gave it to Mr. Penny as a present. It was a stone the size of a large lemon carved into the semblance of a human head and face. No one had seen this *tindalo*, though it was known to exist; Kalekona kept it in a secret hiding-place, where his father had kept it before him. He used to go to this place before he started for a voyage and ask it to protect him.

In Olevuga, Alfred Lobu the teacher was doing sterling work. His school had increased in numbers; and above all, the tone of the people at Halavu had perceptibly improved. Mr. Penny here baptized twenty-five adults at different times; while at Boli he baptized altogether fifty-seven.

At Belaga was perhaps the most interesting work of the district. Here, too, there had been a great downfall of *tindalos* and *tapus*. The high priest of the *tindalo* mysteries presented himself for Holy Baptism and received it.

Gaeta was in excellent working order. There were now there ten teachers and a daily average of 130 scholars and 230 on Sundays, when all, young and old, came, and were divided into three classes—baptized, catechumens, and under instruction. Hoğo, Halavu, Olevuga, Ravu, Vura, were all visited; and, to his intense thankfulness, Mr. Penny during his stay of twenty-two weeks baptized 200 converts, and saw the old heathen superstitions overthrown.

Mr. Ruddock had found matters very different. Savo, always the nadir of the Solomon Island stations, had now been assailed by a worse trouble than ever. The teacher had enticed away his brother's wife, and in the quarrel which

ensued the brother had murdered him. It was their father who himself came off to the *Southern Cross* with the sad news. The school had of course collapsed, though, spite of all the scandal, the few Christians had stood firm and kept together. Hugo, the last teacher, had been driven away by a false charge of the same kind, and no one seemed to care to live among such people. This Hugo accompanied Mr. Ruddock to Guadalcanar, where the Bishop was most anxious that they should gain some footing, and there they walked immense distances, enjoying the lovely views from the high ground. They were well received by one chief, spite of their deliberately infringing the *tapu* which he had cast over his thirty wives, though the usual punishment for so doing was death. He and another chief promised to put up schools, and actually set to work on them; but a murdering raider from Savo came across and set them both against the "good teaching." Neither would have anything more to say to it, nor allow lads to go to Norfolk Island.

Mr. Comins found matters somewhat improved at Waño. Some of the older people were anxious for instruction. They had given up war and bloodshed, were anxious to live at peace, were preparing to build a new school-house; and all this was the work of the native teachers. At Ulawa, the headquarters of the station, Clement Marau had had some trouble, which, however, Mr. Comins managed to settle. Here the bondage of the people to their ghost superstitions was incredible. No cocoa-nut might fall to the ground lest a ghost should put a charm on it; further, there was great trouble in persuading them that the white man's God was the God of all the earth, theirs as well as his. They saw how different white men were from themselves in person and surroundings, and thought that the same gulf must exist between them and the white man's God. A chief from Heuru sent two of his sons to go to Norfolk Island to be trained, asking to be taken himself if he were not too old. Clement Marau, too, returned, bringing with him his betrothed wife to be trained as a Christian. Altogether here in Stephen Taroaniara's home there was at last ground for hope and thankfulness.

Mr. Bice and Mr. Brittain left Norfolk Island by the second trip, the former being left at his work in Raga, where he found that the people had kept fairly well together, their interest having been maintained by Sunday afternoon lessons. He baptized two infants, the first baptisms in Raga, the father of one of the children being one of the first two boys obtained from the place by Bishop Patteson. He had kept perfectly steady ever since, and had been at the root of all that had been done in the island. He used to tell of his immense surprise when Bishop Patteson came to him, patted him on the head, and spoke to him *in his own language*. Mr. Bice was able to baptize four lads at the end of his stay, and made it a very festal service.

At Maewo all his people had been faithful, and fifty-five were ready for him on his first Sunday. They were beginning to use the Maewo Prayer-Book in the services instead of contenting themselves with the Mota; also, in the villages, he found the men and women eating together, an immense step. Heavy storms and rains prevailed during the chief part of his stay, and at both Raga and Maewo there were one or two shocks of earthquake. The people, however, came to him through all wet and weather; and the full Matins in Maewo with sung canticles and hymns were most inspiring. At Tasmouri, one of the stations, eight adults and five children were baptized, the service being very bright, with a beautifully decorated font; while in the afternoon all, men and women, dined together, a true "love feast," in the early force of the word; for the breaking down of the old custom in this respect was perhaps the next great step after doing away with infanticide. Mr. Bice was further much struck by the care and tenderness which the women bestowed upon their children, now that they had left off killing them.

In September began the third journey, bringing the Bishop, who visited the stations one by one, holding full and happy services. Henry Tagalad, in full work as an energetic parish priest, was a great joy to him. At Losalava he had so large a congregation that the little church could not contain them, and the service was held in the open space in the village and

was followed by a baptism. A labour agent came in upon them, but slunk off when he saw how they were engaged.

At Vanua Lava was the grave of his dear friend, Edwin Sakelrau, which Mr. Palmer had crowned by a singularly beautiful cross, while further north was another grave that went to his very heart, that of Edward Wogale, even more striking in its beauty in the midst of a people who had not yet learned to bury their dead.

At Mota he held a Confirmation. Here he was at first a little alarmed by a deputation which came to him headed by the two deacons. He feared something must be wrong. But he had preached to them on the duty of giving to others, and they had collected among themselves £5, which they now brought to him to do as he thought best with. A great sum to come from their occasional shillings and sixpences! The bag of money was placed in the plate at the Christmas mid-day service; and, that all the schools might understand that it was their own offering, the Bishop stood with the alms-dish in his hands as he spoke to them on the words: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them." He promised them that the sum should be doubled and sent on, he thought, to help Bishop Walsham How's work in East London.

CHAPTER VIII

MEMORIAL CROSS AT NUKAPU

1884 was a year of essentially quiet hope and progress. The teachers almost to a man had proved steady and trustworthy, and had been able to present a great number of children to the Bishop at his annual examinations.

At Ysabel things had made a great start. The powerful southern chief, Bera, was dead, and at his death had showed that, though he would never accept Christianity in its fulness, yet that its spirit had reached him. On his death-bed he had said to his successor: "Let no man die because of me. Let no trees be cut down or houses burnt. Let there be no head-hunting expeditions; all that is passed away." Of his two successors one had married a Christian wife and came regularly for teaching, and the other was friendly, but too much in dread of his spirits to desert them.

Mr. Penny, who was to have returned this year to England, was so anxious to make the most of this opportunity, that he determined to devote another year entirely to Ysabel. Two or three teachers were ready for this island, and his assistance would be of the utmost value in starting and directing them.

In the Bauro district, at Ulawa and Saa, matters were more hopeful than they had ever been. Mr. Comins had taken charge of Clement Marau's school during his absence in Norfolk Island, and found that Sunday had become a regular institution even among the heathen, who marked and respected the day for the sake of their Christian neighbours. At Saa, where the failure and wrongdoing of Joseph Wate, one of the cleverest young men who had ever left Norfolk Island, had so dashed the hopes of the Mission, a new teacher and his wife

who had completed their training at S. Barnabas were now being established, and Mr. Comins remained three weeks to set them going. He was most heartily welcomed on all sides, and the old scholars came forward and helped in various ways, settling to place their own houses near the new school-house which they had determined to build, thus making it the nucleus of a Christian village. One of the senior scholars from Ulawa came over, married a Saa wife, and determined to remain there; so he was left in charge of the school, and three boys were taken to S. Barnabas.

At Waño and Haani sickness and death had been prevalent, and where Christianity was not firmly established there was always a strong feeling among the heathen that such things were the result of the "new teaching." But after all, the great difficulty at San Cristoval was the contempt for the white man's religion which the evil lives of the traders had taught them.

In Florida the work progressed steadily, and the Bishop ordained Alfred Lobu deacon at Halavu, in the midst of his own people. A most significant fact occurred while the Bishop was there. A dispute had arisen between the people of a semi-Christian village and their heathen neighbours, so that the whole place was full of rumours of fighting. But the heathen party referred their case to the Bishop, stating it fairly and temperately on the deck of the *Southern Cross*, where the matter was decided in their favour, all the bystanders taking the keenest interest in this ready and simple way of settling the difficulty.

At Santa Cruz, Mr. Lister Kaye was heartily welcomed, and found the houses in good repair, though there had been no regular teacher to look after them. He had a regular attendance at school, an average of fifty-one out of sixty boys on Sundays, while on Tuesday and Thursday evenings this number was almost doubled. On these days he held no school, but talked to the people of his reasons for coming there and for taking away their boys, and they evidently liked it. On the return of the *Southern Cross* he visited his whole district in her, and went to Nukapu, where one man was most anxious to come back with him to Norfolk Island; but his father, who was

one of the five kidnapped men for whom Bishop Patteson's life was taken, prevented him, declaring that they only wanted to make him work, and would then kill him. A good deal of fighting and trouble set in during the latter part of Mr. Lister Kaye's stay, but it in no way affected the disposition of the people towards himself, and the general attendance at school increased. They had made great preparations for a feast, which was to take place on Sunday; so he went to them, and told them it would interfere with his service and Sunday-school, whereupon they at once put it off for a day. He visited almost the whole main island on foot or by boat, and found the population dense round Graciosa Bay; but, alas, the labour vessels were there, and quarrels and bloodshed were sure to follow in their train. On the return of the Bishop with Mano Wadrokal, whose health now enabled him to resume his work, they, with two of Bishop Patteson's old scholars, put up the memorial cross sent out by the Bishop's sisters. It is exceedingly handsome, of galvanized iron, bearing a circular scroll of burnished copper, which shines bright in the sunlight, flashing back the rays far on to the sea. On this scroll is the inscription—

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D.,
MISSIONARY BISHOP,
WHOSE LIFE WAS HERE TAKEN BY MEN, FOR WHOSE SAKE
HE WOULD WILLINGLY HAVE GIVEN IT.
September 20th, 1871.

The people themselves were keen in their anxiety that the cross should be placed where passing vessels could see it.

In the Torres group there had been a good deal of sickness, which the partly converted natives were ready as usual to take as punishment upon the "new teaching"; but the Rev. Robert Pantutun, quite against the usual Island custom, married, one of the girls of the place, who had been sent to S. Barnabas for her training, had with her returned and settled there, and was getting the school into good order. They had also sent some nice boys to Norfolk Island.

BISHOP PATTESON'S MEMORIAL CROSS AT NUKAPU

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The work in the Banks Islands was seriously thrown back by Mr. Palmer's ilness; but the Bishop took his place for some time, and on the third voyage Mr. Palmer was able to join him and assist at the consecration of four churches in Mota, Ara, and Motalava, built entirely by the people, of solid stone and strong concrete of lime, with massive beams and careful work in the interior; and at each church after its consecration was waiting a little band either for Baptism or Confirmation, as they had learnt in the Mother Church; for this enthusiasm had doubtless been the effect of the beautiful building at Norfolk Island; it had taught them to bestow their care and their labour in God's service. On this journey too Marostamata, who had worked long and well at Lakona, was ordained deacon. He presented thirty-five candidates to the Bishop for Holy Baptism.

At Opa the school at Tavolavola was doing well, while at Maewo Mr. Bice could report favourably of the northern district. At Tanrig the people had, with much care, built a new church; while the school at Qatvenua in Raga had developed two offshoots, and Mr. Brittain had further openings waiting for teachers in more distant parts of the island.

New and stringent regulations in connection with the labour trade had been issued by the Queensland Government, to the great advantage of the Mission, and the sale of firearms was prohibited throughout the South Pacific. But so long as the natives could obtain them from French, German, and Honolulu traders this did not go for much. Captain Acland of H.M.S. *Miranda* investigated the matter of the boats of the *Flora* which had been fired on by the natives of Santa Maria. With the assistance of the Bishop he got the offenders on board his ship, where he addressed them and inflicted a severe fine, which was paid next morning. His power and the conciliatory firmness with which he exercised it, much impressed the natives.

The Mission was this year reinforced by the Rev. J. Holford Plant, M.A.; but Mr. Ruddock had been compelled by ill health to resign, so that the number of Europeans remained the same. Mr. Codrington still remained in England. His

return with the whole of the New Testament printed in Mota was eagerly expected. Mr. Penny was printing two Gospels in Florida, and Mr. Comins was ready with a reading-book in Bauro.

A great gloom was cast over the whole Mission party by the death of Mr. Lister Kaye's two children, who were carried off by diphtheria within a week; the sad event led eventually to his return with Mrs. Lister Kaye to England.

There were now at S. Barnabas 136 boys, 34 girls, and 11 children—181 in all.

CHAPTER IX

CLEMENT MARAU AT ULAWA

THE Bishop was absent from his diocese in England in 1885, and the *Southern Cross* made her usual start in April.

According to his plan Mr. Penny spent most of his time at Ysabel, where, at Tega, there had been a great falling off owing to the scandal created by the misconduct of the teacher Capel Oka. A general meeting of the teachers was convened, and after consultation it was decided that Hugo Ğoravaka should take his place, which, with some delay caused by Hugo himself, was carried out to the satisfaction of Samson Iño, the chief. Hugo had been for two years at Vulavu, where he had made quite a mark. On the death of the old chief, a Christian, he had seemed to step into his place, and amongst other things had organized the desultory guard that had been kept up against head-hunters. He had divided the night into watches, which were summoned by the school bell, and had properly equipped the guard.

At Halavu, Alfred Lobu, the newly ordained deacon, had behaved in the most extraordinary manner. Within six weeks of his ordination he had deserted his post and left his people to shift for themselves. He was annoyed because they would not banish a young man against whom he had a grievance. Mr. Penny determined that he should return to Norfolk Island, and there await the Bishop's decision as to whether he should return to Halavu.

At Gaeta all was as usual doing well. Kalekona was dead, but Charles Sapibuana's tact and good management had prevented any of the disturbances and outrages which in the old days followed on the death of a chief. At Hoğo, however, was the great advance of the season. The wild Tabukoro had

given up killing, slave-hunting, and other such practices, which had brought him in much money, and had attached himself to Charles Sapibuana, being taught by him. His expression and whole appearance were completely changed. There were nearly sixty scholars, and about as many others who had definitely declared for Christianity. On the morning that Mr. Penny left them he baptized twenty adults, the school chapel being crowded, while numbers of the people sat outside and listened to the service.

At Boli there were now three schools, and fifty-five adults and four infants had this year received Holy Baptism; while at Belaga a new school chapel, the finest in the Solomons, had been built, and twenty-nine had received Baptism.

Mr. Plant took Alfred Lobu's deserted place at Halavu, where he was greeted by a considerable party of Christians. On the evening of his arrival a fine-looking man came to him with his wife, asking for Baptism. He had long wished for it, but had two wives and so held back. Now one wife was dead and he felt free to offer himself.

At Ulawa Mr. Comins found excellent work done by Clement Marau. He was able to baptize nine adults and seven infants; for, now that infanticide was disappearing, children swarmed on all sides. One of the heathen chiefs had proposed that they should all unite and attack Clement and the Christians, because they dug their yams without offering any sacrifice. Clement dared them to do so, which so much disconcerted them that the chief sent him a present of money as a peace-offering, which he divided among his people, who were now ready to support him in anything.

At Haani almost all the inhabitants, young and old men, wives and children, attended the school; and all were clad in decent garments of brilliant-coloured calico.

At Saa, in Malanta, a new, well-situated school had been built, a great step in this most difficult of all places, difficult from its native customs and habits, and from the great force of the old superstitions.

At Wano, Mr. Comins stayed three weeks, and found them attempting to combine Christianity and heathenism. He came

into collision with some of the chiefs, and made an open stand against the infanticide and sacrificing to evil spirits which prevailed. Terrible to say the infanticide was chiefly the work of the mothers, who, if they had reared one child, absolutely refused to go through the same trouble again, and forced the fathers to kill them. Mr. Comins saved one such poor little life by buying the child and paying the parents to rear it for him.

At Santa Cruz, Mr. Lister Kaye's reception was most enthusiastic. Natci, the chief, had built him two houses—a large one for school, and another a present to himself. Mano Wadrokal had been unable for the past two months to teach, and Mr. Lister Kaye could only remain six weeks, but a real beginning was being made in the group among the girls, who were peculiarly difficult to reach, as they were kept so strictly apart, and three of them were taken to S. Barnabas.

In the Torres group the Rev. R. Pantutun was much hindered by the parents, who prevented the children from attending school by carrying them off to work. He needed help too.

In the Banks Islands matters were as usual progressing steadily, though not brilliantly. At Mota itself George Sarawia's continued ill health prevented his doing more than attend to his own school instead of superintending the work of the whole island. Still there were now six schools at work, with an attendance of 158 children, and the people took a great pride in their consecrated church, which their offertories had furnished with good lamps. Motalava and Ra, which were under the charge of the Rev. H. Tagalad, who was active and energetic in visiting, were doing excellently. His own earnestness was reflected in the zeal of his people. Two strong school-houses of stone and lime had been built, and were well attended. Mr. Palmer held a service in one of the lately consecrated churches in which 315 people joined. The whole was in exceeding order; the new altar-cloth, the bright flowers and leaves on the altar; and at the celebration at Ra, at which there were thirty-three communicants, Henry Tagalad handed Mr. Palmer, for the good of the Mission, nineteen fathoms of native money, collected in these churches since their conse-

cration. The offertories at their consecrations had provided them with lamps and a bell.

At Rowa they were building a famous stone church under the direction of William Qasvaran. Vanua Lava was still suffering from the loss of the devoted Edwin Sakelrau, though Pek itself was bright and clean, and in all its old order, and the beloved pastor's grave well kept and cared for; while the tears which any allusion to him brought to their eyes was full evidence to the love for him which his people cherished in their hearts.

At Ureparapara the school held on and prospered, while at Lakona, in Santa Maria, the new deacon, Marostamata, was doing splendid work, and his influence was making itself felt over a considerable part of the island. At Gaua quarrels still prevailed, but they were now chiefly due to one chief, who was quite a disturbing element. The rest of the people desired peace. At Merlav they were preparing to build a new church, but the head man wished first to see S. Barnabas.

Mr. Brittain spent nearly four months in the New Hebrides, as Mr. Bice was obliged to remain at S. Barnabas. At Raga the two schools were working quietly and satisfactorily. On the older men, however, the heathen practices, rites, and customs had a strong hold; and though they remained very friendly, it was impossible to draw them any nearer. At Qatvenua the runaway teacher with his four baptized lads, none missing, had returned, an unprecedented case. Nothing had been done for these lads in Queensland, but they had taken their books with them, and had kept themselves up to the mark.

In Opa the only school that was really doing well was that at Tavolavola. Their school-house had been burnt down in the night by an unfriendly chief, who wished to keep his son from attending it,—Tariqatu, the teacher, himself being badly burnt. They set to work at once to rebuild, and when the chief in repentance offered a pig as amends, they said that the school chapel was God's house, and they could not take anything in payment for it. He was in consequence in great fear when Mr. Brittain made his appearance, but all

ended well, and the son was allowed to come to school. Eleven men and boys excellently trained were baptized, many others were preparing, but they were to wait for Mr. Bice.

Maewo, however, was the brilliant spot of the district, and Tanrig quite a model village. Close by the school-house stood the church, a raised sanctuary at one end, and down the whole length on either side well-made seats facing east; the fenced enclosure, in which the buildings stood, bright with gorgeous flowers. Three or four villages clustered around; and almost all the remaining adults were this year baptized. Friends in England had sent the holy vessels, which were used for the first time at the early Eucharist on the day of these baptisms. Later on came Matins, well and heartily sung, and a baptism of four infants; while at Evensong took place the baptisms of the adults, one of them a perfectly blind old man; very touching it was to see him led up and to hear his earnest answers. The school at Tasmouri too was doing famously. A new and solid church had been built, and after this year's baptisms there only remained in the settlement one man who held aloof.

Such was the island work, truly blessed and prosperous; but a great sorrow awaited the Mission. Charles Sapibuana died at S. Barnabas on the 24th of October, taking with him one of the strongest powers for good that they possessed. He had been brought as a very small boy to New Zealand in 1876 by Bishop Patteson; and there, and at S. Barnabas, had received the training that was to bear such fruit. In 1877 he had settled at Gaeta with his wife and child. Here, spite of bitter opposition and threats of vengeance, he set himself with quiet unflinching determination against all that was wrong, and his power soon made itself felt. After spending three years thus among his people he returned in a very delicate state to Norfolk Island for rest and refreshment. But the trouble into which the massacre of H.M.S. *Sandfly's* boat's crew plunged his island called him back, though far from restored; and his influence with Kalekona was of great assistance in the matter. In 1882 he was ordained deacon in the midst of his people; and from that time his power

amongst them all, Christian and heathen, had ever increased. A severe influenza epidemic broke out in Norfolk Island during the winter, and one of those to contract the disease was Sapibuana. His death made a profound impression on the whole school. To them, as to his own people at Gaeta, it might well be said, "Being dead he speaketh." He left a wife and two young children.

Mr. Penny, after eleven years of faithful and devoted service, felt himself obliged to retire. He had opened his work with one shaky school in Florida and one in Ysabel; he left nineteen schools with 750 children, and over 800 adult scholars. He had thoroughly mastered the languages and habits of his people, and his firmness and sympathy had won all their hearts. Mr. Lister Kaye, too, was compelled most reluctantly to retire. He was the first white man since Mendana who had lived at Santa Cruz, and the many boys he had obtained for S. Barnabas bore witness to his work among this difficult people.

Mr. (now Dr.) Codrington, for his long and faithful services in the Mission, and his erudite philological researches, had met with their fitting recognition from the University of Oxford, which had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor in Divinity, returned at the end of the year, bringing with him his revised New Testament in Mota, and his voluminous work on the languages of Melanesia, the occupation of his leisure during the past twenty years, and of great value to the members of the Mission, enabling them to obtain a knowledge of the structure of the languages they have to master. The thirty-six grammars with which it concludes give an insight into the difficulties attending the diffusion of the Gospel among the infinite varieties of dialects and tongues existing in the Islands.

The provision of suitable teachers for the new schools springing up in every group was now the great anxiety, the supply at S. Barnabas being all too short.

CHAPTER X

MRS. J. SELWYN'S VISIT TO THE ISLANDS

THE Bishop had returned from England to his Island diocese, bringing back with him an earnest and devoted helpmate in his second wife, who had long, as Miss Mort of Greenoaks, Sydney, been an active friend of the Mission; but almost his first greeting on touching Australia was pain, for he there heard of the death of his friend, the Rev. C. Sapibuana; and though the year was one of considerable advance, bringing in quite the most remarkable and influential convert the Mission has had, yet it was stained by grievous falls where they would least have been expected.

The *Southern Cross* made her start in the early days of April, having on board, besides the Bishop, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Comins, Mr. Plant, and the Rev. Mano Wadrokal; but the little band felt sadly the absence of Mr. Penny and Mr. Lister Kaye. They touched at the various stations in the New Hebrides, deposited Mr. Palmer at Losalava, and Mano Wadrokal at Santa Cruz; but, instead of spending Easter in the Solomons, as they had hoped, were forced by contrary winds to hold it at sea. It was a first Communion to some of the lads, who had been confirmed just before starting, and earnestly the Bishop prayed that He who had walked on the waters to His disciples would come and ever dwell with them. May the 8th found them at their farthest point, Bugotu in Ysabel, where matters were progressing spite of difficulties. Samson Iño, the Christian chief of Tega, was dead, a good and powerful man, and a great loss to the Mission. His last act had been an attempt to stop a schism which had arisen, and had led 200 people to break away and betake themselves to the top of the highest hill they could find, up two miles of steep

bush road ending in an almost perpendicular cliff 300 feet high, thus placing themselves out of the reach of visitation and their children of school. Marsden Manekalea, the teacher, had become totally blind from ophthalmia and was suffering greatly. He had only a few months before rebuked a great head-hunting chief who, furiously angry, had threatened to attack Vulavu. Manekalea, hearing of his threats, said: "Be it so; I will go and see him. If he kills me, never mind, it is for you all." So he went, fully expecting death, as did his crew, who said: "Let us go and die with him." The chief received him with his men armed, but he had given directions that only Manekalea was to be killed. Marsden walked up to him and asked him why he was angry. "You have insulted me," was the reply. "I have not insulted you; but I told you, and I tell you still, that this head-hunting is wrong." He knew as he spoke that one of the men was ready waiting the chief's signal to strike him down, and to this very man he turned, pipe in hand, and quietly said, "Have you got a light?" The man in sheer amazement let his tomahawk fall, some talk ensued, and the whole thing passed over.

Hugo Göravaka meantime was the life and soul of all the Christian work in the district—a man of great zeal, clear decided views, and prompt action. Vulavu was now almost entirely Christian, the school well brought on, and the Bishop's baptismal class headed by the local chief. The village was a mere collection of huts, so he taught on the beach under the great trees, the bright surf rushing up to their feet, the setting sun all gold and glory beyond. The great chief Bera had been succeeded by Soga, a man of remarkable gifts and imposing personality. He had, in order to gain prestige on his accession, made a fierce raid in the north, slaying some thirty or forty people. As soon as he heard of the Bishop's arrival he sent to ask for the usual present, which was given, though the Bishop was in great doubt lest it should imply approval of the late head-hunting, but he determined to attack him about that later on. Suddenly a violent epidemic of influenza broke out. One day it had not appeared, the next all were attacked more or less severely, and the Bishop ladled out doses to his

whole congregation with a big spoon as they sat patiently waiting. This illness delayed the Bishop's visit to Soga a whole week, and he then found him struck down like the others, and proceeded to doctor him like them. The chief began at once to excuse himself for his murderous expedition, saying that he had been sent for by the people up there. The Bishop told him that he should have had moral courage to refuse, drawing as vivid a picture as possible of a chief strong and fearless to protect and defend his people, a saviour not a destroyer; and he went on to speak of God's protection and of His judgment, before which we must all stand, the men listening around the while and making shrewd sensible remarks. As the Bishop came away he saw a little red flag flying near one of the houses and asked what it was. He was told that it meant that Soga's infant had been fed and was now visible. Any one who wished to see the child might now do so on payment of a fish's tooth. Visiting him before he was fed cost another tooth! In another week Soga had become very seriously ill, and his people set this down to the medicine, which they declared had bewitched him. This might, in case of the chief's death, lead to serious trouble, so the Bishop started off with Hugo to see him, a long pull of twelve miles to a small island to which he had moved to be out of the reach of the *tindalo*, who was supposed to have caused his sickness. He was wretchedly ill and weak, but scouted the notion of the former medicine being the cause of it. The Bishop wished him to try a mixture of quinine and brandy, which had acted as a charm on his patients at Tega. He was quite willing, so it was solemnly mixed before them all. "Taste it," said Hugo, and the Bishop did so. Hugo followed suit, and then all Soga's people had a little sip served out in a shell. This was meant to show that there were no occult influences. Then the Bishop told Soga that with God alone are the issues of life and death, and he prayed Him to bless the medicine. This done it was taken readily, and after a short stay the visitors departed. Within a week Soga was about again; and from that time his gratitude, and, better still, his trust were unbounded. He at once sent the Bishop a canoe full of presents, allowed a school

to be started in his village, and sent boys that two might be chosen for Norfolk Island. Soga's history is fully dwelt on, for he was the most exceptional native the Mission has had to deal with, a born king and ruler of men. The Bishop's words about strength showing itself in mercy, spoken to one who only a month before had attacked and massacred a whole village, went home to him; and, followed by what seemed to him a miraculous cure, had a great effect on the fortunes of the Mission in Ysabel.

After this the Bishop himself suffered severely from repeated attacks of ague, which left him strangely weak. In fact, throughout the length and breadth of the Islands this was a most unhealthy season, caused seemingly by the trade-wind, which, when it blows steadily from the south, brings health and vitality, when fitfully, as this year, sickness. The Bishop, however, was able joyfully to baptize twenty-three candidates, using a beautiful silver font, the gift of friends in England, which glistened brightly in a lovely stand of flowers and leaves under a white flag with a red cross made by Hugo, to which the Bishop pointed when he told his little band what it meant to be servants of the Cross of Christ, and to fight manfully under that sign.

Again at Vulavu he was detained by illness, and, whilst he was prostrate, three large canoes, supposed to be full of raiders, came down upon them; but they passed on down the coast, whither, luckily, Hugo followed them in the Bishop's boat. When he arrived at the landing-place, he found that the people had collected in great force, and had already begun to fire. Hugo, without a moment's hesitation, pushed his boat between the canoes and the shore, right in the line of fire. He then brought the stranger chief ashore, and so pacified the people that they were all hospitably received. The Bishop felt right proud, not to say a little envious, of his young teacher, who had acted with such courage and prudence. But the very people whom Hugo had thus saved made their way on to Soga, and so urgently pressed him to sell them heads, *i.e.* to turn over to them in cold blood some wretched slave or shrieking woman whose heads might be

borne back to their own country, and for which they offered about 7s. 6d. each, that he sent to the Bishop to come and back him in his flat refusal. He told them roundly and forcibly what he thought of men who had been saved yesterday demanding other people's lives to-day. These people came from high up in the New Georgia group, and had travelled over 100 miles, besides being attacked on the way, and losing a man. Soga was full of a plan that he should go with the Bishop in the *Southern Cross* to New Georgia, and announce to the head-hunters and buyers that they must no longer come to him; but it could not be managed for lack of time. The Bishop closed his stay at Bugotu with the baptism of the catechumens at Vulavu, making forty-six in all for the district.

At Saa, in Malanta, Mr. Comins had found a perfect league among the chiefs against Christianity, one of them having laid a heavy curse upon the school and any one attending it. All declared that the curse could not be removed without human sacrifice, and Mr. Comins found himself at last forced to disperse the school and open another small one at a village beyond. At Waño, in San Cristoval, he established himself for two or three months in the house which, to the terror of the natives, he had caused to be built on the site of the former ghost house. To build it the spirit house had been pulled down. Nobody liked doing this very much, but two of the Christian boys went at it and down it came. It was predicted that the owner would die, the outraged spirit would kill him. He did not, however; neither did the boys who pulled the house down, who were henceforth regarded as spirit-proof. The people had quite given up spirit sacrifices. For the first time there were five adult baptisms, and also for the first time Mr. Comins was able to celebrate the Holy Communion.

Mr. Plant had carried to the people of Gaeta the tidings of Charles Sapibuana's death. Their grief was deep and heartfelt, and he was glad that the Bishop was at hand to comfort them. But for Sapibuana himself they could but feel thankful that he had been taken from the evil to come. One

of the under teachers had fallen into grievous sin, and others had deserted their flock and their post; to return to a disordered and scattered flock, an empty school, would have been heartbreaking to him.

At Hoğo matters were doing well, and sixty candidates, headed by the chief Tabukoro, a kinsman of Sapibuana's, and formerly a great hindrance to him, were ready for Holy Baptism. The Bishop now restored Alfred Lobu to the place he had forfeited at Halavu, telling the people that he believed him to be penitent. Alfred also spoke himself in manly and humble words, telling them that he was like S. Peter, of whom they had just read, who, after declaring himself ready to die with Christ, had denied Him thrice; but Christ prayed for him and bade him strengthen his brethren. "And this," he said, "I will try to do." A handsome stone church had been built at Halavu by Reuben Bula; Alfred Lobu set to work to finish it, and on his return from Ysabel the Bishop consecrated it, the chief man of the place presenting it to him to be dedicated to S. Paul. There were eighteen communicants at the celebration; and in the evening Mr. Plant baptized eighteen adults.

At Boli the Bishop baptized sixty-three adults, some of them quite old people, who had come long distances to be taught, and were incapable of learning much, but understanding well that they took the one true God for their God, and Christ the Lord for their Saviour, and must entirely renounce their *tindalos* and lead a consistent life. At Belaga were thirty-three adult baptisms.

At Santa Cruz the work was sadly thrown back by Mr. Lister Kaye's departure. He had won the love and confidence of all the people. Mano Wadrokal stayed for some time on the island, but was entirely disabled by sickness; and later on, the Bishop, who had intended to stay two months among them, was driven away by the same cause. The ague which he had contracted in Ysabel stubbornly refused to leave him.

In the Torres group the Rev. R. Pantutun was working and doing well with the children, but could not reach the elders, who still kept aloof.

In the Banks Islands George Sarawia still continued so ailing as to be unable to attend to anything beyond Kohimarama, which was in good order, and kept up its numbers both in school and at service. There were now six schools, with an attendance of about 158. The church was the great pride of the people. Motalava and Ra, with a good staff of teachers, were, under the able care of the Rev. H. Tagalad, making rapid strides. The five schools at Vanua Lava were doing well; Pek was keeping up its good character; at Vureas they had built a famous stone school-house; while at Urepara-para the Rev. G. Sarawia had baptized nineteen adults. At little Rowa the population of twenty-four souls had, under William Qasvaraïi, built a beautiful church, entirely—altar, rails, and seats—of stone and coral lime, quite the best in the Islands; but, as it would have to be used for school work, the Bishop could not consecrate it.

At Merelava, alas, one of the teachers had gone entirely astray and his school broken up, while at Santa Maria a severe epidemic had carried off at least a hundred people; also the wrangling, for which the island was so noted, raged as fiercely as ever; the Bishop, however, with the help of Marostamata, was able to prevent actual fighting.

Mr. Brittain started for Raga in the first trip of the *Southern Cross*. He found the tone of the island improving, and more inquiry and appreciation of the Christian manner of life. Active opposition there had never been, and now the stolid indifference was melting. At the southern end of the island, too, among a race of entirely different habits and speech, a beginning had been made by a lad who had been in Sydney; but the difficulty here came from the neighbouring island of Ambrym, with its many traders, from whom the natives had learnt much of the evil which white men can teach.

Mr. Bice left Norfolk Island in July for Opa, bringing with him Charles Tariqatu and his young and pretty bride. He brought also a harmonium, which four young fellows at Tanrig shouldered at once, carrying it all the four miles to the church regardless of its great weight. His people had built him an excellent house, and the church in its surrounding garden was

most picturesque and well cared for. The classes had all done well, the old men being quite wonderful in their determination to learn, while among the young people the girls took the lead. At Tasmouri, too, things were doing very well, as they were at the out-stations, which he visited several times. He was surprised to see the Bishop on board as the ship passed on her return; grieved, too, to find that severe illness drove him back home. He had, as we have seen, been far too ill to carry out his plan of staying at Santa Cruz, but the journey and the cooler air of Norfolk Island so strengthened and freshened him that, after a stay of a few days, he determined to return and examine the schools, proposing that Mrs. Selwyn should accompany him, which she gladly did; and her visit was the crowning pleasure of this year's journey. No English lady had ever visited the Islands, and the surprise and delight of the people were great, the excitement at every place where she landed being immense. She herself was filled with astonishment at the beauty of those tropical isles, the magnificent forest trees with their great gnarled trunks, and branches spreading like an English oak, each tree so thickly covered with orchids and creeping ferns as to form in itself quite a miniature forest. She visited the waterfall at Maewo, the constant watering-place of the *Southern Cross*, and made an excursion to the great fall, crossing and re-crossing the bed of the stream, creeping sometimes almost on hands and knees through the undergrowth till they reached the place where, among tree-ferns, palms, and creepers of endless variety, the clear silvery water comes tumbling in three great streams some fifty feet into the beautiful pool below, finally "covering herself with glory and filling herself with satisfaction by coming down the fall, the native's usual path," and quite safe if carefully done. At Merelava she was received by Clara Vaget, a bright pretty little woman, with all her girls around her, who, neat and clean in their white jackets and coloured skirts, made her welcome in their soft shy fashion. At Mota, the whole island, headed by George Sarawia, turned out, and having escorted her to the Mission station, they spread a large new mat for her to sit on; the women and children proceeded to examine her, her hands and her clothes;

above all surprised at her buttoned boots, and being much exercised in their minds as to how much of her was white.

The method of their Sunday-school at Mota interested her much. Each teacher chose a large Bible picture, which he fastened to the trunk of a tree, and his class sat round in the shade while he taught them the story of it. Here, as indeed throughout the Christianized islands, Mrs. Selwyn was charmed with the pretty, tidy dress of the girls. Those who at Norfolk Island had learned to sew and cut out clothes, had taught the others on their return; they bought calico and print from the traders, and the result was very pleasing.

At Port Patteson they found H.M.S. *Diamond* and dined on board, then passed on by way of Lakona and Vava to Santa Cruz, where, during a terrifically hot day, she was amazed by the noise of the canoes, the scrambling up the ship side, the clattering, and above all the wild appearance of the men in their wonderful native adornments, some having thirteen large tortoiseshell earrings in one ear only, besides those in their noses, their armlets, anklets, and necklaces. In the evening they went ashore, and the Bishop showed the magic lantern in the long, low, darkened school-house, crowded with these wild creatures, all listening with the profoundest interest and attention. The houses and canoes were far better built than any they had hitherto seen; the new house built for Mr. Lister Kaye being decorated with very clever paintings of animals and fishes, in which a cow figured prominently. Natei, the great chief, gave them a special invitation to his abode. They went through lovely crotons of every colour, palms, cocoa-nuts, and great forest trees hung with creepers and creeping ferns, their boughs laden with bright orchids and hart's-tongue, the chief beauty of the whole lying in the brilliancy and vividness of the colouring. They found Natei and his nine wives waiting to receive them, the floor spread with new mats, on which they sat awhile and interchanged presents.

Santa Cruz was their northernmost point; after which they turned homewards, stopping at Vava and Pek, where the waterfall, three times as high but not so beautiful as that of Maewo, was visited. At Ra they stayed some days in the

little house which the Bishop himself had built in his early days, a tiny one-roomed erection with a front verandah to match. Here the schools were examined; and here, among his own people, Walter Woser was ordained deacon. He had come twenty years before, as a small boy, to Kohimarama, in New Zealand, and had for some time past been in charge of a school. The ordination was at 7 A.M. on the 18th Sunday after Trinity in Walter's own village, close to Ra, where 200 people were assembled for it, far too many for the little church to hold, so the altar was carried out under the trees, and there he was ordained, the people sitting about in groups on the ground. "It was a striking and solemn service; the song of the birds, and the splash of water on the beach, were the only sounds to disturb the stillness of the fresh early morning." After the ordination the communicants, numbering eighty-six, entered the church to receive the Holy Sacrament, the largest number ever so collected in the Islands. Later came a walk of a mile to another village, where seventeen adults were baptized, whole families, father, mother, and child, coming together. In the cool of the evening the Bishop held a Confirmation of thirty-six candidates at Ra, where again the church was too small, and a place was prepared in the village under a great banyan, mats being spread in a semi-circle for the candidates while the congregation sat behind, the candidates being most reverent in manner. Each was confirmed separately and returned immediately to his place, there kneeling in silent prayer. The whole scene was very lovely; the sea without a ripple on it shining close by through a vista of green, and everything ablaze with the gorgeous sunset colours of the sky beyond, which illuminated the white, kneeling figures of the newly confirmed. It was a wonderful day from first to last; and, tired as he was, the Bishop could not resist the pleadings of the people for the magic lantern which, being a still night, he was able to show in the open air.

Mrs. Selwyn reached home feeling she had spent two months in a very wonderland, and immensely impressed by what Christianity had done for these islands; "by the stead-

fastness and devotion of the young native teachers; by the brightness and happiness of the children in the Christian villages; by the rejoicing of the people themselves in the security and peace which the good news of God had brought them, substituting a religion of love for one of fear and superstition."

So much for the year's brightness and prosperity; but the close brought its sadness and loss. For Dr. Codrington, to whom the Mission owed an entirely incalculable debt for his long and unwearied labours in every department of the work, felt it his duty to accept the college living of Wadhurst, Sussex. Uniting in himself as he did the past and present of the Mission, filled with the spirit of the saintly Bishop, and exemplifying that spirit by his singular powers of devotion to the scholars, his unfailing sympathy with all who worked with him—all felt that he left a gap not to be filled. There was nothing for it but to be thankful that he had been able to remain with them so long.

The Bishop's rough summary for the year was: schools, 69; teachers, 161; scholars, 1867; adult baptisms, 561; confirmation, 36; ordination, 1; church consecrated, 1. So the work progressed.

CHAPTER XI

RETIREMENT OF DR. CODRINGTON

1887 was an uneventful year of steady progress and increase among the scholars, and extension of Christianity throughout the Islands. Yet there were cases of individual sin among the teachers, to the bitter pain of the staff; but even here there was great cause for thankfulness, for the people had not suffered the scandal to alienate them, nor had the schools fallen away either in numbers or in efficiency. They had continued regular and zealous in their attendance; and had, in most cases, resorted to some other school, the nearest at hand.

The *Southern Cross* made her usual start in April, taking Mr. Comins, Mr. Plant, and Mr. Turnbull, for the northern groups; Mr. Cullwick, who had joined the Mission staff the previous year, for the Banks Islands; and Mr. Brittain for the New Hebrides. They landed at Raga, and touched at all the principal stations, everywhere being told of scarcity of food, sickness, and other discouragements.

Mr. Turnbull was left at Ysabel, where, owing to the unhealthy position of the new school, there had been much sickness. Hugo had, however, been indefatigable, and Mr. Turnbull found a class ready for Holy Baptism in a place which could only be reached through a mangrove swamp, and a black creek equally suggestive of fever and crocodiles. At Vulavu there had been a raid of head-hunters and six men killed, still the school and class of catechumens were fairly good. At Boko, on the other side of the island, the chief had died. Soga offered to take them under his protection, but they would not trust him and fled. Mr. Turnbull followed them up, and it was hoped that his excursion might in the end lead to an opening

among the people further north. Meantime Hugo had actually started a school in Soga's own village. The chief had given him leave to establish himself near him; but he made his move while Soga was away on a fishing expedition, and went right to headquarters; and the chief on his return, so far from objecting, lent him a house for his school, and decreed that the children were to attend it.

Mr. Plant spent three months in the Floridas, and baptized about ninety people, spite of the serious misconduct of one of the teachers. Two of these baptisms were attended by circumstances of great interest. Late on a Saturday night at Hoğo, Mr. Plant was told that Siovi, the old chief at Gaeta, was dying. Being anxious to keep Sunday free, he started at once in a canoe with a couple of big school-boys. It was a dark breezy night, and the journey was strange and weird. Far ahead was the beacon light to guide them to the village; out to seaward rose the island on which Lieutenant Bower was killed, making the night look blacker and more threatening; whilst now and again they heard the voices of Siovi's men, or saw the white wash of their paddles as they rowed alongside. The chief lay in a small hut crammed with women and children, and a few men. He had been for some time preparing for Holy Baptism, and longed for it, so it was administered to him at once. He died two days after, and received Christian burial the following day, his friends and children being most grateful to Mr. Plant for his speedy journey. The other case was somewhat similar. It was preceded by the following characteristic note from Maru, the native teacher:—

"John Plant, I write this letter about a man who is ill; it is hard upon him already, but I have asked him in the night about belief in God; he told me that he believed God, and he begged me to send for you, that you may baptize him. If you consent, come quickly before he dies."

With gladness Mr. Plant set out at once; and, after some words about the Holy Sacrament and a few prayers, baptized him, feeling that he should not soon forget the wistful and grateful expression with which he looked up steadily into his

face, the contented sigh with which he sank back upon his dying bed. "His darkness truly had been turned into day."

On June the 20th so many visitors had come to Hogo to keep the Queen's Jubilee, that Evensong and the baptisms had to be held out of doors under a sky studded, as only tropical skies can be, with the most brilliant stars. The next morning more and more crowded in, and after much cooking and various somewhat trying games, Mr. Plant held a conference with the five chiefs, to whom he spoke of our dear Queen, and explained the meaning of "protectorate," and other matters on which they asked for information; after sunset came Evensong again out of doors, and the whole wound up with an enthusiastic singing of "God save the Queen" by Mr. Plant and Mr. Turnbull, in the midst of a highly sympathetic crowd.

Mr. Comins landed at Ulawa to find a Christian burial being prepared for, which was attended by some fifty or more natives, a striking contrast to his first burial here, when he had such a struggle to save Amina's body from the sharks. The school was doing quietly and well; and, later on during his stay, he was much cheered by the steadiness of the Christian party at Matoa, a station near. At Haani in San Cristoval the new school-house was all but finished, and was crowned with a cross and olive branch in carved wood. About a hundred people, including eighty adults, assembled for school, and the old chief brought Mr. Comins his club, a fine piece of ebony nearly as tall as himself, which had formerly been considered too sacred to be handled, but which he now freely gave away; the spirit-house in which it used to stand had been destroyed, and the new school-house now stood on its site. Also the sacred canoe, which formerly no woman ever dared to touch, was now given over to a party of women for a food-gathering expedition. The only Haani boy at Norfolk Island had returned, and wished to marry a Wano girl. At first his friends refused permission; but they were, with considerable persuasion from Mr. Comins, brought to consent; so that the old feud, to which Mr. Atkin had in 1871 given the first blow, was now entirely healed. At Wano itself little was doing; the chiefs still opposed the new

teaching, though perhaps less than before. At Saa the curse laid upon the school was still causing trouble.

The second voyage of the *Southern Cross* brought the Bishop and Mr. Forrest, who, after examining the northern schools, settled themselves in for the cherished desire of the Bishop's heart, a stay at Santa Cruz. They were much struck with the innate courtesy of the people, the great ceremony which attended visits among them, and the scrupulous interchange of presents which ensued. The moment they made their appearance in a village every one jumped up, spread out their best mats, and installed them in the place of honour. They found themselves objects of intense curiosity; their meals were watched with the most eager scrutiny; and when the Bishop went to bathe, an admiring crowd of about fifty people followed to witness his ablutions and discover if he were really the same colour all over. As they sat in the *Mandai* (men's quarters), dimly lighted by one candle, it was almost startling to see the rows of eyes gleaming out of the darkness, watching his every movement. Santa Cruz is essentially a maritime settlement; the people live in their canoes, and use them as a means of intercourse as well as of attack. A constant interchange of visits among the islands prevailed during their stay, and they thus saw various chiefs who came from quite the other side. They themselves used to get about in their boat with Natei, the chief of Nelua, to introduce them, and so visited nearly all the villages on the north side of the main island, amongst them a place called Te Motu, crowded with inhabitants. They had already obtained good boys from thence, and hoped eventually there to establish their headquarters. Seeing such crowds as these the Bishop's heart "was moved with compassion." The school at Nelua was doing fairly well, spite of Mr. Lister Kaye's departure. He had learnt a great deal of their most difficult language, and was loved and respected throughout the Islands. At Nufiloli a school had been started by a boy who had returned for his holidays, a tiny little fellow, but as sharp as a needle, and he had brought his scholars on wonderfully.

After Evensong, on Sundays, instead of a sermon, the

Bishop showed the magic lantern, to the intense interest and enjoyment of the spectators, and on the same day all the boys who had been to S. Barnabas dined with him; a tight fit, but a delight to all the lads, and one which drew them out of their shyness.

Mr. Forrest had here his first attack of fever; and the Bishop was laid up from the same cause in a peculiar manner. Three days of bad headache and utter sleeplessness, accompanied by an exasperating form of waking dream which was always impelling him to do something he knew he could not do, and did not want to do. It passed off for the present with quinine, and he made very light of it, as he did ever of his ailments; but it was evident that the strength and health, which had been so freely and unreservedly given, were breaking down under the incessant and prolonged mental and bodily strain in a climate so highly injurious to him. They took back with them a large number of boys and girls, amongst the latter, Monica Ipue, Natei's daughter, an unusually good and nice girl.

In the Torres Islands the Rev. R. Pantutun was struggling bravely against great difficulties; the elder people were gradually being attracted. He had kept his people from attacking the crew of a French boat who had kidnapped a man from Loh, an action all the more praiseworthy, as the man in charge of the boat held a pistol at his head when he remonstrated with him for carrying off the man.

Mr. Cullwick, who was in the first trip for the Banks Islands, was joined there later by Mr. Palmer. They found the schools working on steadily, spite of the Rev. G. Sarawia's protracted illness, which had interfered with the Confirmation classes. At Motalava, Ra, and Valuwa, the work under Henry Tagalad and Walter Woser was very satisfactory. The supervision in the schools was constant, and there was life and energy in them. Rowa, under the good William Qasvarañ, was a model to the other islands. Vanua Lava was keeping its quiet way, and Pek was holding its own spite of its great loss. Marostamata was doing excellent work at Lakona, where they were about to build a stone church in a central position.

At Gaua they were anxious to be taught and to live at peace, if the chiefs would but give the word to put away guns and bows and arrows.

Mr. Brittain, who, during Mr. Bice's absence in England, had the three islands of the New Hebrides under his charge, visited them twice on the first and third journeys, returning between whiles to S. Barnabas. At Raga the three schools were working steadily and becoming centres of powerful influence. At Qatvenua, the chief station, adults, older and of higher standing than hitherto, received Holy Baptism after long and careful preparation, and a new school had been established. Opa was, as usual, in a troublesome condition. There had been fighting, and even cannibalism, and the whole island formed a striking commentary on the unsatisfactory political position of the group. Nevertheless, Tavolavola was extending itself, and the lads made a pretty and a touching sight paddling across to Evensong after sunset in all the glorious colouring of sea and sky; it was not safe to return overland so late. At Maewo all was, as ever, doing well; Tanrig and Tasmouri progressing steadily. Mr. Brittain kept his Ascension Day festival at Tanrig, the people flocking in large numbers for it. The day opened with the Holy Eucharist, for which the communicant teachers on the other side of the island had come over on the previous day, the large numbers and the vigorous singing making all very bright and happy. The schools here were full of life. It was no uncommon thing for people to move from great distances to villages where there were schools, and there were now five such permanently established, besides one or two others served from them.

This year the Bishop had not, as we have seen, joined the first trip to the islands. He and Mrs. Selwyn had accompanied Dr. Codrington to Auckland, the first section of his journey, some of the elder boys going with him as his guard of honour. They started on June the 21st, and the whole of the Mission, black and white, united to give him, on the night of the Queen's Jubilee, a farewell token of the love he had won among them. When he spoke his parting words

of thanks and advice to all, the poor boys, who had hardly been able to eat for sorrow, bowed their heads on the table before them in a grief too deep for words. For those who had the joy and honour of accompanying him to Auckland his unwearied care extended itself to the last. Every little purchase they made he helped them to make; every sight that Auckland had to show he took them to see; and so, caring for them to the end, he passed from their sight.

The numbers at S. Barnabas were this year higher than ever, reaching to 200; and, having previously been taught in their own island schools, they were able to advance more speedily than heretofore. Thus the demand for well-trained teachers, which was of course ever on the increase with the spread of the work, was to a certain degree met; but the expense which this enlarged establishment involved was a grave cause for anxiety, the necessary supply of food alone being a heavy drain on the resources of the Mission. The general health of the school had been excellent, and the work and tone equally good, with the exception of one miserable case, in which a married woman had been the chief offender. A new, larger, and airier house had replaced that which Mr. Palmer had on first arriving built for the boys.

CHAPTER XII

THE PARLIAMENT OF THE FLORIDAS

THE year 1888 opened at Norfolk Island with an official visit from the Governor, Lord Carrington. He was accompanied by Lady Carrington, and the satisfaction was universal throughout the island.

The Mission staff received also the valuable addition of two laymen—L. Robin, Esq., and M. P. Welchman, Esq., M.R.C.S.E.; the medical skill which the latter brought to his work being of course of immense value. It was at once placed in requisition; for, shortly after the departure of the Governor and Lady Carrington, a very peculiar and subtle form of brain disease, rapid in action and defying all remedies, broke out among the boys. Dr. Welchman considered it a form of meningitis, but it was impossible to be certain. Four out of the five lads attacked died, and their deaths spread a gloom over the school.

Mr. Turnbull spent four months in Ysabel, where matters were very hopeful. Soga, the great chief and former dealer in heads, had put away all his wives but one, and came to school regularly; when his old friends came to him for heads he would have nothing to say to them. Like all truly great men he did nothing by halves, and his powerful influence soon made itself felt. The number of scholars had accordingly so increased at Bugotu that Hugo required an assistant, and during Mr. Turnbull's stay a neighbouring chief, who with his people came regularly for Sunday instruction, begged for a resident teacher of their own, and returned home sorrowful on being told that there was none ready for them. They returned again, and were so importunate that one was promised them from S. Barnabas, when they at once set to work to

prepare their school-house. The number of scholars in the island had now risen to 193, and during the year there had been forty-five adult baptisms.

In Florida, too, matters were steadily progressing, spite of the grievous sin of one of the Boli teachers. Belaga, Boli, and Vuturua were all doing well. At the latter place the chief, who was despised by the heathens because he had slain no one, was baptized during the year; and his freedom from blood guiltiness was an evident joy to him. At Kavana, a new station, a large church school had been built. Gaeta had declined during the year; the teachers had quarrelled and emigration had ensued; there was no one to fill Sapibuana's place. The progress in the other schools varied; the total number of scholars was now 828, while during the year there had been 189 adult and 77 infant baptisms.

A parliament was held during the Bishop's stay at Belaga, at which all the chiefs excepting Dikea were present; even Lipa of Olevuga, the most powerful of all the heathen chiefs, was persuaded by the Bishop to come. The teachers were all present, and the day opened with the Holy Communion. Matins, with a Confirmation, followed; and then the meeting under the great trees. Laws and regulations were passed for the restraint of immorality and the punishment of trespasses; there was also a consultation over the prohibitive dowers required for a daughter. The Bishop was further requested to represent to the authorities the wrong that was done by traders carrying off boys without the consent of their parents. The whole passed off most satisfactorily, and a great feast followed, at which 300 baskets full of food were discussed. Fireworks by Mr. Plant closed the evening.

Guadalcanar was twice visited, the first time entirely in vain; but on the second visit the Bishop was told by one of the chief men of the party that they were anxious for Christian instruction.

In the Bauro district there had been quiet and steady progress. At Ulawa a large and substantial school had just been built, which was opened on the Sunday after Ascension Day with Holy Communion, the first ever celebrated in the

district; and, after Matins, twenty-two people, young and old, were baptized. The successful completion of this, the largest building ever attempted here, made a great impression on the people. They had declared that it could never be finished, that the Ulawa spirits would not tolerate it; but, now that it was an accomplished fact, they were repudiating their own superstitions and joining the Christian band. All this was chiefly due to the faithful efforts of Clement Marau, whom the Bishop was taking back to Norfolk Island to prepare for deacon's orders, while Joseph Wate of Saa was being left in his place. Haani was flourishing, the whole was now under instruction, and the surrounding villages asking for teachers. At Waño there had been grave scandal, but the school was thriving; the old heathen chief had joined it, and had allowed one of the girls to be taken to Norfolk Island, the first they had been able to obtain from this difficult district. At Saa, in Malanta, the school still kept alive. Two of the chiefs who had cursed it were dead, and the third considered himself doomed.

At Santa Cruz things had not gone well during Mr. Forrest's absence, but the ten weeks that he spent in the island re-established matters. At Nelua the school had been rebuilt and the attendance was better; and at Te Motu a house had been built. Mr. Forrest hoped the following year to make this his headquarters. It was healthier than Nelua, and was a centre of population. For the present a steady boy, respected by the people, was left in charge of the school. The chief sent his own son with three others to S. Barnabas, making now altogether seventeen Cruzians there. H.M.S. *Opal* visited the island in May, and many of the people went on board; and, shortly after, Captain Mann of H.M.S. *Rapid* came to the place and held friendly intercourse with the natives; an immense boon to the Mission, that they should learn to look upon a man-of-war as a friend and protector, and not as an enemy.

A cross, sent out by Mrs. Goodenough, was erected during the Mission voyage in Carlisle Bay.

In the Banks Islands, with the one exception of Santa

Maria, all was doing well. At Mota there were now seven schools, besides an increase in the number of adult baptisms and confirmations. At Vanua Lava all the stations had advanced, with the exception of Mosina, where the head teacher had been suspended for bad conduct. At Merelava the Legil school, which had only been opened three months, was a simple marvel. Most of the first class were middle-aged men and women, who could already read their books straight off, answer intelligently, and say all their Catechism by heart. At Motalava the visit had been short. It was felt that, with a native priest and deacon living in their midst, the time could be spared to less favoured places. A Confirmation was held at Var, where again, the congregation being too large for the church, the service was held outside under the trees. Throughout the group there were now 866 scholars, and during the year 191 adults and 170 infants had received Holy Baptism, while 84 had been confirmed and 11 couples married.

But the trouble at Santa Maria was sore. At Gaua there had been, as ever, fighting; Mr. Cullwick managed to collect the chiefs and to bring them to some mutual agreement concerning the public peace. They agreed to collect all the firearms, and to settle all future disputes in solemn conclave, an excellent step if held to. But at Lakona the trouble was in the very heart of the Christian community, and a most shameful one. The wife of the Rev. Marostamata had died the previous Christmas, and he had felt her loss bitterly, for she was excellent both as a wife and as a teacher. Soon after her death a heathen married woman from a neighbouring village declared that she was coming to take her place. He tried at first to keep her off, but she threatened to commit suicide, and to bring the vengeance of her friends on the whole Christian population. She contrived to strengthen the ascendency which this threat gave her till Maros threw up his work and went off with her, becoming from that time deaf to all entreaties. His uncle, George Sarawia, his old friend Mr. Palmer, besought him, even the Bishop remained for some time in the hope of bringing him back, but all proved useless. He who had done so much and such excellent work, whose influence and tact had so often

stayed war and bloodshed, had now, under the direct influence of an evil woman, lost every token of his own higher self, and the whole thing was bitter in the extreme.

In Opa the chief school had received a great blow in the death of the young teacher, Charles Tariqat, a man of unusual promise, from a gun accident; but the Christian calm of his death had served to deepen the effect of his consistent and devoted life, and his successor had been well able to keep the school together under the shock.

At Maewo one of the teachers had departed for Queensland, taking several scholars with him, but the five schools were thriving. The church at Tanrig had been blown down, and in the meantime service was being held in the schoolroom with good average attendance.

At Raga there had been a similar departure of teacher and scholars for Queensland, and at Qatvenua, the chief station, there had been great mortality among the children; otherwise matters were doing well. There had been adult baptisms, and almost all the neighbourhood might be looked upon as Christian. Also, during the year, many fresh places were visited, and new beginnings made.

Late in the year, at S. Barnabas, an old scholar and teacher, Gogoragwia of Mota, died of consumption. He had been ill for eight years; and his patience under his sufferings, his holy and hopeful death, told of that Power which in weakness is made perfect.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BAPTISM OF SOGA

In January 1889 the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn left Norfolk Island to attend the General Synod in New Zealand. He had not for some time past been in good health. Intense physical and mental depression had laid hold of him. The least exertion was an effort, and the Bishops, seeing that his condition was most serious, united in a round-robin to urge entire rest. The medical men stated that not only a prolonged rest but change was absolutely necessary, and strongly advised a journey to England, which advice was of course followed. This necessitated a variation in the usual plans, and the Bishop requested Mr. Bice to act as his representative in examining the northern schools, which gave him an opportunity of surveying the whole Mission field from north to south, and the enjoyment of the journey was much enhanced by the fine weather which prevailed.

Mr. Palmer, Mr. Brittain, Mr. Forrest, Mr. Turnbull, Dr. Welchman, and Mr. Plant were in the first journey of the *Southern Cross*, starting in April; while Mr. Bice, Mr. Comins, and Mr. Cullwick were in the second, starting late in August, touching at the various islands on the road northwards, and leaving Mr. Cullwick at Ra. At Santa Cruz they brought away Mr. Forrest and Dr. Welchman, who were both out of health; and Mr. Comins was left at Ulawa until the return of the ship.

They found Mr. Turnbull ill with fever and ague, brought on by the pestilential climate in which a section of the Vulavu people had chosen to settle themselves. He had on his arrival found a good deal of quarrelling going on all down the Gao side, and the boat journeys very trying. When, however, he reached

Bugotu all went more easily. Soga was rapidly becoming a power for good; he had built a house and school, and had enforced discipline on a disorderly tribe near Vulavu, making them build a school-house, where service was held every Sunday by one or other of the teachers. One evening, shortly after his arrival, Soga came up to him with a copy of S. John's Gospel in his hand, and asked him to hear him read. He read so fluently that Mr. Turnbull thought he must know that part by heart, so he turned to another which Soga read just as well, answering his questions most intelligently. He then showed his writing, which was exceedingly good, and Hugo the teacher said that for hours every day he sat poring over his book and spelling out the words. This was all the more surprising, as the adults are not usually taught to read and write. Meantime Mr. Turnbull was suffering from intermittent attacks of fever, which disabled him considerably. Besides his work among the people, he was occupied in correcting translations of the Prayer-Book into Bugotu, which is a sweet and musical tongue. He caught, however, a fresh and more violent attack of fever at Pirihadi, the swampy place in which a body of the people had settled some two years before, where the smells by day were bad, by night unendurable; but he could not persuade the people to return to Vulavu, the loveliest place, he said, in Melanesia. As soon as he was better he made his way to the almost inaccessible rock to which another section had fled from dread of head-hunters. Here he found matters doing exceedingly well under an energetic teacher, for whom the chief had built an enormous school quite close to his own house. This chief was most anxious to be baptized as soon as he could make the necessary arrangements for putting away his many wives, a somewhat difficult process. His daughter received Holy Baptism with fifty others, her father almost weeping because he could not be among them. The great new building was crowded with people from the neighbourhood, and the font and reading-desk were beautifully decorated with flowers. After this Mr. Turnbull returned to Soga's village, where he was again prostrated by fever; and, further to improve his position, provisions and candles ran exceedingly

short. Soga, however, sent him a canoe-load of fish, and he was provided with Bugotu candles, things about four feet long, composed of nuts and tree oil wrapped in palm leaves, which require continual snuffing to keep them alight.

A week after arrived the *Southern Cross*, and then followed the great event of the whole journey, the baptism of Soga, his wife, and about seventy of his people. Heart-stirring and wonderful it was. The service was held out of doors, and all the arrangements were excellent. The men, with Soga at their head, stood on one side; the women, led by his wife, on the other. Soga was very quiet and dignified, great in manner as in deed. He had counted the cost and made no half surrender of himself. It was dark when the service was all over.

At Vulavu, where they spent Sunday, there was a gathering of several hundreds of the people from far and near for Matins; and at Evensong was another equally large, on the beach. The schools with some hundreds of children had all been previously examined, the teachers and the communicants specially addressed.

And so, leaving Ysabel, they got away south to Florida, where they were rejoiced to find Mr. Plant, who had been ill, somewhat better. The work here was stupendous; some 1085 children to examine; in many of the schools the young teachers working single-handed, their patience and diligence attested by the proficiency and discipline of their pupils. Large churches everywhere and the services beautifully rendered, the singing most sweet. The great feature, however, of the visit to Florida was the gathering of the chiefs and people at Gaeta, where, in the great *kiala* (canoe-house), 800 met for service and afterwards for deliberation, as they had with the Bishop at Belaga. At this parliament there must have been present over 1000 Christians; and all was peace and concord. The chiefs, who had all their early lives been sworn enemies, as had been their forefathers, were now standing side by side in common friendliness to consult for the general weal of all. The whole closed with a great feast and fireworks. This year Mr. Plant had baptized over 200 adults.

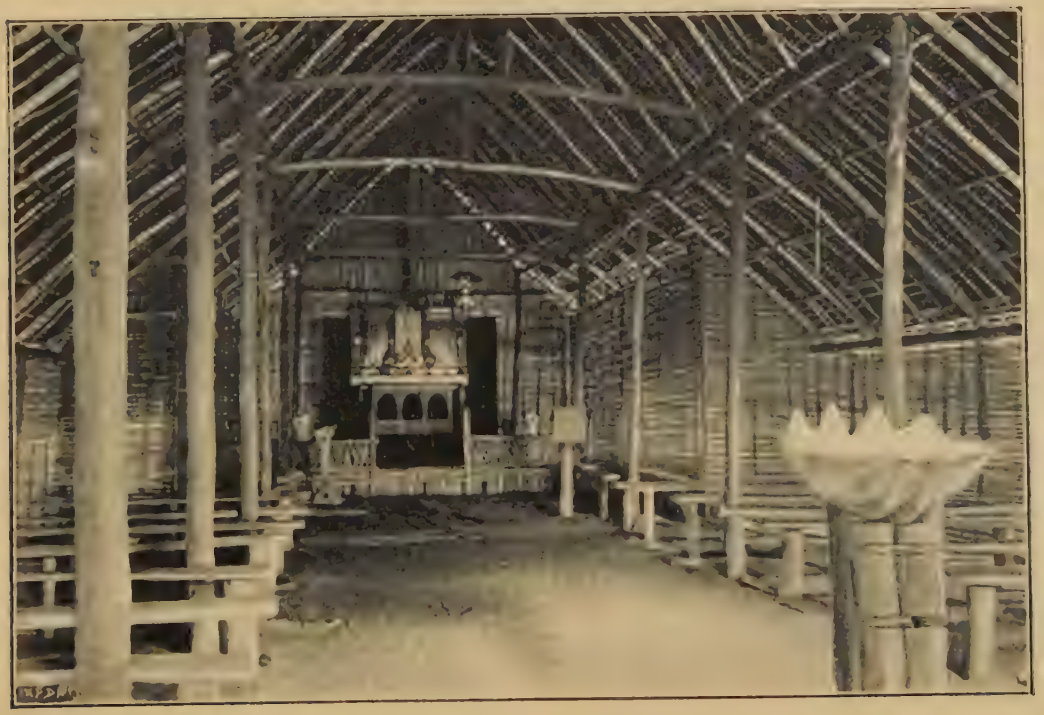
In the Bauro district, too, disappointing and unpromising as it had hitherto been, matters were decidedly mending. Mr. Comins had six schools with 130 scholars ready for examination, and Joseph Watè was doing well with Clement Marau's work at Ulawa.

At Malanta two S. Barnabas lads had quite a nice little school, a great contrast to their wild shameless countrymen.

At San Cristoval, ever the saddest part of the field, Mr. Comins was left for a long stay, and the *Southern Cross* passed on to Santa Cruz.

Here Mr. Forrest and Dr. Welchman had spent their Easter; and a few days after the former was in the midst of a scene which reminds one of the attacks on the boats in 1864. He was going to his station at Te Motu, and when he called for help to land his luggage in a heavy sea no one came. Evidently something was wrong, and he remembered that the people had sent to him a week before, asking him to come and make peace between them and the people of Nimu, the village where the boat was. He landed, taking with him the teacher, and giving strict injunctions to those left in the boat to put out at once if there was any danger. Danger enough there was on all sides; for, as Mr. Forrest jumped over the wall on to the pathway which led to the village, he was met by a perfect storm of shouting and yelling; and on the other side of the wall round the village were men standing with their bows drawn. They seemed to shout, "Run, run," but Mr. Forrest had no intention of running; had he done so a shower of arrows would have followed him. He walked into the middle of the path, held up his hands, and shouted for some one to parley with him. A man ran round the walls, and he offered to go by himself into the village and talk to them; but, before this message had been carried, others came and led him by each hand into the village. A rush was made at him as he put his foot over the wall by a man with an axe, but he was tripped up by another. Then the riot became furious; men tearing about with bows and arrows, shouting and yelling, their eyes literally starting from their heads, and the veins standing out on their foreheads. After being pushed and

driven here and there Mr. Forrest made his way to the verandah of his own house, whence he in vain attempted to make himself heard. His intrepid teacher, Daniel, who had followed him throughout, told him they would be killed, and he himself had given up all hope, when some men ran into the club-house, and bringing out a pile of money, threw it at Mr. Forrest's feet. With this money their lives were bought. In an hour's time the place was quiet and the whole seemed like an evil dream. The boat was unloaded, Mr. Forrest going himself to bring it in, and feeling more nervous as he did so than through all the disturbance. He said nothing of all that had happened that evening, thinking it well they should have the night to cool down, but the next morning he called them all together and asked them calmly the meaning of their behaviour. He had come to them at their own invitation, and had been nearly killed. He had landed at the customary place, where he expected to be welcomed, and there had been met with axes and bows and arrows! What did it all mean? They said shamefacedly that it was the fault of three old men who had urged them on. Some one was sent to fetch these three, but returned saying that they were in another house and were ashamed to come. Then a fine was laid on the assaulting party, who also restored the money which had been paid them the day before. Mr. Forrest now asked if they really wanted a school. Yes! there was no doubt, every one wanted a school. Then the first thing they must learn was obedience; they *must* make peace with the Nimu people. They were ready to do so, and deputed him to go to Nimu and offer a sum of money. All day long Mr. Forrest journeyed to and fro over that money, bearing the mutual bargainings and objections backwards and forwards. It would be impossible to say how many miles he walked over it in that climate; but he was determined to close the matter that day, though both sides declared it could not be. His last journey was at past midnight when, under the starlight, the last piece of money was placed on clean mats and peace was restored. They paid him compliments when all was over; but he was not in a mood to receive them, as in a fresher moment he would have wished. Daniel



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had behaved admirably throughout. Had there been a sign of fear they would surely have been killed. "Behold I am with you always" rang through Mr. Forrest's heart as never before. He never got to the bottom of the affair. Some said he had broken a *tapu*, but the *tapu* was put up by the Nimu people, and they had been friendly throughout. Then there were various hints of vengeance for a boy who had died in Norfolk Island, and for a number of men who had been carried off in a labour vessel, both during the previous year; but Mr. Forrest thought that the real cause was jealousy of the Nimu people, on whose shore he had landed. The whole affair is of thrilling interest, not only on account of Mr. Forrest's wonderful self-command and presence of mind; it gives an insight into much of what may have been behind the former fatal attacks. School opened two days after with an attendance of thirty-seven, mostly young men; and a week or so after, when he went for a fortnight to Nelua, they wept sorely over him. Natu was very indignant over it all, and declared that the three old men, the ringleaders, should not land in his village without paying a fine. On the main island, too, there was quite a sensation over it. A Cruzian always enjoys a disturbance, and a righteous cause for an expedition was great joy! One was made to Tapona, another island, Mr. Forrest being duly escorted by a bodyguard of Cruzians, who would not allow him to go a step without them. Here a quite different language was spoken, and the people were of entirely different habits, more especially in their treatment of women; the men did all the hard work. Other places were visited, and on the return to Te Motu the school attendance was, as before, excellent. But almost immediately after their return occurred another outbreak between them and the Nimu people. There was running to and fro with bows and arrows and a great noise. Mr. Forrest ran in between them and found out with some trouble that it was about some money. However, he stayed between them, and told them that there he intended to remain, because he was determined they should not fight. After a while they agreed to talk the matter over, the Te Motu people sitting in one big house and the Nimu people in another, Mr.

Forrest as before journeying backwards and forwards with the messages. He sent all his own band back into school, telling Daniel to keep them there; and by mid-day all was settled, and he was able to bring his Te Motians back in peace and triumph. Again he stopped a similar fight, in which they told him to mind his own business and go back to his own house; it was their land and they were going to fight if they liked; to all of which he promptly replied that he did not intend to go back to his house and that the land was his as well as theirs. After a time one of them said in disgust, "It is no good trying to fight while he is there." They reviled each other a little and then settled down quietly. Spite of all this Mr. Forrest liked the Te Motians better the more he saw of them. They were quick, fiery, and generous, and to himself devoted and most affectionate. His fearless courage had won their hearts.

Natei asked to be allowed to join the school at Nelua: it is needless to say how thankfully permission was given. The great obstacle to Christianity with the old man, who had many noble qualities, lay in his numerous wives. Not long after he had joined them Mr. Forrest had occasion to turn him out, and rebuke him publicly before his people, a thing which caused immense surprise in Santa Cruz circles, and did the school much good. Soon after the old chief gave a house in his own village for the women's school, and Nelua became quite "a city of refuge." More than one offending person saved his life by flying to it.

By the 9th of August the church was finished, and they were able to hold their first service. The chancel was raised half a foot, the hangings and altar-cloth all being of Santa Cruz manufacture; the font—a large shell on a bamboo stand; the whole effect very good, and the people justly proud of it. Not long after Mr. Bice arrived, and, acting for the Bishop, rewarded the men who had so opportunely brought their money at the time of the riot.

Mr. Palmer had found poor George Sarawia sadly out of health; so much so, that Dr. Welchman advised a trip to Norfolk Island for care and nursing. Easter Day was spent at Mota, there being forty-five communicants at the early cele-

bration, and the church well decorated. At Lakona, Mr. Palmer was much saddened by his interview with Marostamata, who had been his own scholar, and was very dear to him. He was not only entirely unrepentant, but persisted in remaining in his own district, where his evil example was doing untold injury. At Gaua there was, as usual, wrangling and fighting, which, however, Mr. Palmer was able for the present to quiet.

Mr. Cullwick had been left in August at Ra, which, as he said, approached nearly "to the ideal parish with its priest and faithful band of communicants, its daily Matins and Evensong." There had been a dreadful wreck of a labour vessel not far off, on the sharp and rugged coral coast, during a terrible gale. About twenty survived out of the eighty on board, and they shamefully made off, leaving their dead, black and white, to bleach on the shore. These were charitably buried by the Rev. H. Tagalad and his people, who in reward were falsely charged with looting in the Australian papers.

At Valuwa there had been a return to the old superstitions. There had been admission into the higher order of ghosts, and school-work had been in consequence entirely interfered with. This was, of course, against the agreement made, so the teachers were recalled, which soon brought the people to their senses. Mr. Cullwick and the Rev. H. Tagalad started for Valuwa, and on their arrival called a meeting of the chiefs and people of the district; so large a number coming, that all could not get into the school-house. They addressed them, telling them that they must choose between the benefit of school and teachers and the darkness of their old superstitions. The chiefs came forward one by one, expressed their contrition for what had taken place, and promised that the school-work should never again be hindered. At the Sunday celebration there were 137 communicants.

Mr. Cullwick visited the different stations, spending two days at Rowa, that strange little island where nothing grows but cocoa-nuts, but which abounds in fish, which the natives kill, cure, and exchange for all kinds of produce at Vanua Lava. They are great seafaring people, and the skill with which they get their heavily-laden canoes across the reef is a constant

marvel. Another strange thing in this tiny island is its unfailing fresh-water spring, which, though it rises and falls with the tide, has not the least brackish taste.

At Vanua Lava they had just completed their new church. At Ureparapara there had been disturbance in connection with witchcraft, and a man had been shot by general consent of the people, who had met in secret council and condemned him; but all this had not affected the schools, which were both doing well, the large school-house on the lee side being completed, and the teacher working with great success.

Mr. Brittain was left in the second journey at Raga, whence he visited the stations on the three islands. Sickness was prevalent everywhere, and had much disheartened the small party of Christians, besides keeping others from joining them, as illness always excited their superstitious fears. In eight days Mr. Brittain and his party slept at seven different places with wearying journeys through the rain, which prevailed everywhere. At Tasmate the people were as simple and earnest as ever, every one in the place coming to school and service. At Qatvenua the old women had been regular in their school attendance, and the men baptized the previous year were doing well; while at Lamoru there had been seventeen adult baptisms, and nine marriages of teachers, most of whom were helping at the work in their own homes. The Whitsunday feast was held at Tanrig; the *Southern Cross* had arrived the day before, and started directly after for Norfolk Island, making an exceptionally long run. She had sprung a leak, and had to return to Auckland for repairs instead of making her third voyage.

The scholars in all the islands numbered this year 12,897; the baptisms had been 568 adults and 210 infants.

CHAPTER XIV

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF THE BISHOP

In 1890 the Bishop returned to Norfolk Island with Mrs. Selwyn and their infant daughter, born during their stay in England, on April the 23rd. His journey seemed much to have benefited him, and, to the great joy of the whole community, he came back apparently fit and able for his work. From all, black and white, they received the most enthusiastic welcome; and, in the beautiful chapel, which was the first place they entered, they poured forth their thankfulness for the mercies vouchsafed them.

The *Southern Cross* had been patched up for this season's work, but a new ship was being built for the Mission in England, under Captain Bongard's superintendence, which was to be fitted with every appliance that his practical experience could suggest, and was expected to sail eleven knots an hour, or to steam seven in calms, thereby saving much precious time. She was to cost £9200, and was to be ready in September. Meantime Captain Huggett, who had taken command the previous year, was again in charge, and the first start was made in April. The Bishop did not join this first journey. Matters pressed upon him on all sides at S. Barnabas, and he was much occupied in preparing Clement Marau, one of the most spiritually-minded of his dark children, for ordination. It was work that was a keen delight to him, and which grew and increased in interest as the time approached. The ordination took place on July the 5th, and the whole service was bright and joyous, spite of the heavy darkness of the winter morning, so dark that it was hardly possible to see. The Bishop caused the chancel lights to be lighted; and about the sanctuary all was warm,

ruddy glow. Clement himself was very calm, though evidently deeply affected. He had come straight from the humblest duties to the highest and greatest day of his life; for it was his turn to drive in the cows, and he never thought of sending another to take his place, so that he came in only just in time. The Bishop thought of David taken from the sheepfolds, and prayed that so it might be with this dear child of his.

Dr. Welchman's services were much in requisition on the journey among the islands, for everywhere they found sick and ailing. He landed in his own district at Vitoria, a small island south of Ysabel, Mr. Plant coming with him to introduce him to the teachers, most of whom were unknown to him. They all met at Pirihadi and inaugurated the season's work with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist.

Soga, who had moved to Vitoria as being a better position from which to repel the head-hunters, was away with all his people on a dancing party; but he shortly returned and gave a lively account of the dance to Dr. Welchman, who was presented to him. He had been to Gao, a place he had not visited for years, and where his last expedition had been a head-hunting one. Naturally enough, when the people saw him coming with a fleet of canoes, they and their three chiefs fled into the bush, so that there remained few to greet him on landing. He hastened to reassure them, saying, "Where are the great men? Tell them to come to me. I have come in peace and will do them no harm." Somewhat reluctantly the two lesser chiefs appeared, but Soga asked for the greatest, saying: "Of old I came here to fight, but now you need fear me no longer; that is all done with, for I am a Christian now, and I want to be friends with you; I have brought my men to dance for you." The third chief at last came forward and took the present which Soga had brought for them, when he said: "You three sit down, and I will tell you what Christianity has done for us in Bugotu." And he gave them quite a sermon on the beauties of the new teaching, advising them to give up fighting and follow it.

The move to Vitoria had been a mistake. The island

was unhealthy and short of water; so much so that Soga determined to consult the Bishop about remaining there. In the meantime, his brother, not so clever as himself, was attending school carefully and regularly. Dr. Welchman visited the stations, and at Pirihadi a man complained of a serious assault made upon him by the chief of his village. Dr. Welchman advised him to report the matter to Soga, which he did, and a day was fixed for inquiry. The great chief arrived with his court "in five decorated canoes, manned by about thirty men paddling together in perfect time, a pretty sight to see as they came in." A clean mat was spread on the beach for Soga; his bodyguard stuck their axes, on which they hung their shields and their spears, into the sand, then disposed themselves comfortably around. The court was opened, and the two men were called up. It was a simple case, and there was nothing aggravated in the assault. The assailant had, in a passion, struck the other with a paddle; he was now very sorry for it, and Soga let him off with a public rebuke, reminding him of his position, which should have restrained him from conduct befitting the old traditions, but not fining him, as he was penitent. Then the court broke up, and every one set to work to eat and enjoy himself for the rest of the evening. Soga held another court of inquiry on his return to Pirihadi, at which, after much careful examination lasting two hours, both parties were fined, to the general satisfaction.

The school at Rate on the steep hill was doing well, but the teacher, Marsden Manekalea, and his family were ill and required careful nursing. Dr. Welchman made from hence a most interesting expedition into the interior to visit a chief who was said to be favourable to Christianity. Up a long winding creek, at the head of which they left their boat; journeying on through a dense pathless bush, over sharp ridges; wading a river with a strong current against which it was difficult to keep their feet; stopped by people who had never before seen a white man; then a terrible climb up a perpendicular hill, wet, muddy, and slippery, at the top of which they reached the fort, surrounded by a strong stockade,

from which burst upon them a glorious view over bush, gullies, and river, right away to the open sea. They were civilly received and stayed two days, after which the chief said he would consult Soga about the new teaching, and five men were brought to visit the new-comers. On his return to Vitoria Dr. Welchman found a good deal of sickness. He held constant consultations on the tiny verandah, from whence the people marched off in great pride with their physic bottles. Here, soon after, the *Southern Cross* arrived with the Bishop, who visited the five stations, where he was received with great joy after his two years' absence, and found much to be thankful for; 200 people were baptized, and many more were seeking Baptism, all leading quiet orderly lives. The season closed with the Eucharistic feast.

In Florida, Mr. Plant found a general advance, though the schools had been sadly emptied by the labour traders. In one trip one man alone had carried off twenty-four lads from two schools. He paid their friends from £1 to £2 a head, and received from his employers on handing them over £30, so that he must have made on these alone £720. Also two of the under teachers had fallen into grievous sin—one of immorality, while the other was more than suspected of wife-murder, though they could not actually prove it, and he later on decamped in a labour vessel. The Bishop had been most anxious to bring the matter before the chiefs that they might try him, and, if found guilty, condemn him to death. He above all dreaded the danger of his position as a Christian teacher sheltering him in such guilt. The thing pressed on him sadly. Mr. Plant sent Reuben Bula to Norfolk Island to prepare for deacon's orders. His faithful people followed him to the seashore with prayer and a hymn, letting him go with many tears. The parliament was held, but as it was opening arrived H.M.S. *Rapid*, and the august assembly lapsed into chaos.

To Ulawa the Bishop had on his road north brought back the ordained Clement Marau, thus setting free Joseph Watè to return to his own work at Saa, where he found a new and friendly chief, who warmly welcomed the Bishop, so that hope was dawning for that part of Malanta.

At Santa Cruz the year had been particularly bright and happy. Mr. Forrest found things in a far more satisfactory condition than they had ever been after a long absence. The schools on the main island had held their own well, and on the Reef Islands a great deal had been done. On the Sunday after his arrival Mr. Forrest celebrated the two first Christian weddings, the brides being respectively Monika Ipue, daughter of the chief Natei, and the daughter of the chief of Matalia. The "get up" of the latter was a marvel, which much tried Mr. Forrest's powers of self-command, consisting of innumerable underskirts which refused to be kept in place until a kind friend produced a piece of string and tied her up. However, all went "merry as a marriage bell;" the little church was crowded, the women sitting on one side, the men on the other, and many not being able to get in. After the service came a great feast of sharks, pigs, and fowls. The women's school at Nelua was in excellent work, numbering eighty-three, many of whom could read, and all being apt scholars.

Mr. Forrest crossed to Te Motu in torrents of rain; but the warmth of the welcome he received fully made up for any discomfort on the way. He was hugged out of breath, and his nose made quite sore with the rubbings it received, the Cruzian as well as Maori way of shaking hands. He was, later on here, attacked with a strange illness. He felt ill in the morning, and after visiting a sick man was forced to lie down; in the evening he became unconscious, and so remained until the following Sunday. For a whole fortnight he continued quite helpless, his boys doing everything for him, and carrying him about like a child. When he got better they told him of their great alarm, saying that he had *died* twice during his illness. Finding that he did not improve he caused himself to be carried to the boat and set off for Nelua. There he lay down and sent the people out of the house, telling them he must be quiet. But, in the evening, some of the old folks *would* see him; and very touching it was when an old man put his face down close and said, "Father, we thought you were going to die," and Mr. Forrest felt a tear drop on his face. No wonder he loved

these people. He had had trouble, too, at Nelua, for Natei had relapsed to his ghost idols, and had, in consequence, been turned out of the school; whereupon he did all in his power to draw the people away, but only succeeded with his own seven wives and one man.

Later on there was fighting in the Reef Islands between Pileni and Nufiloli; and to and fro, over the connecting reef, Mr. Forrest journeyed to stop it, sometimes, when the fight had begun and the arrows were flying thickly, placing himself between the hostile parties, and there remaining till they ceased shooting, and returned each to their own side of the reef. One evening, having brought them to peace, he started on his return after dark, stripping off his clothes before crossing the reef, and giving them to his attendant. In the darkness they became separated, and it seemed to Mr. Forrest as though he would never reach the other side. He never felt so utterly lonely and deserted; sometimes up to his neck in the water, twice slipping and going altogether under, the ghastly uncertainty of a possible shark, or of his being in the right direction, flashing upon him. Shouting to his companion was quite useless; the surf was making a noise which drowned all other sound. At last he reached the other side, thankful that his end had been attained.

The end of August brought the *Southern Cross* and the Bishop; and the 24th was a great day for these islands, opening with the Holy Eucharist, while at Matins came the dedication of the little church; and in the evening Mr. Forrest had the joy of presenting sixteen candidates for Holy Baptism —one of them an old man between seventy and eighty—and all felt to their inmost hearts the strengthening power of the Bishop's manly and loving words. The next day they were at Nukapu, and, on the spot where Bishop Patteson had laid down his life, the Bishop commended Mr. Forrest to the care of God. He managed to spend a month on the little island, spite of the dreadful water and scanty food; and, on the Sunday evenings, they used to collect round Bishop Patteson's cross, their hearts moved beyond words when they remembered all that had happened there, and that God had so favoured

them as to allow them to carry on the glorious work of him who had there witnessed a good confession.

In the Torres group Mr. Robin was left in August, the Bishop celebrating on board for those who were taking up their work there. Robert Pantutun was still working at Loh; but matters were in a very sleepy condition, owing chiefly to two causes: I. The depopulation of the islands by the labour vessels, which had carried off almost all the young men and youths from three of the islands, leaving only the old men, the women, and the children. II. All the services were in Mota; and the people told Mr. Robin plainly that they did not care to hear many words in an unknown tongue. The latter most reasonable objection he answered at once, by telling them that the prayers were now being translated into their own language; and then kneeling down and reading three Collects and the Lord's Prayer in it, to their great satisfaction. The women then had their tea, and the men their smoke; after which came a magic lantern entertainment, which sent them off delighted to their own homes. The first trouble Mr. Robin met as drastically by going down to the sea whenever labour vessels appeared, and remaining there so long as the recruiting boats waited; somewhat exhausting himself thereby in the hot sun, and tiring his unwelcome visitors out, but saving his men; for the few who might have gone were ashamed to do so before his face. He visited the four inhabited islands, even Hiw, the most northerly, the first time a white man had done so; and there they promised him to build him a school if he returned the following year. In Tëgua and Toga schools were asked for in several places; and at Loh matters really made progress, especially on the mountain, where a school was opened and the scholars seemed much in earnest. Matins and Evensong were said in the language, and the people appreciated the change. Also, when the Bishop returned in October, he dedicated and set apart the piece of ground on which the church was to be built. The sores still continued, however, and it was difficult to see how to check them, there was so little water for cleansing purposes; and the people, accustomed to what seemed so

dreadful to others, had grown callous to them. However, the Loh people had awakened out of their sleep; the Tëguans cried, "Come over and help us;" there was a good opening at Toga, and Hiw was friendly; so that there was every ground for hopeful anticipation.

Mr. Palmer's visit to the Banks Islands was a short one, as he was needed to take charge at S. Barnabas while the Bishop made his examination round. At Mota he found all well but sleepy. Good George Sarawia's constant illness had told much on his energy, never the strong side of his character. The customs of the *tamate* (a sort of freemasonry) were still being followed in a way which interfered with school and service. Mr. Palmer called all the adult Christian population together to consult on this and other subjects. He told them that now that they were a majority in the island, they should be a power for good, and ought at once to put down any objectionable practice. He urged them not to allow these *tamate* customs to interfere with school and church; to insist that their young people should be duly married, the great difficulty here lying in the shyness of the girls about the public ceremony; and he further pressed upon them the duty of carefully attending the Sunday services. George Sarawia and one or two others spoke a little in the same sense; and the meeting closed, Mr. Palmer telling them that he hoped to hold one such every year, his idea being to lead them gradually to form some sort of council for their own government.

Whitsunday was spent at Motlav, where there were 117 communicants, while on the Sunday following, at Valuwa, Mr. Palmer baptized sixty men and women. The schools all seemed doing well, though there had been much sickness and many deaths in the island, Henry Tagalad himself having been seriously ill. At Rowa there was a pleasant meeting and bright service with William Qasvarañ. At Ureparapara, amongst the old congregation there had been quarrels, but the new school, on the lee side, was doing well. Here the *Southern Cross* found him, the work at Santa Maria being left to Mr. Cullwick, who had found fighting of a cowardly kind going

on at Gaua, and school work effectually hindered; at Lakona there was less disturbance; but the burial customs, which enjoined a strict confinement to the house for seven days, had interfered with all teaching. At Pek the school was doing well; but at Merig there had been a sad acccident. A canoe crossing the Rowa had been upset and six men drowned in the darkness, spite of the heroic efforts of the teacher to save them.

Mr. Brittain made his visitation in the New Hebrides with the first journey of the ship, reaching Raga in May. He there found a Frenchman of the objectionable class of *libérés* from New Caledonia established as a trader. Also, lads had been bought for fire-arms, of which fact he made a formal complaint. The case was examined into by the officers of H.M.S. *Royalist*, who confiscated the fire-arms and caused the boys to be restored. The same ship had interfered in another direction. Her commander made public compensation to a village which had been unjustly punished some two years before, upon false information, for the murder of a white man. The affair was admirably conducted and was spoken of all over the island, creating a great and a good sensation. By the islanders themselves, too, justice was done upon a man who had taken advantage of the peace established by Christianity to indulge in practices which would have been at once avenged in the heathen days. He was deliberately judged by the heads of the opposing parties, who met for the purpose, sentenced, and put to death.

Poor Mr. Brittain was ill during nearly the whole of his stay. He held his classes, which were well attended, out on the beach. In August the *Southern Cross* carried him off on the northern journey for a much needed change, and Mr. Bice remained in the New Hebrides.

At Opa he found that the fierce fighting of the old days had been raging in full fury. Three of the school-boys had been ruthlessly murdered, and one of them eaten; a man had been murdered in his own garden. The first great effort was to restore peace, which Mr. Bice did so well that in a week guns, bows, and arrows had disappeared. By the end of three

weeks he had again his full school of seventy pupils. At Tavolavola the church was quite finished and the chief desirous of becoming a Christian; but he could not make up his mind to put away his numerous wives. He sent them all to school regularly and came himself on Sundays, but had not courage to take the great step. The out-schools were doing well, one, to which women and girls were admitted, being a large one.

At Maewo the labour trade had made sad havoc. Tasmouri and Uta were, however, doing well as ever, and everywhere the large number of small children proclaimed that infanticide had virtually ceased.

In December came the ship with the Bishop, who, alas, was utterly crippled with what the doctors declared to be malarial sciatica. He had examined the northern schools down to the Banks Islands, till he came to Ureparapara, when he fell ill, attacked, as he thought, by rheumatism. Walking became extremely difficult, over the reefs it was absolute pain. The rheumatism increased, and with it came sleeplessness. At Mota, where they arrived after dark, he crawled up the hill, and the next day examined the schools, and in the evening confirmed, when, spite of his sufferings, his addresses were spiritual, earnest, and manly as ever. That Confirmation, however, which he confessed to be the hardest piece of work he had ever done in Melanesia, was the end. The next day he could not put his foot to the ground, and had to be half carried down the steep path to the shore. On board he made no progress, rather got worse; he was obliged to sleep on the deck, being quite unable to climb into his berth. Still, through all his own pain, his care for others never ceased; and Mr. Robin, who was suffering from ague, tells most touchingly how the Bishop left his mattress, made his way to the medicine-chest, and, mixing a dose, struggled across to him with it, then, having put the emptied glass back, sank down on his mattress again with a sigh of relief. In the early days of December he was brought back to Mrs. Selwyn, prostrate in the bottom of the boat, a helpless cripple. Thence he was carried to his bed, which he did not leave for eight months.

CHAPTER XV

THE BISHOP LEAVES FOR ENGLAND—HIS RESIGNATION

SAD was the year 1891 to the Mission! Instead of improving in health after his return to Norfolk Island, the Bishop went through months of exquisite suffering. He was entirely confined to his bed and unable to move himself. A deep-seated abscess had formed in his thigh, which drained his strength and well accounted for the agony and sleeplessness he had undergone. Dr. Metcalfe and Dr. Welchman attended him with the utmost care, and at their hands he underwent a serious operation, the removal of bone from his leg; through all his courage and brightness never failing. In his extreme pain and weakness he confirmed four candidates from his bed, but the medical men forbade any further exertions of the sort. On July the 9th he was, under the care of Dr. Welchman, whose devotion never failed him, conveyed to Sydney in H.M.S. *Rapid*, but before his departure he caused himself to be carried on his bed into the church, where, laid on the altar steps, he prayed, and for the last time addressed those beloved, dark children, amongst whom and for whom his health and strength had been spent. It was quite useless to attempt to measure the love which he and Mrs. Selwyn had won in the hearts of all, Melanesians and English; and all felt their loss equally immeasurable.

In Sydney he somewhat improved and was able to see his friends; and here, also from his bed, he held in Mrs. Selwyn's old home a missionary meeting, his appealing earnest words, his eyes beaming with light inspired, deeply impressing those whose privilege it was to be present. It was decided, after medical examination, that he should proceed to England for advice, and there the treatment he had received in Norfolk

Island was entirely approved of; but he was, alas, absolutely forbidden to return to his diocese and all the rough work it entailed. He wrote, when he broke the sad tidings to those from whom he was thus permanently parted—

"I think it will be a satisfaction to you, as it is to me, to know that I have had the best advice in England, and that that advice is absolute, not as to the advisability, but as to the possibility of my doing any more work in Melanesia. What it costs me to write this I cannot tell you; but one bright spot comes out of it all, and that is that I know my duty, which is clear. God knows that if by any self-sacrifice that I or my wife could make we could continue with you we would do it gladly, but as God wills otherwise we can but bow to His wisdom, knowing that His love is over us all and that He knows best."

The Mission was in other directions very short-handed, for Dr. Welchman had accompanied the Bishop to England, whither also Mr. Plant had gone for a much-needed change. He had delayed as long as possible, remaining in the Islands till the Christmas of 1890, and in England had contracted influenza, under which he had rapidly sunk; a great loss to his own friends, and to the Mission for which he had so faithfully laboured. Mr. Bice, too, had left Norfolk Island to do deputation work in Australia.

In the Solomons, Mr. Comins, at the Bishop's request, undertook the work, going twice round the district and examining the schools, which had been much disturbed by another raid of head-hunting New Georgians. About 150 of them had descended on the shore villages, driving the inhabitants back to the hills, and to the distant inland villages. Soga had made the mistake of retiring at once to his fortress at Vitoria. The head-hunters established themselves in his village, occupied his houses, and feasted on the produce of his gardens, enjoying themselves in every way while he himself was being starved out. They were entirely masters of the situation; and, when terms were made, demanded large sums of native money, cloth, and—a human life. Soga was most loth to agree to this last; but, thinking that it meant one life to save

many, he at length gave way. He was in every way at a disadvantage; for Ysabel is under German protection, and arms and ammunition are prohibited there, while the New Georgians could, from various sources, obtain all that they desired. He therefore proffered a request that the protection professed by Germany should be made good against these head-hunters, who were laying waste his country and driving his people away.

Hugo Göravaka was working heartily at two schools, one on the mainland and the other on an island, and spite of the head-hunters, some few others had kept together. Mr. Comins celebrated the Holy Communion twice, baptized seventeen infants, and married two couples. In one case the bride had never been to Norfolk Island and knew no Mota; so, with the assistance of the teachers, the essential portions of the service were translated into Bugotu, while the remainder was in Florida, a polyglot performance à la Melanesian, where such are often necessary.

In Florida, Mr. Plant's quite unexpected death was deeply felt and mourned; and far worse tidings greeted Mr. Comins on his arrival at Boli on Ascension Day. Alfred Lobu had fallen into open and grievous sin, in which his example had been followed by one of the senior teachers, and all was in sad confusion.

At Gaeta, which Mr. Comins had visited some ten years previously, the one school of those days had multiplied into four large ones, each with its own school-house and separate dwelling for the missionary. Then the baptized were few; now it was the exception to meet an unbaptized person. The memory of Charles Sapibuana was still powerful for good, and the staff of teachers which he had trained was doing well on the out-stations. His widow was teaching at Gaeta and had a great and good influence on the women. At Hoğo there were two important schools, both doing well. Tabukoro, the fierce old chief of former days, was baptized with the royal name of David, and, like his great namesake, set his face to serve God and to give an example to his people of faithful continuance in well-doing. He always took a prominent part

in the annual parliament. Dikea, on the other hand, still remained a truculent heathen, and was in every way a great trouble.

At Belaga, Mr. Comins welcomed back the Rev. Reuben Bula, who had, at the Bishop's request, been ordained deacon in Auckland. He was instituted to his work with a solemn service, in which a large gathering of the people joined.

In the Bauro district two white traders had been murdered the previous Christmas, and Mr. Comins was able to render considerable assistance to the captains of the two men-of-war, who brought the guilty people to justice. He was also able, in the cruises which he then made in these ships, to see a great deal of his district and to visit Clement Marau at Ulawa, where he was, as ever, hard at work. The schools were doing steadily at Haani, and two of their girls were brought away for Norfolk Island, a distinct step, for they hitherto had been unwilling to let women go. At Saa, in Malanta, Joe and Henry Watè were working away among the heathen influences so strong around them. At a new place called Aulu, where they had built a fine new school-house, Mr. Comins had a striking experience. He was sleeping on a bench in the school-house, and, in the dead of night, was startled out of his sleep by people moving about near him in the darkness. Then all was silent, but still he could detect breathing. He struck a match and saw three men kneeling and praying, and, when their prayer was over, they slipped quietly away.

At Santa Cruz, Mr. Forrest had been in much anxiety. The heathen, under the influence of Natei, had made a dead set at the Christians, endeavouring by all possible means to put the teaching down; and, in the midst of all the disturbance thus caused, the head teacher, Natei's own son, died. The Christians were accused of having caused his death, and Natei sent a large party to demand blood-money, which was of course refused. With all these troubles, however, they lost ground nowhere. At Nelua, Natei's own village, the church had to be enlarged, and the women's school was prospering. At Te Motu, spite of a great deal of bad blood over the death

of one of their boys at Norfolk Island, there were seven adult baptisms, all earnest-minded young men, while at Nufioli the little school was doing well.

Mr. Robin had landed at Loh, in the Torres group, with a heart very sore for the beloved Bishop, whom he had left sick unto death, and of whom he could hear nothing for four months; but his arrival in his district cheered him beyond words. The church was built, strong and substantial; the bamboo panels being a present from the island of Tëgua. Mr. Robin had brought the altar and prayer-desk from Norfolk Island in pieces ready to be fitted up. The Holy Communion was celebrated in it by Mr. Comins and the Rev. R. Pantutun, the formal opening service being at eleven, bright and joyous, with processional and recessional hymns. Everything at Loh was doing well, the school on the mountains as well as the old one, and there was a baptismal class of sixteen, one of them a man of high rank. At Tëgua they were longing for the teacher whom Mr. Robin could not give them, and a returned labourer, who had been taught in a Sunday-school, asked to go to Loh and there to be trained for Holy Baptism, after which he would return to his people, and do his best for them, and this in full clearing and planting time. Mr. Robin spent a fortnight there, teaching daily on the life of Christ; and when he told them on leaving them that he was going to England, and asked them to pray for his safe return, they wept much, saying, "Yes, we will indeed pray to God to take care of you and bring you back soon to us;" and the next day, as he put off in the boat, the old chief called out, "Come back, Robin, come back soon to us," while the rest joined in, "Yes, come back;" and the tears came to his own eyes as he rose in the boat, and, taking off his hat, promised them faithfully, God willing, to return to them. It was half way through August when the *Southern Cross* arrived, and the following day Mr. Cullwick baptized the seventeen who thus formed the first-fruits of the Torres group. The day opened with celebration, while at eleven, with an overflowing congregation, came the baptism, with a translation of Bishop Heber's hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy," as the processional; the whole service being in

the language of the Torres Islands. And thus this bright happy stay came to a close.

Mr. Cullwick had just come from his stay in the Banks Island, where a great step had been made towards the establishment of a recognized form of civil government, which was specially needed in this group where there are no real chiefs, rank being attained by any one who is clever about pigs and money. At Mota, on the feast of SS. Philip and James, they held a great meeting, which opened with celebration, at which there were fifty communicants, and after breakfast they sat under the orange trees and discussed the public weal; the upshot of this discussion being that the people separated according to their districts to elect men to rule among them, and afterwards reassembled and declared the poll: an immense step towards the establishment of truth, justice, and religion in Mota. All shared the feast which followed, keeping up a continual fire of conversation of quite a political flavour.

With the one exception of Santa Maria, where fighting and disputes were rife as ever, things were doing well in the group. Pek was remarkable for its order and thoroughness; at Merlav was a band of old men well prepared and waiting for Baptism, while at Ureparapara, at the new school on the lee side, there had been thirty-three baptisms, the first-fruits of the place. William Vaget was leaving his work here to Charles Woleg, while he went up to Norfolk Island to prepare for ordination. At the tiny island of Merig, the school, established only a year before, was doing famously. They could already read their New Testament very creditably, and the hospitality and abundance of the little place were as delightful as ever. Motlav was increasing and prospering, the 150 communicants filling the church.

The education of his sons called Mr. Bice away from the work in which he had energetically and devotedly laboured for so many years. His services had been particularly efficient, as he was able to look at things from a Melanesian point of view, and to speak the language of his district as few others could. His loss was keenly felt. The work among the three islands in the New Hebrides now fell entirely under

Mr. Brittain's charge. At Raga and Maewo were good native teachers, who were making their influence felt. At Raga there were five schools in good working order, but Qatvenua had been almost depopulated by labour vessels, so that the station had been moved. At Maewo the three northern schools were working well, though Tasmate was considerably thinned by deaths and removals. At Opa there had been as always much fighting, but many openings were presenting themselves, which gave much hope for the coming year.

Before the close of the year the Bishop had formally resigned his diocese: his own touching and solemn words in announcing this final step are as follows:—

"I have signed the deed; I cannot believe that a chapter of my life is closed, but so it is. God wills it, and there is no more to say. But you all know that nothing but absolute necessity makes me take the step . . . nothing that I can think of would have tempted me to give up the post which I loved so dearly. . . . I trust that you will believe, first, in the absolute love I bear you all, and will bear to my life's end, please God; and secondly, that if in any way I can help any of you, or do anything for you, I will do it with all my heart and soul."

CHAPTER XVI

VISIT OF THE BISHOP OF TASMANIA

THE year 1892 opened and closed on the Island diocese without a Bishop, the Rev. J. Palmer acting as head of the Mission, while he who had so long and so gallantly guided it was still labouring for it far more than any due consideration of his shattered health justified; endeavouring by any and every means to bring its needs home to the hearts of English Churchmen.

Two events occurred during the year which much strengthened the staff; first a visit from the Bishop of Tasmania, who, in accordance with the earnest request of Bishop Selwyn, visited the whole group of islands from Norfolk Island onwards; ordaining, confirming, and consecrating, throwing his entire heart and will into the work which so appealed to his whole nature, and bringing spiritual help and life to all. A double record exists of this visitation in his own interesting and statesmanlike contribution to the "Island Voyage," and in his book, published some time later, "The Light of Melanesia." He ordained deacon the Rev. William Vaget of Merlav; he confirmed 216 Melanesians at S. Barnabas and in the islands; and he consecrated three churches. Mr. Palmer accompanied him to the northern islands, and was thus enabled to judge of the great improvement which had taken place since his last visit to them some fifteen years back, the immense steps on all sides towards a christianized and civilized life, visible at a glance in the disappearance of weapons, the large schools, the quiet and peaceable habits. Later in the year came a visit from Dr. Codrington, who, with all the might of recollection, of intimate knowledge, and of long and well-tried affection, brought with him a power belonging to no other.

Dr. Welchman, who, on his return from England, had received ordination from the Bishop of Auckland, found Soga as active as ever, and Hugo Göravaka aiding and counselling him in every way. Soga had ordered a general return to Sepi, so that every one was housebuilding, a process which much interfered with school work; but the future gain would be great, both as regarded health and school work itself. A great scare of head-hunters almost immediately followed Dr. Welchman's arrival: some thirty New Georgians, jet black, tall, fine made, rascally looking men, well armed with rifles which they never laid aside, who asked to buy a man of Soga, sending a handsome present with the request. Soga returned the present, saying simply and decidedly that he was a Christian and could sell no one. They launched their canoes in great wrath, refusing even to eat the food that had been given them, and for six weeks the poor people lived in terror of revenge and depredation; but the raiders returned to New Georgia without any further demonstrations. On Whitsunday Dr. Welchman baptized twenty-two adults and one infant in the nice little church at Pahua; and some little time after he married three men to widows, without exaction of the fine requisite in the old days. Soga gave his own view of the matter by himself giving away two of the brides, answering with an emphatic "I" the question, "Who giveth this woman?" &c. Meanwhile the building went on actively, Soga's own new house occupying general attention. But spite of this he came every evening to help at the translation of S. Luke's Gospel, which he was most anxious to get into good Bugotu; and, finding that the work did not progress as he wished he suggested that they should give part of the morning to it also, he himself being so conscientious about it that he would sometimes take two days to think over a word which did not please him; and, when they had corrected a piece verse by verse, Dr. Welchman would read him out the whole. His eyes shone with delight over the parable of the Prodigal Son; and, at the end, he gave a little laugh of satisfaction, saying, "It is good, it is very good." No doubt the beautiful story came home to him as it had never done before, in all the force and simplicity of

his own tongue. The whole tone of the man was altered; his real greatness of character throwing itself into his second and higher nature. Towards the end of Dr. Welchman's stay a man who had committed theft refused to come up for judgment. He thought he could disobey with impunity, knowing that Soga would not now kill him. He was summoned again and again in vain, and at length a great canoe with about forty men, who had received full directions as to what they were to do, was sent from Sepi. The men landed in the early morning in two parties, surrounded the house, and took the man prisoner. He expected to be killed on the spot, but they assured him that if he kept quiet no harm should be done to him. They took all the food from the house, that was their own fee; the stolen property was also taken out and returned to the various owners; then the house itself and all the man's personal effects were burned to the ground; also the garden, except the cocoa-nuts and large trees, was destroyed. The man himself was carried down to the canoe; and, with him, they returned, blowing their conches as in the old days. On their arrival Soga told the prisoner that his present punishment was but for contempt of court, and that later on he would be tried. For the administration of justice was one of the great difficulties in the passing from the old order to the new. They had already held a meeting of great men, answering to the parliament in Florida, the Christian chiefs first joining in prayer, after which Dr. Welchman spoke to them on their duty as heads of villages. To the meeting, held afterwards in Soga's house, all came, Christians and heathen alike, all unarmed, a thing utterly impossible ten years before. Customs were then discussed; and all, Christian and heathen alike, agreed to put down those that were not good, and further to uphold Soga's authority; after which a great feast, lavish in its plentifulness, was served out to all; none, not even the hangers-on, were forgotten.

In September arrived the *Southern Cross* with the Bishop of Tasmania and Mr. Palmer. Twenty-one persons were confirmed, the service being in Bugotu; and the next day all who could come to Sepi shared the Eucharistic feast,

while in the evening Dr. Welchman had the further joy of baptizing sixty-three people.

Mr. Ozanne was to have taken Mr. Plant's work in the Floridas, but on arrival he became so ill that the doctor ordered an immediate return to Norfolk Island. Mr. Comins therefore took charge of the district and found 230 candidates for Holy Baptism, some of whom had been for two years under preparation. He was much struck by the deep grief shown for Mr. Plant's death. They had heard it, but refused to believe it, hoping against hope that when the ship came they should see his face again. Later on, when the Bishop of Tasmania arrived, the Rev. Reuben Bula had fifty candidates ready for Confirmation; and the Bishop was present at the meeting of the chiefs, which took place at Hogo, and gave them a most useful and interesting address. An executive council was formed, to which all matters in dispute were to be referred, and several additions were made to the existing code of laws. An opening seemed here to offer itself in the long closed island of Guadalcanar. Some visitors from thence were staying in the Floridas, and were so struck with the effect of Christianity on the lives and habits of the people that they asked for teachers for their own district, and two were accordingly sent; but, alas, the opposition of the chiefs was so vehement that, after two months of waiting and struggle, they were forced to abandon the attempt.

In his own district of Bauro, Mr. Comins found matters quietly and steadily progressing. Outrages from the heathen were dying down, and the schools were able to work on. At Saa, Joe Watè had built a fine large school-house, and had a considerable number of candidates ready for Holy Baptism. Here Mr. Comins heard of the severe illness of the Rev. Clement Marau, and, as soon as the weather would permit, he made his way across to Ulawa, where he found him prostrate with rheumatic fever, but well cared for by his people, who were devoted to him, and nursed him night and day. A curious and touching experience came to Mr. Comins here. An old acquaintance of his, the sorcerer and rain-maker of former days, came to see him. He fully acknowledged the

truth and beauty of Christianity. With one exception all his seven or eight children were being trained to it, and he wished his wife to be so also; but he said it could do no good to him, who had been a high priest of heathenism, his whole life spent in deceiving and being deceived; he was quite without the pale of God's mercy. Mr. Comins told him that if he wished his wife, who was now a great invalid, to have the benefit of Christian teaching, he must come with her. With a great struggle he gave way, and one Sunday night took his place among the listeners who assembled after service for simple instructions in the elements of the Faith. At first he did not come in; but soon Mr. Comins saw one of the teachers leading him by the hand to an empty seat, and it seemed as though, in that hour, a new heart like the heart of a little child was given him. He went in afterwards to Clement Marau and talked to him of what he had heard; and daily he and his wife came, and at Clement's sick-bed were taught to pray to their Father above, and to the Saviour who had died for them.

At Santa Cruz, Mr. Forrest spent the greater part of the year. Things went well at Nelua, but at Te Motu the fighting and quarrelling were continuous and much impeded the Mission work. On one occasion the Mission itself was nearly burnt down, simply because it was between two fighting villages, and, according to Santa Cruz rules, the middle village should be wiped out. Mr. Forrest, however, objected and declared that he and his people would defend the premises; so they settled to accept him as mediator, and the quarrel was patched up. He visited the other side of the main island, where they were everywhere well received and a new school started; but the journey was a trying one on account of the scarcity of water. Mr. Forrest had a very narrow escape in crossing to Te Motu in a small canoe with a fresh wind blowing. They got out too far to sea and were caught in a bad tide rip; all their belongings were carried off but one towel. They were some hours in the water, and were being carried further and further out, when Mr. Forrest contrived to fasten the towel to a paddle and hoist it. An age seemed to pass before some men, seeing the signal, and remembering that Mr. Forrest was

going that day to Te Motu, set out to them in two canoes, jumped into the sea, and righted theirs for them. That night and the two following days Mr. Forrest suffered agonies from the exposure. It was torture to lie down, and equally painful to stand up. The people rubbed him with oil and red ochre, making a hideous spectacle of him, and in time he recovered.

In October, when the Bishop of Tasmania arrived, he held a Confirmation and consecrated the cemetery. This lengthened stay brought before Mr. Forrest a difficulty he had not before realized. The summer was the market season, when long journeys, entailing an absence of weeks, were undertaken to the surrounding islands to carry to them the dried produce of the mainland. Mr. Forrest would have wished to send a teacher with these parties, but did not quite see his way to it.

Mr. Robin was this year absent in England for his ordination, and the Torres group received only passing visits; but in October the Bishop of Tasmania and Mr. Palmer spent some time there, and found the Rev. R. Pantutun doing well, and the services and schools regularly conducted. The church was in good order and well cared for, the village clean.

In the Banks Islands, at Mota, the school attendance was far from regular; a stone school-house had been built, and the Bishop of Tasmania conducted a Confirmation, besides consecrating a cemetery on the spot on which Bishop Patteson had first planted the Mission in Mota. Motalava and Ra were pre-eminent in every way, the attendance at Holy Communion very regular, and the schools in excellent order. Here, too, the Bishop confirmed and consecrated the cemetery. Sogovman, the most promising teacher from Ra, returned with them to Norfolk Island to prepare for ordination. At Vanua Lava came baptisms and confirmations, also at Pek, noticeable as ever for its cleanliness and tidiness, where, too, the cemetery was consecrated. At Ureparapara, Simon Qalges was working on with all his old energy, and a stone church was being built Here, too, came baptisms and a confirmation. To Merelava, William Vaget had returned as deacon. Gaua and Lakona alone still continued in their disturbed and unsatisfactory condition.

Mr. Browning accompanied Mr. Brittain to the New Hebrides, visiting Raga, Maewo, and Opa; but his visit was but a short one, and it rained in torrents the whole time. Mr. Brittain remained for the summer with John Pantutun.

The *Southern Cross* got back to Norfolk Island late in November, in time for Dr. Codrington's visit in December. The value of this prolonged visitation to the Island diocese, now practically deprived of episcopal assistance for nearly two years, cannot be overrated; and, apart from the benefit which he thus conferred, the report of the Bishop of Tasmania on the work to the Church of Australasia, and indeed to the Church at large, is of inestimable importance. The isolated position of the diocese renders such an independent account of the utmost moment, both to itself and to those outside, on whom it must perforce in a great measure depend. It is, as has been said, quite statesmanlike in its broad, strong view of the work; and the wisdom of the founder in adopting a central school system, and establishing from the first a native ministry, struck him more and more. He found on this unexpected visitation more black clergy than white, and felt convinced that within another decade the disproportion would have very considerably increased; he could also, without difficulty, point to four islands, if not more, in which a sound and stable Christianity would continue to exist even if the white clergy were to absent themselves for the next ten years. This he considered a triumph of grace, and the highest possible testimony to the system. But that which seemed most forcibly to have impressed him was the scene at Hoğo, the meeting of the Florida parliament. There, after having confirmed seventy-one candidates in the Solomons, he looked out, as he sat, on the island of Mandoliana, where Lieutenant Bower and his boat's crew were so foully murdered; while around him were chiefs and elders gathered, by the Church and for the Church, to carry law and order throughout the land into every department of life. He confirmed at Norfolk Island and in the isles 216 Melanesians, besides seventy-one more in Fiji, from Mr. Floyd's school, as he returned homewards.

But grief and sorrow awaited the party returning to S. Barnabas. For Mrs. Palmer, who had been suffering for years, passed away during her husband's absence on this visitation, mourned by the whole island, to which her sweet patience and saintly life had been for sixteen years the noblest example. Her work had throughout been a fitting accompaniment to the faithful and steadfast labour of her husband, so long one of the chief pillars of the Mission. Dr. Codrington arrived at the close of the year to confer with the Mission staff on the Bishopric question; and no man's advice could carry more weight than that of Bishop Patteson's old friend and fellow-labourer, who had thus, at great inconvenience to himself, crossed the world to help them.

CHAPTER XVII

BRITISH PROTECTORATE IN THE SOLOMONS

THE year 1893 brought the blessing so heartily desired and earnestly prayed for, a new Bishop to Melanesia. The united choice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop Selwyn, and Dr. Codrington had fallen upon the Rev. Cecil Wilson, M.A., of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Vicar of Moordown, Bournemouth. He was thirty-three years old, exactly the same age as his immediate predecessor at his consecration, and every account of him marked him out as worthy to follow those who had gone before him. At a meeting held in the Church House, Westminster, and presided over by Bishop Selwyn, he was warmly greeted, not only by those in England who had so long loved and laboured for the Melanesian Church, but by a touching and affectionate letter written by some of his future "boys" in the Islands, and signed by seventy-two of them; others there were who could not sign. At the meeting spoke Bishop Abraham, Miss Patteson, Dr. Codrington, and the chairman, Bishop Selwyn, who also read a letter from his mother, the oldest living Melanesian missionary. He further gladly announced to them that, owing to a special effort, the Island Mission had been relieved from the debt which had of late hampered her, and would start under her new Bishop free and in fit order for the work which was daily increasing upon her.

Meanwhile, at S. Barnabas the year opened with considerable anxiety, for dysentery of a severe type broke out among the Santa Cruz boys. A large room in the Bishop's empty house was turned into a hospital, where they were so carefully nursed that the disease never spread, and all save one recovered. Also a girl died, very sadly. Her clothes

caught fire, and she was so badly burnt that about a month after the accident she succumbed. She was to have been baptized at Easter, and her earnest request that she should be so during her illness was gladly acceded to.

Dr. Codrington had extended his visit till June, to the incalculable comfort and encouragement of all. Dr. Welchman returned, after his ordination in Auckland in October, to his district, where he had arranged to spend the whole summer.

He found that Soga had made quite a large village of Sepi, and he opened the new school-house with a special service, the whole building being grandly decorated with flags for the occasion. Some of Soga's canoes had made trading voyages to the westerward islands, where he declared there was an opening for Mission work, so that, when Dr. Welchman came down in the *Southern Cross*, he took her as far as Eddystone Island, beyond New Georgia of evil fame. Nothing further was done there; but the Mission ship had shown herself in those hitherto unattempted waters, which was in itself a great step, and in full accordance with the bold and gallant plan of the Bishop of Tasmania. There had been no further attempts at head-hunting. The British Protectorate had been established in the Solomon Islands; and the practice had received its death-blow. Sogamolo, a chief of Ysabel, had died. He was not yet baptized, but was in preparation for Christianity, and had asked for a teacher, who had been given him. Dr. Welchman feared lest his death should be attributed to the introduction of the new teaching; and, also, lest the Savo and Guadalcanar heathen at hand should insist upon the old heathen burial rites. But Soga's power was in full force, and his brothers and sisters were there. The heathen did come in large numbers, but they accepted the inevitable, shared in the burial feast, and departed in peace. The chief had called his people around him as he lay dying, and had told them that they were not to follow the old customs, nor were they to desert the school; he had made a mistake for a good many years, and they were not to do the same.

In Florida, Mr. Comins spent about two months and baptized 346 adults besides 180 infants. Mr. Browning, whose district Florida was to be, arrived in the early days of October; and, after visiting various places, went with Mr. Comins to examine a piece of ground which the Mission wished to buy for a central station and school, Siota, on the Boli harbour, which seemed likely, when cleared and drained, to be satisfactory.

On June the 27th H.M.S. *Curaçoa* anchored in Port Purvis and there hoisted the British flag and established the British Protectorate, to the joy of the people, Tabukoro receiving a handsome present from the captain in the Queen's name.

At Vura a very sad affair had taken place. A Christian had, in an outburst of rage, so struck his wife as to break her jaw and cause her death in a few hours. The woman had, according to the testimony of her own people, exasperated him beyond endurance, and was continually making unfounded charges against him. They wanted, however, to take the law in their own hands and to kill him after the old fashion, as a matter of private revenge; but the chiefs prevented this, and, in concert with Reuben Bula, placed the case in the hands of the Supreme Court of chiefs and teachers, constituted by the last parliament. This court decided that the man should be placed in charge of Tabukoro, chief of Hoğo, until the arrival of the *Southern Cross*, when it should be settled what was to be done with him. After due consideration of the facts, and the exasperation to which he had been subjected, it was then decided that the case might fairly be considered one of manslaughter, and that transportation for life would be the most fitting punishment. With this sentence native public opinion entirely agreed; the people considered that he would be *dead to them;* and the man, who never attempted to deny his guilt, and was ready to submit to any punishment, even death, was consigned to Dr. Welchman's charge, to be placed where he would never again appear in Florida, and yet, at the same time, be under Christian influence.

At Belaga on S. Luke's Day, after celebration, at which there were forty-six communicants, opened the Florida parlia-

ment, in a beautiful space under the cocoa-nut trees in front of the village by the sea. Here the sentence pronounced upon the manslayer was fully ratified; also the marriage laws were laid down from the Christian standpoint. It was declared: I. That baptized people, or those under instruction, could not be permitted to put away their wives or husbands. II. That no mere payment of money could be regarded as marriage. III. That all people baptized or attending school were bound to those with whom they were actually living as wives or husbands. IV. That no baptized persons or catechumens should enter into such connections without the marriage service. V. That with such connections, formed and dissolved in a condition of heathenism, the Church had nothing to do.

The concluding business of the parliament was the signing of the deed conveying the land at Siota, on the Boli harbour, to Mr. Comins for the benefit of the Mission, and the payment of the just amount of dogs' teeth to the various owners. Then the food was distributed, and Reuben Bula introduced the practice of sitting in rows on the ground and eating, at all events some part of it, together, grace being said before and after—a great step towards social life.

Mr. Comins found Saa literally in a state of siege, watch being kept night and day to guard against surprise from the heathen; and when they assembled for school or service the entrance doors were piled with spears and other weapons, while the evening services were perforce discontinued, as the lights in the dark made a mark for any attacking party. Spite of all this, thirty-eight persons were baptized, many of whom had been two years under preparation. The day, Sunday, opened with celebration, and at 4 P.M. came the baptisms. Joe Watè had composed a special hymn for the occasion. One of the candidates was in the last extremity of weakness, dying of consumption. He was baptized in his hut, tears of joy in his eyes, and a settled peace in his heart. Only four days after the heathen attacked a man and his wife, killing them both.

At Ulawa all was prospering under the devoted care of Clement Marau, and here Mr. Comins baptized twenty, several

of whom had, in the old days, been bitter enemies of Christianity. Two were blind; one of them had but lately lost his sight, and his heathen friends told him it was a judgment on him for following the new teaching. They tried to persuade him to sacrifice to their ghosts, assuring him that so his eyesight would be restored; but he answered quietly that he was content to see no face in this world, and wait till he could see God's face in heaven.

At Santa Cruz things had gone well. The Nelua school was prospering, and the new church was built. It was to be called S. Bartholomew's, because the first service in it was held on that day. A number of new houses had been built on the Mission land, thus increasing the influence of the Christian village. At Te Motu there was a great development. The numbers in the school had more than doubled, and there was a large school for women; also, they were building a new church in memory of Edwin Nobbs and Fisher Young, who were slain close by. There had been a good deal of fighting in the early part of the year, to which peace had succeeded. Mr. Forrest also made a most interesting excursion to the Duff group, whence he brought away a young man to the Nelua school.

In the Torres group Mr. Robin spent five weeks and a half. The Rev. R. Pantutun had been forced by ill-health to return to his own home at Mota. Christianity was gradually making itself felt. Some of the worst of the old customs, infanticide, and the horrible burial rites, were fast dying out. Charming, though still practised, was decreasing; cleanliness had established its reign, and had almost done away with the sores; but the rigid laws connected with eating and drinking and the separation of the sexes were stoutly maintained by men of high rank. One week of Mr. Robin's time was spent at Tëgua, a very happy week and full of encouragement, though there was some tension between the two teachers, owing to the fact that the more able man had, some three years previously, grievously fallen into sin. He had repented deeply, and was allowed to help the less able man, though not as an authorised teacher. A difficult piece of Church discipline

had to be enforced. Hitherto all who chose to come had been allowed to be present at the services; but many of these now said distinctly that they did not intend to be baptized or to accept the new teaching: henceforth, therefore, only Christians, catechumens, hearers, and regular attendants at school were to be allowed to come into the church. There was much murmuring and some sulking over it, but the rule worked immediately for good. A man who had for some time been undecided offered himself for the next catechumen class. The whole of S. Luke's Gospel had now been translated into the language. Hiw and Toga remained this year unvisited, and Mr. Robin's visit closed in November with the baptism of nine men and nine women at Vipaka, the chief station at Loh.

The Rev. T. C. Cullwick, who visited the Banks Islands, reported but poorly of Mota, where matters were much inclined to stagnate owing in a great measure to the continued ill health of George Sarawia, and also to the general supineness of the people. At Motalava and Ra excellent work was going on under Henry Tagalad and Walter Woser. A large and substantial church was being built at Motlav, about which the people were very enthusiastic; the attendance at Holy Communion was large and regular; but, alas, even here, many of the teachers had gone astray. At Merelava the new deacon, the Rev. W. Vaget, had had a very encouraging year; a large number of adult baptisms at Christmas, one new school built, and the site preparing for another; while at the school on the weather side of the island, a class was reading the New Testament very creditably. The great distance of the villages here spoke strongly for the earnestness of the regular scholars. At Merig boulders had been cleared away so as to enable the boat to be landed on a little strip of sandy beach, and six adults were this year baptized in this little island. At Ureparapara sickness had interfered with the completion of the church. At Gaua matters seemed improving. A great meeting had been held for the passing of laws and the discussion of important matters, while at Lakona there was decided progress in every direction.

Mr. Brittain, who had been unable to visit the New Hebrides the previous year, embarked this season with John Pantutun for a five months' stay there. They took with them a harmonium, which was located at Tavolavola in Opa, and enabled them to hold bright and congregational services there. At Raga a small church at a new station was ready for service by Christmas Day, while a much larger one was rapidly progressing at Lamoru. The little church was opened with celebration, all being present, and, after various services during the day, all met for the Christmas supper, to their great satisfaction. Tariliu had done grand work in his own village, where he and his wife had started a school some seven months before. He had now a regular attendance of over 100 men and women, all full of zeal and earnestness. Hurricanes, storms, and rainy weather interfered much with Mr. Brittain's visit. He made his way through them to Maewo, where he stayed some time at each station, baptizing four adults at Tasmouri, the last in this part of Maewo which was now entirely Christian. A striking occurrence met Mr. Brittain here. He asked a catechuman whether our blessed Lord was ever seen now as in the days of His earthly ministry, and to his surprise the man calmly said, "Yes." On inquiry he was told that two women who had gone into the church after dark for prayer saw, over the altar, a bright shining light which remained there stationary while they watched. They told their neighbours what they had seen, and all came to the conclusion that the light proceeded from the Lord Himself. Hence the catechumen's perfectly simple answer. Later on Mr. Brittain was told that the same thing had happened in a church at Uta, some miles away among the hills. The church is open to the road in front, and late at night a man passing by looked in and saw a similar light. He roused the people, who, with the teacher, assembled and saw it; but none ventured to enter, all feeling convinced as to the source of the light. At Tanrig everything had greatly improved, the buildings, the service, the general appearance of the people; but the incessant and drenching rain much interfered with Mr Brittain's visit.

The fifth period of the Melanesian history is one of great development, the realization of the wise organization which had originated it, of the persistent and devoted work which had fostered it. At once, in his first cruise in 1877, came to Bishop John Selwyn the opportunity for making his way to Santa Cruz, of which, with an intrepidity and tact which have caused the transaction to be classed by some as *the* great work of his episcopate, he was not slow in availing himself.

In 1878 he conducted the first ordination ever held in the islands, that of Edwin Sakelrau. The same year an opening was made in the little Torres group, between the Banks and Santa Cruz Islands, and the Rev. E. Wogale there established, while later on the Bishop was received with open arms in the Reef Islands of Santa Cruz as *Te Aliki* (the chief). His redemption of the captive had broken down all barriers, so that from Nukapu itself came to him the kiss of peace. At the close of the year his father's death took him to England.

1879 was a year of quiet and steady development: in the Solomon and Florida groups under Mr. Penny and Charles Sapibuana; in the Reef Islands under Mano Wadrokal, who had boldly claimed his right as one of Bishop Patteson's first pupils to commence the work on the scene of his martyrdom; in the Torres Islands under Edward Wogale; in the Banks under Mr. Palmer and the Rev. G. Sarawia, where a census was taken and a teachers' meeting founded, great steps towards organization; in the New Hebrides under Mr. Bice and Mr. Comins; all was steady advance, and on his return from England the Bishop could perceive through the whole Mission field such growth as had never been before. The year closed with the first service in the lovely memorial church, which had, under Mr. Codrington's care, been growing into beauty of form and colouring.

1880 took the Bishop to New Zealand for the meeting of the General Synod, and from thence to Fiji, to look after his many people carried thither by the labour traffic. On his return he spent an entirely successful day at Santa Cruz, establishing Mano Wadrokal on the main island, and after a

stay in the Torres Islands returned to Norfolk Island for the consecration of the now finished S. Barnabas' Church in the presence of a large and goodly company, who from far and near had come for the joyous event.

The cruise of 1881 brought to light the full particulars of Lieut. Bower's murder; the Bishop, with a sagacity and fearlessness worthy alike of his position and name, enabled Captain Bruce of H.M.S. *Cormorant* to lay hands on the actual criminals, and by his consummate tact and prudence, assisted by Charles Sapibuana, he brought Kalekona, the father of one of those implicated, to a course of action at once noble and trustful, the whole transaction taking a position in this episcopate beside the opening up of Santa Cruz, and leading eventually to the establishment of the British Protectorate in the Solomons. The year closed with Mr. Codrington's journey through the Islands which he had not visited for six years, which may well be styled a triumphal progress, so great was the advance which greeted him on all sides.

1882 saw the ordination of Charles Sapibuana in the midst of his own people, which was followed by the most terrible hurricane and storm ever known in the Banks Islands. The epidemic which ensued carried off many, among them the excellent wives of Robert Pantutun and Edwin Sakelrau.

Early in 1883 Henry Tagalad was ordained priest at S. Barnabas, Mano Wadrokal bearing the Bishop's pastoral staff. Shortly after died Henry's brother, Edwin Sakelrau, while later on followed the death of Edward Wogale, caused in a great measure by his return while still weak and ailing to his labour in the Torres Islands. This year brought in the Floridas the immense reward of Mr. Penny's indefatigable labour; in twenty-two weeks the baptisms of 200 converts, amongst them a high priest of *tindalos*, and a general destruction of idol charms on all sides; while both in the Solomons and New Hebrides infanticide and its attendant horrors were dying out.

Through 1884 continued this extinction of heathen customs. At Nukapu was set up the memorial cross sent out by the Bishop's sisters, the people assisting eagerly in the work.

Four churches were consecrated at Mota, Ara, and Motalava; Alfred Lobu and Marostamata were ordained deacons; and Mr. Codrington left Norfolk Island for a journey to England.

In 1885 the Bishop returned to England. In the Banks Islands Motalava and Ra were, under Henry Tagalad, becoming quite ideal parishes; but at Mota the long continued ill health of George Sarawia was sadly interfering with his work. Towards the close of the year died Charles Sapibuana at S. Barnabas; his loss all the more felt as Mr. Penny shortly after retired from the work in which they had both laboured so zealously. Mr. Lister Kaye, too, the first white man since Mendana to live in Santa Cruz, was compelled by family losses and other circumstances to leave the Mission. Mr. Codrington, however, now returned to it as D.D., having published his revised New Testament in Mota and his great work on the Melanesian languages.

1886 brought the Bishop back accompanied by an earnest worker in his second wife. This year, too, the Bishop's fearless tact gained for the Mission the greatest convert, in many senses of the word, that it has ever made—Soga, the chief of Bugotu, in Ysabel; while at Hoğo was brought in another chief, Tabukoro, a kinsman of Sapibuana's, and formerly a great hindrance to the work. There was progress everywhere, but all saddened by the Bishop's failing health. Repeated attacks of fever and ague were fast undermining his strength. Mrs. Selwyn accompanied him on the last cruise of this year, her visit to the Islands forming an epoch. They went as far as Santa Cruz, paying quite a visit of state to Natei and his nine wives, while at Ra Walter Woser was ordained deacon.

1887 was another year of quiet progress. The Bishop achieved his dream of staying at Santa Cruz, whither Mr. Forrest accompanied him to continue Mr. Lister Kaye's work, and where his ague attacked him in a new and peculiar form. Dr. Codrington definitely left the Mission to its incalculable loss. The number of the scholars at S. Barnabas was greater this year than it had ever been, amounting in all to 200.

1888 was marked by a great social step; the meeting of a parliament at Belaga in the Floridas to discuss and pass laws

and regulations of various kinds. The day opened with Holy Communion and closed with a great feast and fireworks, the Bishop presiding over all. The conduct of the deacon at Lakona, in Santa Maria, Marostamata, the nephew of the Rev. G. Sarawia, was a great scandal and blow to the Mission, with which all had this year otherwise gone well.

In 1889 came the meeting of the General Synod in New Zealand, where the evident ill health of the Bishop led to his yielding to the united request of all the Bishops and returning to England for change and rest. In his absence Mr. Bice visited the northern stations, and at Bugotu baptized Soga, his wife, and seventy of his people. Throughout Florida the advance was immense; 1085 children to examine; 200 adults to baptize; large churches and beautiful services everywhere; and a gathering of over 1000 Christians at the parliament. But at Santa Cruz this was a year of dreadful fighting and disturbance, which it required all Mr. Forrest's tact and influence to stem so effectually that the attendance at school and the work were unaffected. In the Banks Islands, Ra still continued the ideal parish; while in all the islands the scholars this year numbered 12,897, and the adult baptisms had been 5680.

1890 brought back the Bishop and Mrs. Selwyn, the former, to the great joy of his people, in apparently restored health; and, shortly after his return, was ordained Clement Marau, whose work had brought the Bauro district to the Light. In Ysabel, Soga was establishing law and order, and punishing wrongdoing. Matters had gone well at Santa Cruz; the church was dedicated and the Holy Communion celebrated; while in the little Torres group Mr. Robin had made a perfectly new departure, and had imparted to the work a new and vigorous life. In the Banks Islands a meeting had been held to consult over the establishment of local government. But the Bishop's visitation was cut short by painful and alarming illness, which impeded motion of any kind and necessitated an immediate return to Norfolk Island.

1891 only brought aggravation to his disease; and after months of intense suffering he left his beloved diocese, never to return to it again. But his work continued as ever. In the

north, besides the missionaries and teachers, the chiefs Soga and Tabukoro were powerful for good, the latter taking a prominent part in the Florida parliament, while Reuben Bula, who had been ordained by the Bishop of Auckland, returned to Belaga more energetic than ever. At Santa Cruz the heathen, backed by the chief Natei, had much troubled Mr. Forrest, but in the Torres Islands the advance had been great and had culminated in the building of a church at Loh. At Mota had been held another public meeting, after which the members separated according to their districts to elect men who should rule among them, afterwards declaring the poll. The whole had opened with celebration and closed with a feast, at which conversation of a distinctly political tone prevailed. In the New Hebrides also was progress, more especially at Maewo. The close of the year brought the deed of resignation signed by the Bishop, thus sadly closing a long and blessed chapter of the Island history.

1892 was marked by the visitation of the Bishop of Tasmania, who, at Bishop John Selwyn's request, went through the Islands confirming, ordaining, consecrating, bringing strength and comfort to all, and afterwards delivering a judgment on the work of great importance coming from an outsider such as himself. At Bugotu, Soga had called a council of great men to consult on the administration of justice. The Bishop of Tasmania was present at the meeting of the Florida parliament, which took place this year at Hoğo, in sight of the island of Mandoliana, the scene of Mr. Bower's murder. An executive council was here organized to which all future cases were to be referred. This year too brought out the much needed new *Southern Cross*. So anxious was the Bishop about her capability and efficiency that he insisted on being taken down to the docks immediately after his arrival in England, where he was carried in his chair all over her, down to the very hold. The close of the year brought Dr. Codrington to Norfolk Island to confer with the staff concerning the election of a Bishop.

In 1893 the Rev. Cecil Wilson was duly chosen by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop John Selwyn, and Dr.

Codrington, while at the same time the Mission was, by a great effort, freed from the debt which had hampered it. The British Protectorate was this year extended to the Solomons and the British flag hoisted at Port Purvis. An important case of manslaughter was brought before the Supreme Court, constituted the preceding year and by it judged, while in the ensuing parliament the marriage laws were formulated and set forth, and the sale of Siota on the Boli harbour to the Mission was concluded.

This long period is brilliant with the good and earnest workers who in it developed and came to the fulness of their labour: Mano Wadrokal, Edwin Sakelrau, Robert Pantutun, Henry Tagalad, Edward Wogale, Charles Sapibuana, Clement Maran, Hugo Ğoravaka, Joseph Watè, Walter Woser, Reuben Bula, William Vaget; the chiefs Samson Iño, Soga, and Tabukoro. Many of this brave band have reached the reward of their labour, and to these must be added the blind Marsden Manekalea, Charles Tariqat, Gogoragwia, Amina Kali, Emily Pantutun, and Emma Sakelrau. Nor should Dr. Metcalfe's exceeding and untiring goodness to the Melanesians at S. Barnabas be omitted. The Mission owes him a great debt of gratitude for the constant skill and care which he expends upon them. His devotion and attention to the beloved Bishop during his pain and illness were beyond words.

PART VI

The Right Rev. CECIL WILSON

PRESENT BISHOP OF MELANESIA

1894—1899

"*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*"

STAFF OF THE MISSION

Bishop

THE RIGHT REV. CECIL WILSON

Archdeacon

THE VEN. JOHN PALMER

Priests

THE REV. CHARLES BICE
„ „ CHARLES W. BROWNING
„ „ RICHARD B. COMINS
„ „ T. C. CULLWICK
„ „ WALTER G. IVENS
„ „ LEONARD P. ROBIN
„ „ HENRY WELCHMAN
„ „ PERCY T. WILLIAMS
„ „ RICHARD P. WILSON
„ „ GEORGE SARAWIA
„ „ HENRY TAGALAD

Deacons

THE REV. REUBEN BULA
„ „ HUGO GOROVAKA
„ „ ALFRED LOBU
„ „ CLEMENT MARAU
„ „ ROBERT PANTUTUN
„ „ WILLIAM VAGET
„ „ WALTER WOSER

Lay Workers

MR. EDGAR S. BUCHANAN
„ A. E. C. FORREST
„ JOHN W. WILLIAMS

and 381 native Teachers.

CHAPTER I

THE CONSECRATION OF CECIL WILSON

A MARKED year for the Mission in every way! Early in January 1894 the Rev. J. Palmer left Norfolk Island to attend the Church Synod in Hobart, while the Rev. R. B. Comins went to Fiji to examine into the condition of the Melanesian labourers there. Dr. Welchman spent the summer in his district, so that very few members of the staff remained at S. Barnabas, when a Sydney newspaper reached them in February, telling them that their new Bishop had been chosen, and would be leaving England early in the year. The tidings put life into them at once. On Easter Day thirty-six boys and girls were baptized, and in April the first start was made to the Islands. The ship returning in June made her way to Auckland, taking down Mr. Brittain and the Rev. G. Sarawia for the consecration of the new Bishop. Mr. Comins also had arrived from Fiji with a number of the Island boys, so there was a good Melanesian welcome awaiting him. He arrived late on the evening of June the 10th, and at once ratified the choice that had been made in England by "winning all their hearts," as Captain Tilly, Bishop Patteson's old captain, and the faithful friend of the Mission, expressed it.

All had been carefully arranged by the Primate for the service, which took place on S. Barnabas' Day. The consecrating Bishops were the Primate, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Nelson. Over 1200 people filled the Church of S. Mary's, of whom 600, among them many of those Melanesians who had returned from Fiji with Mr. Comins, received the Holy Communion. The processional, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," was sung as the choristers, clergy, and bishops filed in by the western porch, and made their way up the central

aisle. The Primate's pastoral staff was borne by his Maori chaplain, and the vestments of the Bishops formed a picturesque and impressive sight as they stood grouped together. Conspicuous in the procession was the Bishop-elect, as, in plain clerical dress, with crossed hands and bent head, he walked slowly to his place at the altar rail. And here it may be said of him that, throughout the whole of the service, he bore himself as one deeply conscious of the solemn nature of the ceremony in which he was the chief figure. Calm and collected in all his movements, betraying little or no signs of nervousness, he impressed all by his intense earnestness and gravity. There was about him a sense of strength suggested, of cost counted, of responsibilities recognized and faced without fear, in dependence on God. George Sarawia, ordained by Bishop Patteson, acted as chaplain to the new Bishop, and held up the book. The Bishop of Christchurch preached a telling sermon on the text, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

At an enthusiastic meeting in the Choral Hall was presented the beautiful address of the Maori clergy, which deserves being given in full:—

"This is a welcome from the Maori clergy of the diocese of Auckland to the Right Rev. Cecil Wilson. Welcome, Bishop of Melanesia! Welcome, spirit of our father Bishop Selwyn, which began the work on which you have started. Welcome, spirit of Bishop Patteson, who gave his body to die in his great earnestness to preach the Gospel to those who are still in darkness and the habitations of cruelty. Welcome, successor to our younger brother, Bishop John Selwyn, now in England, whose heart is still agonizing to return to the work which he had to leave in consequence of ill-health. Sire, we here to-day are the fruits of the missionaries who have recently passed away. Our fathers were like the black people of the Islands to which you are going. We were sometimes darkness, but now are we light in the Lord. And here also stand some of the results of the labours of Bishops Selwyn, Patteson, and John Selwyn, and their fellow-workers. Sire, 'be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them,' for the Lord thy God He it

THE RIGHT REV. CECIL WILSON

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is that doth go with thee. He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Let the farewell words of Christ, 'Lo, I am with thee always, even to the end of the world,' be your support. Go forth to the brethren who are 'without hope and God in the world.' Our prayer for you is that the mantle of the former Bishops of Melanesia will fall upon you, and that a double portion of their spirit may rest upon you. May God give you health that you may labour with success in that part of the vineyard. May He strengthen, enlighten, and guide you in times of weakness, sorrow, and difficulty; and then, when your work is done on earth and you stand in His presence, together with those you have taught, may you be enabled to say, 'Behold I and the children whom the Lord hath given me.'"

The special welcome of the Mission was given on board the *Southern Cross*, when the Bishop's flag was run up, and a short service held, partly in English, partly in Mota.

He started at once for Norfolk Island, where he found Mr. Palmer, who had, with his usual unselfishness, remained behind to organize matters, much as he wished to be at the consecration, and arrived late on June the 27th. The installation took place on the 29th, S. Peter's Day, Mr. Palmer, assisted by the Rev. G. Sarawia, celebrating early in Mota, while at the later service there was a procession of eighteen readers and six clergy, the former consisting, as far as possible, of boys from every island. They afterwards proceeded in full order to the Bishop's house, where he bestowed on them all the Aaronic blessing, both in Mota and in English.

The Bishop marked his arrival by making Mr. Palmer Archdeacon of Southern Melanesia, and as such he was introduced to the staff and guests.

Mr. Comins had been left in New Zealand for the winter in the hopes of restoring his health, which had been much tried by his long and devoted work. He had had an enthusiastic welcome from the Malanta boys in Fiji, who had swarmed down to meet him. They had built a church with £200 collected among themselves, and Mr. Comins opened it. The great drawback was that they represented so many dialects that only twenty-five or thirty boys could be reached in any one form. Mr. Comins thought that Fijian would be

the best tongue for them all to adopt, but the Solomon boys wished to learn English and disliked learning Fijian. The Governor, who was anxious to help them in any possible way, allowed six Solomon Islanders to be taken to S. Barnabas, there to be educated as teachers. He also promised to visit Saa and help Joe Watè and his people; and, further, Mr. Comins was to arrange that about 100 boys who were returning in May were to settle in centres in which a teacher would be able to keep them together.

Dr. Welchman had had excellent health during his long stay in Bugotu; but he had been bitten by a centipede, which had caused him intense pain. He had had a struggle with Soga which had needed all the moral courage of so brave a man as himself to carry through. Soga's son had fallen into sin with a married woman, and the teacher, fearing Soga, had hushed the matter up. But when the latter did find it out he and his son together lied about it, Soga going so far as to speak to his people as they came out of church, and to tell them that his son had been falsely accused by Dr. Welchman. When the latter returned to Sepi and learned what had happened, he publicly announced in church that the whole thing was true, and that he had excommunicated the offender. He also spoke to the man privately, and told him that his confirmation must be put off. He was much ashamed, and voluntarily absented himself from prayers, to which, however, Dr. Welchman recalled him, while he imposed a heavy fine on him in consideration of his rank and the lie he had told. Soga he bade return the money which the woman's friends had paid him. It was a sad fall for the fine old chief who had done, and was in all other ways doing, so grandly.

Hugo Gorovaka, after his long and faithful work at Bugotu, had been ordained deacon by the Primate of New Zealand, to whom Mr. Comins had taken him. He belonged really to Guadalcanar, from whence he had been brought captive to Ysabel as a little child; and he longed some day to return and plant the faith in his own native land.

Meantime Mr. Brittain had been to Queensland to examine into the condition of the island labourers there. He found

about 8000 settled there, most of them coming from islands in which the Mission was working, and distributed chiefly in the dioceses of Brisbane and North Queensland. Neither the district clergy nor the dioceses had seen their way to provide for the instruction of these people, though private efforts were being made in various directions, and the authorities urged that the Melanesian Mission should itself take up the work among its own people, assuring the full consent of the Bishop of Brisbane. These "boys" in Queensland had acquired a "pidgin English," and, unlike those in Fiji, had no desire to learn the language correctly. On Mr. Brittain's return to S. Barnabas an informal meeting was held at which it was decided that, with the permission of the Bishop of Queensland, the Mission should extend its work there. Also, that the work of a Mrs. Robinson, at Mackay, which had been constant and successful, should for the present be salaried by the Mission.

The new Bishop held his first Confirmation of thirty-four boys and girls, most of whom were returning to work in the various islands, after which he started early in September for his Visitation. He visited Raga, Opa, and Maewo, leaving Mr. Brittain and John Pantutun at Opa.

In the Banks Islands the Bishop found a great church-building fervour. Three new churches were just complete; and those at Ra and Ureparapara he consecrated, confirming at Ra on the same day fifty-eight people. Christianity had now become almost co-extensive with these islands, and here, if anywhere, the Mission should be self-supporting. The Bishop suggested frequent offertories to George Sarawia and the teachers who thought they saw their way to the manufacture of copra in paying quantities. The Bishop's idea was that the native clergy and teachers should be paid out of native offerings, while the white clergy, S. Barnabas, and the *Southern Cross* should be supported by other funds.

In the Torres Islands the Bishop was received by two Christian chiefs, who presented him with a knotted croton leaf, the native sign of peace. They then formed in procession and preceded him to the fine new church which they

had built, where Evensong was intoned for the first time in Melanesia. Then followed a Confirmation of forty-four candidates, special hymns being sung before and after the imposition of hands, while the whole beautiful service closed with a jubilant *Te Deum*. The next morning the Torres Islands shared for the first time the Eucharistic feast; and later the Bishop consecrated the church—S. Aidan's—and its gifts, as well as the cemetery. Mr. Robin had been triumphant over the *suqe*. It interfered effectually with Christianity, as no one belonging to it could eat anywhere but in the *suqe* hut. He had therefore made the resignation of it a condition of Baptism. The most remarkable case was that of the great chief of Tëgua, Teqalqal, who, following the rules of the *suqe*, abandoned it, and deliberately ate his way down from grade to grade, a process of several days, and when he got to the end and was free of it, was received with an immense shout, and three cheers started by Mr. Robin. Many followed Teqalqal's example, who were afterwards with him regularly prepared for Holy Baptism. They were all brought over to Loh to be baptized in the church at Vipaka, and the next day came the liberation *gamal* meal of a man of rank and several others who, having heard about Teqalqal, had determined to do as he had done. When the newly baptized party returned to Tëgua, the chief and Mr. Robin occupied the last boat alone. As soon as it touched the rocks the crew jumped out, and the people, without any warning, hauled her up on the rocks; then about forty of them lifted her on to their shoulders and ran up with their burden in triumph to the boat's usual berth.

The great trouble in these islands was the depopulation by the labour trade, which was leaving only old people and little children behind. The chief sent a piteous petition to the Governments of Queensland and Fiji, praying that their islands might be left in peace. Later on, in order to share in the general contribution to the Mission, the people gave the Bishop curios for sale which realised £150.

On the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels the Bishop entered for the first time the Santa Cruz waters. Mr. Forrest

was landed and, on his return on All Saints' Day, the Bishop also landed at Nelua and consecrated a very fine new church, large enough to hold 350 people. He baptized fifteen adults, mostly men, and confirmed fifteen more, also mostly men, "fine strapping fellows with large shell breast-plates and nose rings, but with an air of perfect devotion and reverence." These Cruzians were one of the great puzzles of the Mission. Their lungs seemed to give way in any climate but their own, and how were they to be educated?

At Ulawa in the Solomon group the Bishop found Clement Marau in the midst of his people as earnest as ever, and was immensely struck by him and his work. His station was no longer a village but a Christian town, and people flocked to it from all parts of the island in order to live in peace and within reach of his teaching.

At Saa they found Joe Watè, who had now been in charge for twenty years, holding his own with his little Christian party against all the opposition, persecution it may well be called, which surrounded them. There were with him 120 men and women, whose quiet patient faces recalled the devotion of the Christians of Nero's days.

On from the fierce heathen island they passed to Florida, an actual passing from heathenism to Christianity. The Bishop was fairly astounded. He went all over the islands, and confirmed 118 men and women. There were now in Florida sixty-six teachers, many of them men of great intelligence; and the Bishop looked forward joyfully to the time when the new college at Sioto, S. Luke's, should be finished, and "quiet days" would be held for the help and comfort of these good earnest men.

They pushed on from Florida to what may almost be called the crowning work of the whole. Bugotu in Ysabel, where Soga came on board in European dress to greet the new Bishop, who, when he heard that he had actually paid up the fine levied for his son's misdemeanour, admired the great chief more and more. He describes him as a tall thin man of about fifty, with an intelligent face and good manners. His town of Sepi was a marvel of cleanliness, and a large

sort of esplanade-garden, on which the people congregated, was made and kept in order by wrongdoers, who were given this work by Soga as their punishment. There were now 1200 Christians in the island, and 1500 under instruction. Dr. Welchman meditated a visit to New Georgia and the neighbouring islands. He had decided to spend a year at S. Luke's, and to establish there a hospital as well as a college. His were a courage and devotion which ever grew and increased.

On Advent Sunday they reached Norfolk Island with 114 natives, scholars, and teachers. The Bishop had, on this his first visitation cruise, confirmed 490 men and women, consecrated five new churches, and dedicated many schools. Surely might he, from the depth of his heart, thank God and take courage.

A new and large work-room, with offices attached, had been erected at S. Barnabas with funds collected by the ladies of the staff, in especial by Miss Farr of Adelaide.

CHAPTER II

ST. LUKE'S, SIOTA

THE year 1895 opened with much sickness at S. Barnabas, though only four of the 212 scholars died from disease, testifying well to the healthy condition of the College, and to the care of the doctors—Metcalfe, Welchman, and Williams; for a new medical man, J. W. Williams, Esq., M.B. of Edinburgh, had joined the staff.

During the first part of the year the Bishop and Mr. Brittain, with twenty-two representative boys, drawn from sixteen different islands, started on a tour to New Zealand, to which they had been invited the preceding year by the Bishops. They visited Napier, Wellington, Nelson, the different towns on the west coast, and Christchurch, where the Mission staff was joined by E. Buchanan, Esq., M.A. The boys' behaviour was perfect. They worked hard, attended scores of meetings, never grumbled, were enraptured with all they saw, won nearly all their cricket matches, and still better, won all hearts by their gentleness and good manners. In every place great interest was shown in the Mission, and liberal support promised and given. From the Governor and Lady Glasgow downwards they received everywhere the greatest kindness. They returned to Norfolk Island in April, but were unable to start for the Islands until May.

Five new missionaries joined the staff this year, of whom two were to work in Guadalcanar, one at San Cristoval, and another at Mala, while Mr. Buchanan was to remain at S. Barnabas, where the constant presence of a trained teacher was much needed. The Bishop made a flying visit to Queensland, to look into the condition of the Melanesians

there working in the plantations. Dr. Welchman returned from Ysabel without very much to report of the work. A severe epidemic of whooping-cough had closed for a time many of the schools. That at Pahua was working on well, though it had been much interfered with. Influenza, too, had set in in an aggravated form throughout the Islands; hundreds of children and many adults were carried off by it, and the faith of the people was sorely tried. Poor Soga lost his only little girl, Agnes, and wrote a piteous note to the Bishop:—

"My Father, I cannot write a long letter to you because grief has come to me, for my child is dead with me, and I continue wretched. I have not done anything against God."

In Florida the timber had arrived for the new training-school, S. Luke's, which was to be under Mr. Comins' charge, and in his absence in Dr. Welchman's. The Florida people helped well at the building, also some boys from San Cristoval, and later on Dr. Welchman joined them with some of his Bugotu people, who were again reinforced by George Basile and a party from Guadalcanar, numbering thus over thirty at the work, which went on rapidly, as they worked morning and evening and rested during the heat of the day. By the time the *Southern Cross* returned to take them back to Norfolk Island it was nearly complete; and Dr. Welchman, who remained in charge for the summer, moved in at once to commence regular school-work. They had cows and poultry of their own; native houses were springing up around them, and altogether a fair start had been made. Mr. Browning was settled at Boromoli, the other side of the harbour. On September the 8th the new college was inaugurated by celebration of the Holy Communion on board the *Southern Cross*, and Mr. Browning proceeded with Alfred Lobu to visit the district, returning however in some haste to prepare the Confirmation candidates of the preceding year for their first Communion, thirty-seven in all.

At Belaga a new and handsome church was springing up. Olevuga was doing well, but Boli itself was much disturbed

by the murder of a woman in a garden by one of the refugees from Mala who had settled there. Mr. Browning reported the affair to the captain of H.M.S. *Ringdove*, and it was actively taken up both by the *Ringdove* and *Royalist*. At Vuturua the head teacher had misconducted himself and was in disgrace. The new church at Belaga was inaugurated in November by a celebration of the Holy Communion, at which there were 141 communicants from all parts of Florida, shortly after which Mr. Browning departed, having baptized 201 adults and children, while 347 communions had been made during his stay. Owing to the Bishop's detention in the Banks Islands, the annual parliament which was to have met under his presidency was deferred.

In the Bauro district Clement Marau was doing well at Ulawa, the town and school ever increasing in size. At Mala two schools had been started; but the heathen had united to boycott any one who introduced the new teaching, and the returned labourers who were doing their best found insuperable difficulties in the way. At San Cristoval there had been seventy baptisms, amongst them several of the principal chiefs and others who had for years stood out.

At Santa Cruz, Mr. Forrest had been fearfully tried, first by an attack of a tribe from Taape, and then by what can only be called an epidemic of fighting. He had had on one occasion to knock down one of his own teachers to prevent his slaying an enemy; and, after his return from a visit to the Duff group, he found that his head teacher had been shot in the bush, and had died in all the agonies of tetanus. His people had come down in force demanding blood for blood; and, as the murderer had fled to another island, they claimed that some other should be slain in his stead. For four or five hours Mr. Forrest struggled to pacify them, the only concession he could obtain being that they would be satisfied if Mr. Forrest would give them a child to kill, whereupon he too got excited. At length a large sum was collected among the scholars to pacify them; but in two days they returned, and in the middle of the night the whole Christian village was surrounded by bushmen, and from that time forth they con-

tinued in a state of siege. Never had they a night's rest, and sometimes it was dawn before they dared lie down. It became needful to establish posts round the church while they were at service. The strain was quite too great on Mr. Forrest's system, and only the little rest which the arrival of the *Southern Cross* enabled him to take saved him from utter collapse. But, alas! influenza broke out at just about the same time, and carried off hundreds of the islanders, who attributed the epidemic to the visit of the Mission ship, and so the whole trouble was renewed. The school people, however, remained firm and constant through all, and at Te Motu a new church was built large enough to contain 300 people. The admiral of the station called in the *Orlando* while the epidemic was at its height, and did all he could to persuade Mr. Forrest to leave his work for a time, and take the rest which was of almost vital necessity. This, however, he would not do. His people were dying all around him, and he felt he could not leave them. He had, however, two days of great refreshment on board the *Orlando*. Later on the admiral expressed his high opinion of his conduct, his endurance, and the strategic skill with which he had outgeneralled the attacking party, occupying all the paths in their rear; and when he had shown them the helplessness of their position, rebuking them and sending them home. Natei had behaved well through all, and the admiral thanked him publicly and gave him a present.

The Bishop's visit to the Islands was delayed till quite late in the year. It had been imperatively necessary for him to make two visits to Queensland, as the Colonial Sugar Company and other planters had promised to support the work if it was soon commenced. At present the large majority of the islanders remained uneducated, and yet they were expected to keep the law of which they knew nothing. The schools were few and far apart. Only the very earnest lads would walk some six or seven miles to school after their day's work of ten hours. The trip to New Zealand had done the island boys much good in this respect. The very superior education of the Maories had made them keen to know more themselves.

On Trinity Sunday the Bishop ordained Mr. Robin and

Mr. Ivens, priests, the church looking lovely in its festal preparation. The procession started from the old chapel and made its way to the church. The service was partly in Mota, partly in English, the recessional being the *Nunc dimittis*.

In October the Bishop made his start for the Islands. In some unaccountable way the captain and all the crew except the engineer caught island fever. Had it come on to blow they could not have worked the ship, and the voyage was in consequence much hurried over. At Mota the Bishop was met by the Rev. G. Sarawia and R. Pantutun; the former had lately married again for the third time. The schools were examined and most of them maintained their old reputation of sleepiness. The teachers were all men of blameless lives, kind and lovable, but they had been some of them teaching for twenty years, had become rusty in their learning, and their people had learnt all they knew. During the Bishop's stay there was a revival of one of the *tamates*, to which a candidate, a schoolboy, was to be admitted when sufficient money had been collected. In the meantime he had now been ten days inside the dark sooty *gamal*, begrimed with filth, missing school, washing, and prayers, awaiting the desired consummation, while outside were some forty men practising their steps for the dance which was to celebrate the event. To these they spoke, urging the promise that had been made long ago to the Bishop that the *tamate* rules should never be allowed to interfere with their Christian duties, and that no boy should be ever kept more than three days from school. This promise they had broken. After much arguing to and fro, and consulting with those inside the *gamal*, they settled to break the rule and let the boy go free. Then came a new difficulty. The boy himself, fearing probably that his initiation would be considered void, refused to come out, upon which Mr. Comins settled the matter by fetching him out, and the dance and festivities commenced. A few days later the Bishop called all the head men and teachers together, and again it was agreed that no one should be kept from school and church more than three days.

At Ra, in Motalava, the Bishop consecrated their beautiful

new church, dedicating it to Saint Columba. The service was wonderfully hearty, Henry Tagalad being a perfect native clergyman who, living as priest and patriarch among his people, showed what a Melanesian may become, while in his school was evidence of the education that can be given in the Islands. He preached the sermon at the consecration, his subject being "God is good, and everything that is good is so because it comes from Him."

There was much church building going on in the Islands, the people doing it spontaneously and gladly. One church was in course of erection at Vureas, in Vanua Lava; all the villages round were sharing in it, each having a particular part of the work. It was a pretty sight to see women and children running backwards and forwards like ants to the beach, carrying sand in native baskets and water in green bamboos, while the men worked at the stones and concrete, the former having been brought by twos and threes in their little canoes from the other side of the bay, and borne on their shoulders from the beach to the church. The heavy thatch roof was put up first to shelter those working at the walls from the sun, then two pits had been dug beneath it, in which coral out of the reef had been burnt into lime for mortar and concrete, the mortar being laid on with hands, and the concrete worked with hands and wooden spades for lack of better tools. The workers possessed amongst them one iron spade and one iron saw; every other tool had been made on the spot. The Bishop baptized seventy-two people under a big tree on the beach, crowds of brown-skinned natives gathered beneath its shade, the ample font in the centre richly decorated with flowers, those to be baptized clothed in white standing by families around it; while behind, clustered round the little white church in which they had learned their first lessons in the Faith, lay the village half hidden by trees, and beyond in front stretched the deep land-locked bay, blue and still as a lake.

Of the New Hebrides Mr. Brittain reported well, though his own illness had thrown the district much back, and had prevented all baptisms. Tariliu and another teacher had passed away, good and true soldiers of the Cross to the end.

In the north of Raga nine schools had arisen in places hitherto untouched. At Opa, too, things were brightening, though there was still much trouble with the heathen; while at Maewo, spite of much sickness and frequent deaths, the whole Christian district had made progress in social and domestic matters. Peace reigned everywhere, and the people led orderly, consistent lives in great happiness.

At S. Barnabas matters were thriving, and the increased staff was making itself felt as a power. The farm, too, was doing well in every way, the crop of kumaras being sufficient for twelve months. The Mission had been presented by the Bishop's friends with a new and very perfect printing machine, capable, when worked by steam, of turning out 2500 impressions in an hour.

CHAPTER III

WOMEN'S WORK IN THE MISSION

THE February of 1896 found a sad party at S. Barnabas. A wave of moral evil, difficult alike to account for and to reach, seemed to have swept over the school, numbering now 200 pupils, which struck to the very hearts of the workers, and caused the gravest anxiety.

The women's work at the Mission, which has been so little noticed, had now assumed large proportions. It may be said to have originated in the first days with Mrs. Selwyn's care of the five boys whom the Bishop of New Zealand brought back in such joy; then carried on by Mrs. Pritt, whose organization and management had only been second to her husband's; and Mrs. Nihill, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. John Selwyn, Mrs. Colenso, Mrs. Lister Kaye had followed, the numbers increasing as the scholars at the College became ever more numerous. The more direct work was naturally in connection with the girls, who were brought to S. Barnabas to live in the ladies' houses, and be trained and taught by them. But with the growth of the establishment arose other work which needed women's care and labour. Boys and girls alike had to be clothed, and when the ship arrived from the Islands, the new-comers were sent up to receive their clothing, each boy having a distinctive number marked on his. Mrs. Colenso for many years presided over this department, and the sudden run upon the stock may be imagined when it is remembered that about eighty boys would make their appearance on the arrival of the ship, each requiring six garments. Many of the "girls" came to be trained as wives for the "boys" for whom they were destined, and very difficult it was to train, in the short time usually allotted, the entirely ignorant girls who thus came to them.

Sometimes, however, the future wives were mere children, and could be retained four or five years at S. Barnabas. Besides their religious education, they were taught all household duties, and to cut-out and make clothes, some of them learning to sew very neatly. In every house at S. Barnabas there is a large "girls'" room, bright and sunshiny, with tables and chairs; and in summer, when the weather is hot, the books are taken to the broad verandah, where the schooling is carried on. The house-work varies for each one every week, so that there is never the weariness of doing the same thing always. The kitchen-work, for which they get 6d. a week, is that preferred by the girls. The amount of sewing needed may be gathered from the fact that in one year 220 shirts, 620 trousers, besides flannels were made. The girls' clothes are for the greater part provided by friends outside the Mission, who make and send them regularly. The mending for such an establishment is no small item, and one day a week is scrupulously set apart for it. The new sewing-room, which has been already spoken of, was an unspeakable comfort to the ladies: large, bright, airy, with store-room, small kitchen for sick cookery, machine room, and verandah; it was placed under the pines away from all living houses. The strict rule of the Mission from Bishop Patteson's day, that no Melanesian "boy" or "girl" is ever asked to do work that the Europeans are not ready to share, is rigidly adhered to. There are no *servants* on the Mission, and thus all sense of servitude is destroyed. Another class of women there is at S. Barnabas, married women, who come up with their husbands to be trained and taught. These live in separate houses; but all the girls and women, married and single, are spoken of as "girls," all the boys and men as "boys." It was now proposed further to extend the ladies' work; to send some of them down to the Islands to live among the women in their own homes, as the clergy do.

The Bishop's visit to Queensland had not been so successful as he had hoped. The Presbyterians had come in at Mackay, the chief centre of the sugar industry, and had established themselves there, so that that door was closed. The Bishop's present idea was to make grants to specially recom-

mended schools; but even here the difficulties were great. Mrs. Robinson of Mackay, who had worked for seventeen years almost single-handed with the utmost devotion, and who had collected a great number of Melanesians about her, some coming on Saturdays and Sundays, six, ten, sixteen, and even twenty miles, was being forced to bring her work to an end, as the Bishop found himself unable any longer to guarantee the income hitherto given her which, as her whole life was devoted to the work, was necessary to maintain herself and her daughter.

On the other hand, a decided start had been made on the unapproachable island of Guadalcanar by George Basile and Hugo Goravaka, who, some two years before, had seen an opening here. They had established themselves on the sea-coast with a returned Queensland labourer; a gradually increasing Christian settlement was springing up around them, and they were hoping in the summer to build a Christian village. These coastal tribes are entirely different and separate from those of the interior. Far up among the hills, and at about three days' march from the coast, took place a little later the terrible massacre of the Baron von Norbeck, Midshipman de Beaufort, and three of the sailors of the Austrian cruiser *Albatross*, who, together with a native guide, were slain, and in all probability eaten by the bushmen of the interior. They had, with a party amounting in all to over twenty, advanced as far as a mountain known as the "Lion's Head," which the Baron wished to ascend for scientific research. In penetrating through the bush the party became separated, and so were set upon by the bushmen. The Baron, who was entirely unarmed, was killed at once; and the midshipman was cut down before he could draw his revolver. Lieutenant Budik, who was in command of the party, made his way with his wounded, seven in all, back to the ship. An attempt was made to recover the bodies of the slain, but it proved utterly hopeless.

At Bugotu whooping-cough, brought by returned labourers, had been raging, and the mortality was great. Twenty-seven had died at Sepi. Soga and his wife Anika still mourned

bitterly for their little daughter. They had not cut their hair since her death, and were living in their oldest rags in the *kiala*, or boat-house. Anika could not speak for weeping, but on Dr. Welchman's arrival, Soga so far relaxed as to sit with him in the evening; and one night, as they were so sitting, they heard a canoe coming along in the darkness, and were much puzzled as to its purpose. Soon a man entered, came up to Soga, sat down in front of him, and deliberately began to chew betel; then, putting his hand into his bag, he drew out a piece of red money, which he laid at Soga's feet—all this in dead silence.

"What is this?" said Soga.

"Bahi is dead," was the answer.

Then Soga explained that when a chief died the old habit of the neighbouring chiefs was to come down upon his people, to raid them, and drive them out; all of which might be averted if they were quick enough to send round first and buy them off. Bahi was the chief of a tribe a good way down the coast, who had been for some time living under Soga's protection, but his people feared that now he was dead they would be raided and driven away from their homes. Soga, however, in fatherly tones, sent them back words of comfort, telling them that he was a Christian, and only wished to do them good. Let them stay where they were, on the morrow he would come and give them personal assurance of their safety. He did so, but they had only partially believed his assurance, and were preparing to depart, which, it is needless to say, they never did.

A very horrible case was brought before Soga of a man and his wife who, after starving an old servant, had beaten her so severely that she died in a fortnight from the effects of the injuries. Soga's sentence was severe. A very heavy fine and outlawry; any one who assisted them in any way was to have his garden destroyed.

Meantime the whooping-cough continued raging, and a day was fixed for fasting and prayer, which was kept by all the Christians of Bugotu. The usual Matins and Evensong were said with proper lessons and psalms, while at midday there

was a special service of prayer for the removal of the sickness, at which a collection was made for Missions. The churches were crowded at this service, and the fast, which began on the Thursday evening and lasted till dark on Friday, was rigorously held, the people abstaining not only from food and tobacco, but also from water and betel-chewing; the collection was equivalent to £10 of our money, a great sum, for Bugotu is very poor. The prayers were at once answered. Not a single fresh case occurred, and many of those stricken recovered.

A new and handsome church was opened at Vulavu, and at the celebration there were eighteen communicants, while later on came a wedding and three baptisms. Altogether good progress had been made at Bugotu; but a great blow came just before the arrival of the *Southern Cross*. One of the teachers, a man universally beloved, and to Soga dear as a son, fell into sin. Soga wept over him, but, spite of his grief, judged him as truly as if he had been a stranger. When it was known that he must go the whole village turned out, and many, with bitter tears, declared that they would receive no other teacher. Also, at about the same time, occurred another murder case. There was absolutely no doubt about the matter; the murderer made no effort to hide it; but Soga had in his old heathen days shed so much blood that he dreaded to add more to it. Accordingly, on the arrival of the *Southern Cross*, he appealed to the Bishop, who, after going through the case with him and Dr. Welchman, suggested that the man should be banished to a distant island, and notice given that in future murderers would be hanged. The man was sent off the next morning in a large canoe under a guard of twenty men.

The Bishop had started on the Island voyage early in April with a large party of the staff, amongst whom was the new deacon, Simon Qalges, and over fifty Melanesians. He had passed through the Islands in the usual course, and in Florida was delighted with the new establishment at Siota. There was now a good house, surrounded by a broad verandah, an enclosed paddock for the farm stock, and they were at work upon the chapel. The situation was an ideal one, just over the Boli harbour, which is formed by a great reef, into which a

plunge could be made at any time, the first dive being into a sort of hot-water bath, from which a stroke or two led into deep cool water. Here the Bishop found thirty-five happy youngsters; and here he held "quiet days" with the teachers around, who all rejoiced in the well-built house, its broad verandah, and its rooms with doors and windows. It was established as a hospital for all the white men in the Solomons, who, exhausted by their rounds under the tropical sun, returned to its constant breeze and coolness, and there renewed alike strength and vigour.

After the Bishop's visit to Bugotu he returned to S. Luke's, and held school regularly with the many little boys collected from various islands. On Whitsunday he dedicated the new Church of S. John Baptist at Belaga, forty-eight assembling for the celebration. At 10.30 came the procession round the church, headed by the Bishop and clergy singing Psalm cxxii., and followed by the Dedication Service and Matins in the native language, the Siota boys conspicuous in their red shirts among the large congregation. Later on the Bishop dedicated the beautiful font, a large clam-shell raised on a shaft of dark wood cut in panels, and inlaid with crosses in mosaic shell-work. Next day was a general holiday. Cricket, races, with prizes from the Bishop; a three-legged race, an intense amusement to the natives; dancing among the girls, and a feast of various dainties, shared by all under the trees, recalled the familiar English school-feast more than anything that had ever been seen in the Floridas. The season was altogether a festive one; for S. Barnabas was held as a grand day at Siota. There was a great gathering of the teachers, who had arrived the night before, at the early celebration, and after the breakfast on the broad verandah, appeared the steam-launch of H.M.S. *Pylades*, bringing Captain Adams and some of the officers, besides the new Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Woodford. A cricket match was organized between the teachers and the white men, at which, to their great exultation, the teachers were victorious; and at the lunch which followed under the trees on the shore, the naval officers produced beefsteak and Devonshire cider, besides other luxuries.

The Bishop and Mr. Comins were both present at the Vaukolu, or Florida Parliament, at which the former presided. The Siota boys had all been given a holiday and came round to Gaeta by boat for the occasion, but the attendance was not so good as usual. However, much useful business was got through. The Bishop announced the appointment of Mr. Woodford as Deputy Commissioner for the Solomons, and explained how this would affect Florida. Mr. Comins told them that S. Luke's was intended to be a centre of educational and missionary work for all the Solomons, one invaluable benefit being the regular celebration of the Holy Eucharist all the year round, to which the communicants of each section would be invited by rotation, a privilege which was highly appreciated by all, and soon bore good fruit. Monthly offertories at the schools for the Mission were proposed and in many cases well taken up; and the Bishop explained to the teachers that when they wrote letters for the chiefs or other persons, those for whom they wrote must at least affix their mark to it.

Mr. Browning, who had already made a circuit among the various districts, resumed his rounds after the Bishop's departure. Matters about Hogo were progressing under the able management of Alfred Lobu, while, partly owing to sickness, partly to want of capacity in the teachers, the Boli schools were not doing so well. In the Gaeta district the Church had sustained a great loss in the death of the chief, a son of the celebrated Kalekona, who was quite the model of a Christian chief, and was carried off suddenly by rapid inflammation of the lungs while Mr. Browning was away on his rounds in the north. When he was first taken ill he summoned his people around him and told them he should not recover, but exhorted them to continue in the right way as he had endeavoured to lead them.

At the close of the season arrived Dr. Welchman at Siota with his bride, Miss Rossiter, who had long worked on the Mission staff at S. Barnabas. They had been married by Archdeacon Palmer on the 25th of October, and the wedding had been an exceedingly pretty one; a tall arch over the gate,

the paths carpeted, the porch pillars covered with evergreens and roses, the church decorated with young palms, arums, and roses, the boys and girls adorned in their best. The hymn, "O perfect Love," was sung in both languages, so that all could join, and 130 guests shared the wedding feast. She was the first white lady to live in the Islands, and was welcomed at Siota with great rejoicing.

At Ulawa Mr. Ivens landed in the beginning of August and found Clement Marau as devoted and earnest as ever, his enthusiasm having to a great extent reached his people. The school attendance was excellent, and Clement was busily at work building his church. One man had given the site, others gave the timber, and others, again, their time, and all gave willingly; schools were spreading over the island, and fighting as a whole had passed away.

At Mala, too, peace reigned in the six schools. The Saa people, who had been for several years preparing for Holy Baptism, now received that sacrament, while at Sala fifty people more were gathered in. At Port Adam seventeen people were baptized.

At Santa Cruz came very sad tidings. Circumstances had occurred which made it necessary that Mr. Forrest should leave his post, and though Dr. Williams, who was on his way to Guadalcanar, offered to take it, he knew nothing of either the language or the people, and the latter were full of sadness at losing Mr. Forrest, who had so won their love. At Nelua the people with their teacher were building a new school. At Te Motu the outlook was promising, but there was no one to teach the women, who were most anxious to learn. The new church here was ready for consecration when the Bishop arrived, which he did somewhat later than had been expected; but just before the *Southern Cross* appeared a dispute broke out between the Christians and heathen, in which Dr. Williams found the former entirely in the wrong; and they were in the midst of angry discussions over the fine to be paid when the ship hove in sight. It was 10 P.M., full moon. Dr. Williams at once brought the Bishop on shore, and it was quite 3 A.M. before they knew whether the next day would bring a dedica-

tion or a fight. The affair was, however, at length settled peaceably. The next day the Cruzians were trading freely with the ship, and the church was consecrated in the name of S. Andrew; twelve women and five infants were baptized. One of the Pileni boys had died at Norfolk Island and the grief of the parents was extreme, but they allowed the Bishop to comfort them, and afterwards showed gratitude and affection for Dr. Williams, who was able to talk to them in Maori; for the Pileni people are Polynesians. A site was here settled on for a school-house.

Mr. Robin had been in the Torres group since the November of the previous year, and had divided his time between Loh and Tëgua; in the former island he had baptized nineteen men and nineteen women. Christmas opened with Matins and celebration at seven, the church being very bright and prettily decorated. In the afternoon they had archery. At Epiphany they had grand festal services, while on the 22nd of January occurred an event of great importance; — they decided to dig for water, and seven feet down came upon a good spring. This work was achieved on S. Paul's Day by a man who had been among the first baptized, by the name of Paul. From Epiphany onwards Mr. Robin held continual classes for Baptism and Confirmation; and Holy Week was wonderfully kept in the little island so lately redeemed from heathenism. Celebration on Palm Sunday and the four days following; at 10.30 Matins with address on the events of the day; at 6.30 Evensong with additional address; on Good Friday, Hymns, Litany, and addresses at 2 P.M.; the attendance wonderfully good all through; while on the Saturday came the choral Easter Evensong and the baptism of nineteen more adults. All the communicants shared the Easter Eucharist; and on the Wednesday came fifty-four visitors from Tëgua. April brought the Bishop, who confirmed twenty-four people and consecrated the beautiful church at Tëgua, dedicating it to S. Cuthbert; and on the Low Sunday following he baptized forty-one Tëguans. Later on twenty-seven infants were baptized. A lovely site for a Mission station had been cleared at Tëgua, and the people were longing and

waiting for a teacher, scrupulously observing Sunday by assembling morning and evening when they knew that Matins and Evensong were being said at Loh, talking about the service they had seen there, and wondering when they too would be so blessed. In the south of Tëgua the people were strongly opposed to the new teaching, as were those of Hiw; bright, open-hearted, and friendly as the latter were.

The Bishop commenced his visit to the Banks Islands at Merelava, where the Rev. William Vaget and his people met him, led him up a steep gully, and brought him to the ledge which they had cut on the mountain slope for the new church just completed, where many people were collected for the dedication. After the consecration the Bishop confirmed ten men and six women, who had been waiting for two years, and then passed on to Merig, where he had the usual scramble to land. He here consecrated the new church and confirmed two women and a man, when he left them very happy over his visit.

He spent a Sunday at Mota and, touching at Motlav, passed on to Ureparapara, where he inducted the last ordained deacon, Simon Qalges, to the great edification of the people. Mr. Wilson was left in charge at Mota, and was, later on, followed by Mr. Cullwick. Matters had grown very slack in this island, and the children at Kohimarama had become irregular in their school attendance, their parents conniving at it. The teachers on the island were in many cases old, and had come gradually to accept this sort of indifference as inevitable. Mota was now well visited by traders, who supplied the people with tobacco, &c., and the Mission ship was no longer looked forward to as it used to be. This coldness had led the way to deeper mischief. Sin had crept in among the Christians, and there was an inclination to condone it and leave the matter alone. However, several cases were put aside for the Bishop to deal with the following year.

At Motalava and Ra the Rev. Henry Tagalad had been helped by Sogovman, who had come to recruit his strength, and had done well among the people, visiting and carrying on regular pastoral work. At Gaua there had been disorder and

quarrelling, and the people had gone so far as to break the taboo on fire-arms and poisoned arrows. Robert Pantutun, who was to have been in charge, had been disabled through illness, and the teachers seemed very helpless without a leader. At Lakona things were doing well. They had Motalava teachers, who had made themselves so well beloved that all the other villages were asking for the same. At Vureas there had been a great struggle to complete the new church in time for consecration on the Bishop's arrival. It was dedicated to S. Peter, and the village took the name. At Evensong on the day of the consecration sixty catechumens were baptized by families.

In the New Hebrides the Bishop had found things doing well at Raga and Maewo, the difficulty being, not to get scholars, but to find competent teachers for them. At Opa one teacher had died, and another had failed. The advance was very slow among this unstable and changeable race. Mr. Brittain was left for five months in these islands.

CHAPTER IV

DIFFICULTIES IN QUEENSLAND

THE new year opened hopefully at S. Barnabas. The cloud of moral evil that had possessed the school passed away. All but one offender had shown true penitence and had been received back into the Church; the atmosphere had again become clear and pure.

Captain Bongard, who since 1871 had so bravely and skilfully served the Mission, had died; and alas! the bride, whom Dr. Welchman had the preceding year so joyously brought to S. Luke's, had been taken from him, and her earthly remains now lay at rest in the cemetery which the Bishop had consecrated, a Eucharis lily at her head, a Mexican lily at her feet. Illness had seized her almost on her arrival, and her husband's medical skill had shown him that there was no hope. But for two months and a half she had lingered on with him alone to tend her, to do everything for her to the last, and when she was taken from him to lay her in the grave, after which he remained, till the arrival of the *Southern Cross*, still absolutely alone. And yet, through all his intense strain of mind and body, this heroic man never swerved from his work, but devoted himself to it more than ever. Another event that saddened every heart in Melanesia was that Bishop Selwyn had again been seriously ill, and earnestly was he, who so loved the Islands, prayed for in his sickness and pain throughout them all. The work in those Islands was prospering even as he would have wished to see it.

Bugotu was advancing steadily under Dr. Welchman, and about ninety of the people were confirmed. Soga had stood out grandly, alike in his character of Christian and of great chief. Shortly before the arrival of the *Southern Cross* a

large party of head-hunters had left the lagoons of New Georgia for Bugotu. They passed the end of S. George's Island and encamped near the mouth of a river, carefully hiding their canoes. In a few days a party of natives came down, reconnoitred, and seeing no danger, separated. Two made their way to the beach, and one of them presently went off to look for betel, while the other strolled along. The enemy had crept behind him, and, before he knew they were there, he was a dead man and his head carried off to their camp. Shortly after his friend returned, saw the headless trunk, and, horror-struck, started off through the bush to carry the news to the rest of the party, who all returned in haste to their village. The marauders meantime sped on to Bugotu with all show of friendship, and anchored in Pirihadi harbour. They put on a very innocent appearance, said that they only came to call and meant no mischief, and asked for food. The Pirihadi people in no way appreciated this descent of some sixty lusty ruffians, whose ultimate object could be pretty well guessed from the fact that there were no boys amongst them. They sent at once to Soga at Sepi, and asked him to come to them. He hesitated, but after a little persuasion settled to go, bidding them at once to send messengers to Pahua and Mede for armed men, and when these arrived to hide them with their own men in the bush, where they were all to keep quiet till he gave the word. He himself sent off to the villages on the other side telling them to join him with their armed men in the morning, when he set off with eight canoes full, which, by the time they reached Pirihadi, had been reinforced by four others, 150 men in all, besides those concealed in the bush.

Soga entered the bay, lay off on the shore outside the stranger canoes, and called out: "Where is your chief?" The chief came forward, making demonstrations with his spear, which Soga utterly ignored. He asked him what he was doing there, why he came to disturb their peace, and bid him go back, or every one of them should be slain. The head-hunter saw the fleet of canoes in front full of men ready to fire, then turned round and saw behind him the Mede

people, their guns raised, waiting for Soga's signal, and he perceived that there were others behind them. Without a word he came to the water's edge, fired his rifle in the air again and again, till the magazine was empty, and his men set to work to do likewise. Then Soga bade them stop, and when all was quiet he landed and led the way into the canoe-house, all the head-hunters following him while his own people remained outside. Then he spoke asking them why they troubled Bugotu, a place where heathen ways were at an end, where peace reigned and there was no more bloodshed, a place which was now God's land and which they had stained with blood, so defiling the Church of God and bringing on themselves the punishment of death. They feared greatly at this, knowing themselves to be entirely in Soga's power. One of them, a relation of Soga's who had married among them, and had made himself worse than they, for he had led the way to the attack, said: "You are a friend of mine, you will not hurt me." But Soga answered sternly, "You are my relation, and *were* my friend, but I will kill you as well as them." So he was silent.

Then Soga spoke to the chief, "Now you know my mind, and I tell you that if it had been a few years ago not one of you would be living now to hear me speak; but I have learnt to know and serve God, and it will be well for you if you come to know Him too; and because I am a changed man, I give you all your lives this time. Food shall be given you, and you shall go in peace, but if you come again you shall not get off so easily."

And so they were sent off small and humbled, and when they were well gone Soga returned to Sepi. One of the marvels in all this is that many of his following, who were heathen and would only have been too glad of an excuse for revenge on these hated head-hunters, obeyed him without a murmur, and followed their chief in sparing their foes.

In Florida matters were doing well. The chapel at S. Luke's had been enlarged, and a window placed at the west end. The boys' house was now finished and occupied, providing ample accommodation for fifty boys with a room at the

end for a teacher. Just below it a large building was being erected for married teachers where four or five families could be accommodated. Mr. Comins settled in May, leaving Dr. Welchman free to return to his own district of Ysabel. Joe Watè, who was at S. Luke's reading with Mr. Comins for Holy Orders, was of much assistance in the school. They had constructed a great stone reservoir or tank, and had built a bridge seventy-two feet long to connect gardens beyond a sago palm swamp with the establishment itself. With all these labours the boys did well in the schools, so as specially to please the Bishop when he examined them. He consecrated the cemetery during his stay, and there was a large gathering of Florida people, including most of the principal teachers, at the service. Siota was becoming the centre for celebrations. There had been 432 communions during the year, and on All Saints' Day there were eighty-two native communicants. The school, also, was becoming at once large and representative. The *Southern Cross* had brought up scholars from Ysabel, Mala, Ulawa, and San Cristoval, so that between fifty and seventy boys and girls were now being trained there upon the S. Barnabas lines, for which large family there was, through the kindness of the Florida people, an abundant supply of food.

Dr. Welchman visited Guadalcanar and found the school there still struggling through the day of very small things, but Hugo Göravaka and his party were dauntlessly facing, in faith and prayer, the almost insurmountable difficulties raised by the heathen on all sides.

At Mala Mr. Ivens was established, and here the Bishop confirmed seven of the people, one of whom had been a fierce old murderer but was now as true a Christian as he had been a heathen. He never disguised that in the old days he had been hired by this one and that to kill some enemy, but always added how God in His mercy had freed him from his slavery to Satan. The day after the Confirmation Joe Watè, one of Bishop Patteson's boys, who had now been working for over twenty years at Saa, was ordained. At both services the teachers, eight of them, the deacon, the two priests, and the

Bishop marched in procession and made a goodly sight. The singing was good and the school-house packed with quite 300 people. Mr. Ivens read the prayers and Litany in Saa, while the Ordination and Holy Communion, together with the sermon, were in Mota. Mr. Ivens presented Joe, whose demeanour was very reverent, and who answered well. A great and impressive day for Saa!

Ulawa was now almost entirely won to Christ through the faithful work of Clement Marau. His coral church was near completion, to the admiration and astonishment of the heathen. His much-desired iron roof had been given partly by a good trader, partly by his friends in England.

At Santa Cruz Mr. O'Ferrall was placed in charge, Dr. Williams remaining with him to put him in the run of his new work. They were met by grave trouble at Nelua, where the head teacher, who had gone entirely astray, was removed and excommunicated. There was much comfort to be found in the large attendance of the women, who were well taught, and in the promising number of small boys. At Te Motu things were prospering; the attendance at church and school was good, and peace reigned throughout the warlike little island. Nukapu was visited and a boy brought away, while at Nufiloli two boys were baptized.

Mr. Robin made two short stays in the Torres group. He hurried down in the first voyage with an excellent Mota boy to replace the lapsed teacher of the proceeding year. At Tëgua there had been demonstrations which might have developed into actual fighting. The Ascension festival he spent at Loh, when all the communicants were present. When he returned in the third voyage to this island it was to find the head teacher, William Wulenew, dead from pleurisy. He had worked untiringly and faithfully for ten years, had won the full confidence and affection of the people, and was the backbone of the Torres work. At Tëgua a belfry, for a fine bell given by an Auckland lady, was put up. At Toga Mr. Robin spent one night and established two excellent boys from Loh to start the school, for which they were more anxious than ever.

Archdeacon Palmer and Mr. Cullwick both visited the

Banks Islands, where, as ever, Motlav and Ra were the bright spots. All Melanesia looks wistfully to Motlav for teachers. None are so ready as they to leave their homes to help and teach others, their earnest faith and devotion being the outcome of Henry Tagalad's example. Mota was going on steadily but slowly. George Sarawia's modesty and quietness grew upon him as he aged. His people looked up to and respected him, and when he asserted himself, at once responded. At Gaua quarrelling and superstitions still prevailed. One man had killed another because he declared he had charmed his wife; but at Lakona there had been many signs of improvement during the year. Men from Motlav had offered themselves for the work here, and were brought down by the *Southern Cross* as she returned from the north.

Meanwhile the Rev. P. T. Williams had spent the year among the Melanesians in Queensland, and had persuaded the Government to assist the Mission schools in the country when doing useful work. There were many difficulties in Queensland from which the Islands were free; the entire absence of control and public opinion were factors unknown in the Islands, and certainly not beneficial to the lads who, so long as they did their work and committed no outrage against society, might go as they pleased; and in the towns the many dangers and temptations which assailed them were multiplied, while there was no one at hand to warn or care for them; and, when they did go wrong, their one desire seemed to be to avoid the persons who would help them straight. The chief stumbling-block lay in the irreligious white population whom, like children, they quickly imitated. A great obstacle too sprang from the horrible pidgin-English which makes plain English literally incomprehensible for years to most Melanesians who have been in Queensland. But good had been and was being done among them. Many boys were helping to teach here as in the Islands, and the Mission still found itself able to continue its grant of £70 per annum to Mrs. Robinson of Mackay.

In the New Hebrides the Bishop made a long and interesting stay. He found, in the north of Maewo, seven schools

doing well, with plenty of teachers and the people leading a simple godly life, but troubling themselves little about their heathen neighbours. Their Christianity had nevertheless to a certain degree leavened the whole island. There was now little fighting; and the Bishop journeyed about in his boat, feeling himself quite safe everywhere. All appeared to be waiting and looking for the teaching which their fellow-countrymen had had. In one place they had built a school-house, hoping that a teacher would come! The Bishop returned to the north, and told the Christians what he had seen. They fired up at once and became filled with enthusiasm to convert, not only the heathen of their own island, but those of Raga and Opa. Before long the Church had footholds in three different parts of Maewo.

At Opa there was disturbance, fighting, and treachery; but most of the people set their faces against it all, and longed for a man-of-war to punish the wrongdoers. The Bishop stayed in the various villages, holding daily classes for those who had been preparing for Holy Baptism, and preaching. On Trinity Sunday he baptized fifty people, mostly men, and many of them chiefs. He read the service very slowly in Opa, so that it took a long time; but their hearts seemed filled with thankfulness, and their attention never flagged. One very big chief had dreamed three times that he was eternally lost, and had never rested till he learned to pray. On the other side of the island a young chief had invited a Christian to teach in the *gamal*.

At Raga the people had in many cases placed themselves under the tuition of lads of sixteen and seventeen. They entered vigorously into their prayers, thundering out their *Amens*, and attracting many outside heathen by the heartiness of their devotions. Everywhere they heard the Bishop with rapt attention. Some had been two years preparing for Holy Baptism and now received that sacrament with joy. At a village in the hills thirty-five candidates, nearly all chiefs, with their wives and children, were baptized in a church crowded to overflowing. An old fighting chief of strong character and grand physique, with a limp from a spear-wound in the thigh, led the answers, he and all the others answering separately, as

is the custom in Melanesia; and wonderful was the sight of that earnest ring round the font, renouncing one by one their old way of life and its superstitions. At a great feast, to which the Bishop went shortly after, old Viradoro of Mr. Bice's time, the greatest chief in the north of Raga, and almost the only one not Christian, came forward, made a long speech, and wound it up by handing his war-club to the host, directing that it was to be chopped to pieces and distributed amongst all the chiefs as a declaration of peace and goodwill to all. A few earnest returned labourers from Queensland had established themselves in the middle of the island and were teaching, using Sankey's hymns, and alas! pidgin-English that made it difficult to help them in their good work, the language being hardly the same. In one of the villages the Bishop found seventy of the wildest-looking people he had ever seen singing a simple hymn.

CHAPTER V

DEATH OF BISHOP JOHN SELWYN

On the 12th of February 1898 was called away, after a long and most painful illness, the third of the great hero-saints who organized and moulded the Mission; he who united in himself so much of what was greatest and most beautiful in his predecessors, the dauntless and unquenchable spirit, the statesmanlike gifts, the fascination of manner, which had made his father so true a "king of men," to the winning sweetness and the loving sympathy of Bishop Patteson. His illness had begun in the September of the preceding year, and his sufferings had gradually increased till the gravest anxiety was felt for him. Then had come a change for the better, and, though he was far from convalescent, still it was hoped that the change to a warm dry climate might restore him. On Sunday, January the 23rd, he was in his place in the College Chapel at Matins for the first time since the summer, and there pronounced for the last time on earth the Absolution and Benediction. On the way to Pau, in the Pyrenees, he still exerted himself to do something for his beloved Mission, choosing the wall maps which were a present from the S.P.C.K. to S. Barnabas. But the journey was too much for his strength; he arrived, but to die in ten days. The Benediction with which he had closed his life at Selwyn College was with him all through his dying hours, repeated constantly with upraised hand, and mingled with a wonderful recall of the work which had been so close to his heart as to form part of his very nature. For, wandering slightly, he thought himself again on board the *Southern Cross*, and said, "Wake me at *one bell*," meaning to take his watch, as had been for long his constant habit. And just at about 6.45 P.M., when *one bell* would have

struck, he said audibly and consciously, "The Love of God;" and so the brave and holy spirit passed to its watch in Paradise. His body was laid to its last long rest, vested in the episcopal robes which he had worn during all his years in Melanesia; on his breast the small pectoral cross which his wife had given him on the day of his consecration. As he was borne, preceded by choir, clergy, and cross-bearer, through the narrow crowded streets of the mountain town to the little English cemetery, beneath those glorious peaks from which the sunlight had faded just as his pure spirit fled, every man stood bareheaded, every woman crossed herself, the soldiers drilling in the great square stood at attention, and the sentry presented arms; while, at the same hour, the bell of Selwyn College Chapel was tolled, the Master's stall and the canopy above it were draped in purple, and on the seat lay three branches of palm, each tied with five knots, a fitting testimony to him whose last years and death had been as virtual a martyrdom, in all the vigour of his manhood, as that of Bishop Patteson.

To Selwyn College the loss was great; but what it was to the Mission it is quite impossible to realize. Melanesia had had virtually for the past four years, in many most important respects, two Bishops; for, with all the cares that devolved upon him as Master of Selwyn, with all the innumerable outer calls which his unique character and personality attracted to him, he appeared to labour for his beloved diocese as constantly as when it had been entirely his. But to her and to the whole Church he left a memory, an example, priceless as are few living influences. The Lord had given: the Lord had taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

How deeply his faithful Melanesians felt their loss may be gathered from the following extracts, translated from a letter of the Rev. Clement Marau to Mrs. John Selwyn:—

"Beloved Mother,— . . . Bishop Selwyn wholly gave and laid down his life for us, and he worked very hard for our benefit, and illness came upon him because of that, and he was long in suffering, and died because of that. I have always seen the evidence

of his love and yours in this ship of ours. I know how much money you two gave for it in love for us. It was as if he gave his life for us; and everything of all sorts he gave for us. It was not only money and a ship, not only all sorts of things, but it was the true example he set for us, all his good life for us. And therefore I suppose it was that as if God saw his love more than man sees, and took him away from us; and God has given him a heavenly life, greater than the life which he gave up to us his children in Christ. I cannot speak to you with words of comfort. It is for you to comfort us, the children of both of you in the Lord. When we are in grief, or in any calamity, or in any doubt, it is for you to help us with good words that can comfort us. . . . I shall never be able to forget Bishop Selwyn and Bishop Patteson, who both indeed gave their lives for me, until my day comes when they lay me in the grave. I know by eyewitness that they two were true men of God, who will change their lives for a life of glory. We shall be sorry that his body is removed from us, and that our eyes cannot reach to see him, the hand cannot reach to touch him; but his life has reached and taken hold of the life of Christ. I shall add my grief to yours, my mother, for my father; and I shall also praise God for the high place that he has received in the place of eternal life."

The chapel at Siota, the northern headquarters of the Mission, is to be the memorial to him, as that at S. Barnabas is to Bishop Patteson. Surely all those who have known and loved Bishop John Selwyn, all whose hearts are touched by his dauntless self-devotion, will feel it a privilege to have some share, however small, in this building.

Meanwhile the Bishop of Melanesia made a tour through New Zealand, preaching and lecturing in all the dioceses, and finding everywhere increasing interest in Missions generally. From Adelaide he started in the early days of March for England, where his arrival, following so closely on Bishop Selwyn's death, so aroused the public interest as largely to increase the contributions to the Mission.

The *Southern Cross* made her first start in April, touching at Ambrym, where they were allowed to inspect the hospital arrangements, said to be the most perfect in the Islands, and where they were given seven goats with which to commence a

herd at Siota; an important thing, for their attempt at cows had proved an impossibility in that climate.

In the Solomons, Mr. Browning had remained all through the summer, making a full circuit of the district and schools, and keeping his Christmas at Boromoli, where he was aroused in the small hours of the morning by the waits singing the old familiar hymns in native words, and where he held his celebration with forty-three communicants. On S. John's Day he was at Belaga, where he found seventy-nine communicants from the south-east of Florida. On the 4th of January Mr Woodford, the Commissioner, had invited him and all the chiefs to discuss a scheme for the permanent government of the country. He therefore went across, with a large party of Gaeta people, to Tulagi, the Commissioner's island, where they were entertained on the day of arrival, and many were the pigs and great the store of native food imported to feed the assembled crowd. The parliament was held next day, and Mr. Browning acted as interpreter.

For administrative purposes the Florida group was divided into five districts, each to be governed by a principal chief or *Vunagisule* responsible to the Commissioner. Under the head chiefs the local chiefs were to be responsible for their respective villages, and a few fundamental laws were drawn up. Murder, after conviction before all the head chiefs, and with the sanction of the Commissioner, was to be punished with death. To other offences various sentences of fine or imprisonment at Tulagi, were allotted.

After all the fatigue he had been through, Mr. Browning's health completely gave way, and he lay prostrate for nearly a month at Siota under Dr. Welchman's kind care, most thankful for all the comfort and attention showered upon him. In February came on torrents of rain, which continued all through March, accompanied by much sickness, an epidemic of dysentery setting in which taxed all Dr. Welchman's skill and industry. Night and day he laboured. There were eleven deaths at Siota, and finally Dr. Welchman himself succumbed, and was laid up until May.

Mr. Comins had held Easter at Belaga with sixty-four com-

municants, baptizing on Easter Eve. Later on he baptized at a place on Sandfly passage, among the candidates being an old man who had in the past done many a villainous deed, of which he said, with a most expressive gesture: "I want to wash it all away."

Soga had come over with a large fleet of canoes on a dancing tour. He came at Lipa's invitation, and together they made a complete circuit of Florida, giving much pleasure by the performances, and receiving hospitality and presents in return. Some of the old men, remembering Soga's former life, rather feared the appearance of such a force, more especially at Ravu, where the fine imposed on the death of Dikea had never been paid. This is the ordinary procedure by which a chief asserts his right of succession. Mr. Browning met Soga, saw him sail in with about 400 men, his fleet of war canoes with sails and paddles, a splendid sight, and received from him the assurance that he would take nothing from Ravu but what they paid of their own accord. Accordingly he landed, they paid their fine, and he gave orders to depart at once; but some enemies of the Ravu people, headed by three minor chiefs, declared this a tame proceeding, and incited their followers to seize the opportunity of paying off old scores; accordingly they rushed off, ransacked the houses, and destroyed the gardens. Soga remained near the church, protecting it and the neighbouring houses, until the rioters made off with their ill-gotten goods to Olevuga. The houses unprotected by Soga had been completely pillaged. Mr. Browning laid the matter before the Commissioner, who imprisoned the ringleaders, and exacted full compensation for the damage done.

This would seem to have been the great chief's last important appearance outside his own territory. He died in August. Dr. Welchman gives a full account of the event in a letter to Archdeacon Dudley on the death of his ideal hero, Bishop John Selwyn. He says:—

". . . It is somewhat strange that one of his [Bishop John Selwyn's] best converts, if I may use the word, has followed him within a few months. None other than Soga, whom Bishop Selwyn

won for Christ. Soga went a three days' journey down the coast to see some bush people, and he so far won them that they promised to give me a boy if I would go to fetch him. I hope to do so when the *Southern Cross* comes. On the return journey he was taken ill. He took to his bed and never rose up again. He was only ill a week, which accounts for their not calling me earlier. When they did send for me Hugo and I went over in the boat, but he was dead before his messengers had reached me, and I was only in time to bury him. The funeral was marked by an absence of heathen customs. There was no *tañi*, but every evening, as long as he remained unburied, a subdued and almost stately coronach was chanted. The body was watched day and night, one man at the head, another at the foot. On the day of the funeral we had a celebration at which there were sixty-one communicants, and afterwards we held the burial service at the grave. We could not take him into the church, for at the last minute it was found that the coffin was too big to go through the narrow doors. He was laid in a new canoe with the high ends cut down, and was enveloped in an immense number of wrappings. The funeral was attended by a large crowd—very different from the old days, when the burial took place at night, and was only witnessed by two or three people, who jealously kept the secret of the place of the grave. Indeed, it often happened that the people did not know of the death till some days after the burial. Then the public mourning has been limited to four months, *i.e.*, till food comes in for the usual feast to celebrate the end of the mourning; and it is, moreover, by no means severe. It used to last for one, two, or in the case of a very great man such as Soga, three years. . . . Of old, too, the people would have scattered to the four winds; now they are staying quietly at home in their villages, though not without some fear of a raid when the news gets to New Georgia that he is dead. He died in sure and certain hope of the resurrection of the body, and often told his people that he should meet them again, begging them to stick to the Church and live righteously. He never spoke of dying, it was always, 'I am going to leave you!' His two sons succeed him, but they are both young, and though they promise well, one of their councillors is a man whom I do not trust at all; he has too much of the old heathen in him. We are very good friends for all that."

Mr. Wilson had paid a flying visit to San Cristoval, where he found at Waño sad trouble owing to the sin of the second teacher. At Ulawa progress was steady if slow. The church,

though not yet finished, was proving itself a great factor. Christians and heathen alike considered that such a building could only be erected under the influence of the Spirit; they looked forward hopefully to its completion and consecration by the end of 1899. There had been sixteen baptisms in the year, and the Christians now numbered 245. Ugi had asked for a teacher, and one went with his wife and four days old babe. There now existed two schools there. At Mala, too, progress was continuous, and two returned labourers from Queensland had proved bright exceptions to their class in aiding the good work. All the people of Lower Saa had now been gathered into the Church, a great thing for the whole island, for Saa is a general rendezvous for the whole of Mala. There had been fifty baptisms this year in Mala, and there were 316 Christians.

At Santa Cruz Mr. O'Ferrall had found much to depress him and much to be thankful for. At Nelua matters were in a sad condition; many Christians had lapsed into a semi-heathenism; the women teachers, Monica at their head, seemed to be the hope of the place. Te Motu was doing better, but was very far from what it ought to have been. Here women teachers were wanted, but in the Reef Islands there was a general call for schools and teachers. Mr. O'Ferrall visited new islands, and brought away boys. A most interesting visit was paid to Bane, which stands on high precipitous cliffs, rising 100 feet above the level of the little strip of beach, and only approached through a long dark tunnel in the solid rock, evidently the work of nature, but worn smooth by the feet of many generations. At Nukapu Mr. O'Ferrall lived in the *gamal* which stands on the site of that in which Bishop Patteson suffered martyrdom, and laid a fresh bed of sand round the foot of his memorial cross. The great difficulty at Santa Cruz lies in the constitutional delicacy of the inhabitants, which renders them a continual anxiety at S. Barnabas, and makes it difficult to train a sufficient number for teachers. Perhaps Siota may solve this problem in the future.

Mr. Robin, who had been appointed by the Bishop Mission organizer in England, paid his farewell visit to the Torres

Islands, landing for one month in October. He brought with him a beautiful reredos of carved and polished New Zealand woods for S. Cuthbert's, Tëgua. It was safely landed through the swell over the rough coral rocks, and was duly consecrated at the celebration on All Saints' Day, and the teacher who had suffered disgrace and excommunication was carried into the church for the same service; he was very ill and in the last extremity of weakness. Matters were going well in the little islands. The two boys who had gone to teach at Toga were holding their ground faithfully and well; the people had built a nice school, and were looking forward to the church. Hiw alone remained untouched, but there were clear evidences that it would not lag far behind. And so, with many kind and affectionate words, with mutual exchanges of gifts all round, even with the tiniest children, Mr. Robin bade farewell to the people whom he had so zealously and lovingly tended, and who, alas, since his departure, have been without a teacher.

At Mota Mr. Cullwick made two stays. He had brought down with him the corrugated iron roof for the new church, which was placed, spite of the difficulty of fitting the rigidly straight iron to crooked and uneven timbers. They worked during the long moonlight nights until grey dawn, and so avoided the burning heat of the sun. He found the people glad to be roused out of their constitutional lethargy. They and others in the Banks Islands were passing through a transition stage. In the old days, when their first enthusiasm overcame their natural indolence, they needed no call to the school-house where most of the work was done. But that was now quite a thing of the past, and regular systematic parish work was required among them, a thing which the teachers did not seem to realize. Added to this was a hankering after the *salagoro* rites, and, spite of their repeated promises, Mr. Cullwick found some young fellows locked up there till the money to pay their dues had been collected. The majority had protested, but had not courage to prevent, so there the lads remained. Mr. Cullwick closed the school for a year, and declared that a solemn promise must be given to abandon

unchristian practices before he would allow it to be reopened. Motlav and Ra had suffered much from influenza. At the former place there had been fourteen deaths. The disease seized Mr. Cullwick and his boat's crew at Merlav, so that they were detained there a week. At Pek the Rev. Sogovman, ordained in 1895, had passed away, working vigorously to the last, and rejoicing in the completion of the new church practically ready for consecration. He was thus the second Motlav deacon who had died in harness at Pek.

At Vureas there was much trouble through the moral failure of two teachers, one case being aggravated by persistent deception. During his stay here Mr. Cullwick commenced clearing the site, which had been bought the previous year, for a central school for the Banks Islands. It was situated on a raised plateau in the middle of the bay, with the great advantage of a fine creek of running water at the back. At Gaua there was little to encourage, but at Lakona things were doing fairly well. Simon Qalges was working on at Tekel Ureparapara with undiminished life and energy. His long desired harmonium had arrived, but had turned out worthless, a great disappointment to his really musical soul. On the lee side of the island Mr. Cullwick was picked up by the *Southern Cross*, which arrived three weeks late with a broken shaft, so that no further work could be undertaken in the Banks Islands. Indeed the ship for which Bishop John Selwyn had toiled in all his illness had turned out a sore disappointment. Spite of his efforts she had been badly and hastily built, and proved quite unfit for her work, which is of course the mainspring of the Mission; so that now the great struggle of all who love Melanesia is to provide a new *Southern Cross* which shall surpass in efficiency and power all her predecessors, and to this end Bishop Wilson is straining every nerve.

Mr. Edgell had found Maewo getting on well and quietly, but making no effort towards extension. The island had been free from disease and fighting, and half the population of the Tanrig district had united with that of Nararu to build one big village close to the famous watering-place, a site which gave a splendid outlook. The island might now be divided into three

districts—Tanrig, Uta, and the Southern, of which the first was the most satisfactory.

Opa, the poor "distressful" isle of the South Pacific, was always in disturbance and war; yet it too presented its bright side. No less than two new churches and ten new schools had been opened this year, the returned Queensland labourers having had a great share in the work. Mr. Edgell divided the island into four districts: the Tavalavola, round Mr. Bice's old school of thirty years back; Walurigi, which had lapsed but was now revived; the Duidui district, with three schools started by Queensland labourers; Loñana, a large new district with seven schools, the most satisfactory in Opa, and two new churches; the people most enthusiastic spite of famine and the drawback of having had a clever but most unsatisfactory teacher, who was removed for presenting polygamists for Holy Baptism, and for embezzling Church funds; the Tolaru district, with only three schools, and difficult to reach, as it is on the windward side of the island, with no good landing-place. When Mr. Edgell left it Opa was at peace and making great strides.

Raga had suffered from war and dysentery, but was nevertheless advancing rapidly. There were now twenty-six schools in the island, and of the five districts the Lolvenua was doing best, all its schools well attended, a new church built, and fifty-seven people baptized in one day. There had been in the three islands 255 baptisms, four churches built, and twenty-one schools opened during the year.

At S. Barnabas German measles had run through the school, but had been in no way serious. The Bishop had spent the year in England working resolutely for the Mission.

CHAPTER VI

THE JUBILEE OF THE MISSION

THE year 1899 opened at S. Barnabas with a wedding; that of Mr. O'Ferrall to Miss Firmstone, sister of Mrs. Browning; while in March the Bishop was married, in Christchurch, to Miss Julius, daughter of the Bishop of Christchurch. He returned with his bride to the Mission early in May, and received a most hearty welcome. The Mission party had decorated the road to S. Barnabas with flags and mottoes, while the Pitcairners, headed by Dr. Metcalfe, met them on the pier and read them an address.

A new element had appeared in the Island Diocese. Romanists had entered it at both ends, in the Solomons and in the New Hebrides; while, at the same time, trade had spread rapidly, and many traders were settling in the Islands. This would necessitate some change of method.

The Bishop's first episcopal work was to confirm eighteen candidates. He had brought back as a gift to the church a very beautiful office book, which had been a present to the late Bishop from Canon and Miss Joy.

The *Southern Cross*, with the Archdeacon on board, made her way as rapidly as possible to Tulagi to obtain pratique before she could visit islands under the British Protectorate. They found all well at Siota, though there had been an outbreak of dysentery about Christmas-time. They were at a Sunday service in Clement Marau's really beautiful new church at Ulawa; the congregation numbered about 100, and the singing, in parts, was soft, sweet, and excellent. There had been a descent upon the village of a large canoe, full of

men armed with rifles, and asking for food, but Clement would not allow them to land armed. He would gladly give them food and rest, but their arms must be left in the canoe. They would not agree to this, and even the school people begged that these hungry tired men might come into the village; but Clement remained firm, and at length, overcome by hunger, they laid down their guns and landed sullenly. They were well fed and taken care of, but were made to pay a string of money for attempting to break the rule of the place. Thus the wise firmness of the good deacon saved Ulawa from what might have been a great danger.

At Saa the school work had been disturbed by the chief who, though a Christian, had attempted to carry off Joe Watè's wife from him. He listened humbly to the Archdeacon's reproof, only begging that the school might not be removed, which of course was not done. Joe Watè and his wife were placed in another village.

Dr. Welchman was left with Hugo Ğorovaka and his wife and child at Guadalcanar, where a small beginning had been made.

Bugotu was saddened by the loss of Soga; and more, the happy peaceful village was now in dread of head-hunters, who threatened to come in and wipe out Christianity.

The outlook in Queensland was in some respects gloomy. The Government had withdrawn its aid from the schools on the ground that they were denominational, but the Mission and the Colonial Sugar Company had united to support Mrs. Robinson's excellent school. The condition of the lads was improving. They now banked their earnings at the Government Savings Bank instead of getting rid of them to unscrupulous hawkers and publicans; and they had in the Government Commissioner, Mr. Caulfield, a just and kind guardian, who watched over their interests and settled all disputes between them and their employers. They had classes, on Sunday afternoons with a white teacher, and once in the week with a native, and the boys were not slow to avail themselves of the privilege.

The S. Barnabas Festival was held on July the first, a large number of Norfolkers joining the Mission party at celebration, and more than 100 visitors sharing the breakfast that followed, at which the Bishop and Archdeacon gave news of the Mission, the latter telling of his journey to the Islands, in which the thing that had most struck him was the character and the work of Clement Marau.

And so we leave the Mission in the fulness of its Jubilee. The little seed sown with such daring and forethought by the great Bishop fifty years ago has borne fruit abundant as in the first ages of the Church. It has been said that if all records of our Lord's miracles could be absolutely destroyed, that first spread of Christianity during the lifetime of the original Twelve—say Thirteen counting S. Paul, who "laboured more abundantly than they all"—would remain an equally supernatural evidence to His divinity; and surely, remembering that their successor in New Zealand stood *alone*, the same may be said of the work which, beginning in 1849 with the sole name of George Augustus Selwyn, now reckons on its staff—

Bishop

THE RIGHT REV. CECIL WILSON

Archdeacon

THE VEN. JOHN PALMER

Priests

THE REV. RICHARD COMINS
" " THOMAS C. CULLWICK
" " HENRY WELCHMAN
" " LEONARD P. ROBIN
" " CHARLES W. BROWNING
" " ROBERT P. WILSON
" " PERCY T. WILLIAMS
" " WALTER G. IVENS
" " W. C. O'FERRALL
" " GEORGE SARAWIA
" " HENRY TAGALAD

Deacons

THE REV. ROBERT PANTUTUN
„ „ ALFRED LOBU
„ „ WALTER WOSER
„ „ CLEMENT MARAU
„ „ REUBEN BULA
„ „ WILLIAM VAGET
„ „ HUGO ĞOROVAKA
„ „ SIMON QALGES
„ „ JOSEPH WATÈ

Lay Workers

420 Melanesians

Ladies

MRS. BROWNING
„ COMINS
„ CULLWICK
„ O'FERRALL
MISS FARR
„ WILLIAMS

210 Scholars at Norfolk Island
12,000 Christians

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